

# Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Kagus on February 28, 2008, 12:10:00 am

Title: **Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **February 28, 2008, 12:10:00 am**

Behold, for before you lies the newest and greatest mode of entertainment for any well-established gentleperson. We have here a strong and sturdy young adventurer, ready to go forth and prove himself in the world, or die horribly to some strange or absurd cause.

But wait, there's more! *You*, the audience, has control over what this misguided fellow does in his travels! At intervals in the lives of this adventurer and the ones to take the spotlight once he dies, the referee will present you with a list of choices for the adventurer's actions. The action taken by the adventurer will be dictated by which choice garnered the most votes.

But, what are we sitting around clucking like old hens for, *let the games **BEGIN!***

Our first contender is Ñaniz Manydoor, a strong and very agile pup of a man, who is a talented axeman and shield user, but a mere novice in the ways of swimming. He holds in his right hand a massive greataxe, and in his other hand manages to keep hold of a shield. He waits in the town hall, eager to start off on his journey!

But where will his journey lead? Will he head north and search for the forest glades of the elves? Go to the dwarven mountain halls to the northeast? Test his mettle against the goblins to the east, or go straight to the mayor and ask for a might quest, fit only for a great hero such as himself?

Or will he run about in the woods doing tarzan impressions to attract the wolves?

And what will lead to his gruesome and almost assured demise? The bets are on, and the betting's hot! Name your cause, and name your bet! Ante up, boys!

- Destination vote:  
A) Elven forest retreat  
B) Dwarven mountain hall  
C) Goblin Fortress  
D) Quest from mayor  
E) Look for trouble  
F) \*\_\_\_\_\_

[ February 28, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Torak** on **February 28, 2008, 12:13:00 am**

F. Gouge a child's eyes out, and run like hell.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **JoRo** on **February 28, 2008, 12:19:00 am**

I vote C: Goblin Fortress! I love to hate those goblins.

quote:
F. Gouge a child's eyes out, and run like hell.

That's a good idea too.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Fishersalwaysdie** on **February 28, 2008, 06:06:00 am**

C.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sithlordz** on **February 28, 2008, 07:34:00 am**

A. Break an elite bowelf's limbs, steal his kit and start a rambo-esque one-versus-a-hundred battle against the elves.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **February 28, 2008, 07:36:00 am**

That would last a single turn. Since he doesn't have any skill with the bow, he'll shoot one arrow, and then everyone else gets a hundred moves against him since he's so slow.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sithlordz** on **February 28, 2008, 07:45:00 am**

I suppose. I vote for E, then.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Deon** on **February 28, 2008, 08:33:00 am**

Guys, let's start from D.  
Let the guy earn his name... And to be occasionally eaten by the GCS.

[ February 28, 2008: Message edited by: Deon ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **February 28, 2008, 09:38:00 am**

I vote B! He's got to go get himself some good steel weapons right? Who cares if you have an Iron Greataxe when you can have a \*«≡Steel Battleaxe≡»\*? I also bet that he dies trying to get said battleaxe.

Next time around, maybe.

Hasn't been a whole lot of action, but the votes add up to goblin fortress, with gouging a child's eyes out and running like mad a close second.

Perhaps these things are not mutually exclusive...?

*START!*

Our first adventurer heads out the town hall's door, walking in towards town to find his juvenile prey. Along the way, he disturbs some large cockroaches from their hiding places. He picks a few up and puts them in his backpack for later, before setting a couple fires and moving on while the roaches roast.



Prowling the outskirts of town, the adventurer pokes his head inside each house he passes by, checking for his youthful prey. Finding nothing in the first few houses, the adventurer is startled when he opens the door to the third house and comes face to face with a guard! Luckily, the guard had no knowledge of our gladiator's future crimes, and merely told him to put faith in consolation.

Unfortunately, the town seems to be devoid of small, helpless children to mangle. The adventurer, slightly crestfallen, settles for tearing out the eyes of a guard sleeping at home.

The adventurer drops his axe on the ground to free up a hand, and grabs the guard's head in preparation of some good old-fashioned gouging.

Not having any experience in the matter, however, our adventurer struggles mightily and is forced to adjust his grip several times (damn eyeballs are *slippery*), before finally managing to tear out the left eye.

The guard, who has been awake for most of the fumbling attempts now, simply stands and waits for the adventurer to continue his task, not lifting his pike to stop him. And so, after much more fumbling, grasping, and slipping away, the second eye is removed with a soft \*plop\* as it leaves the socket, never to return.

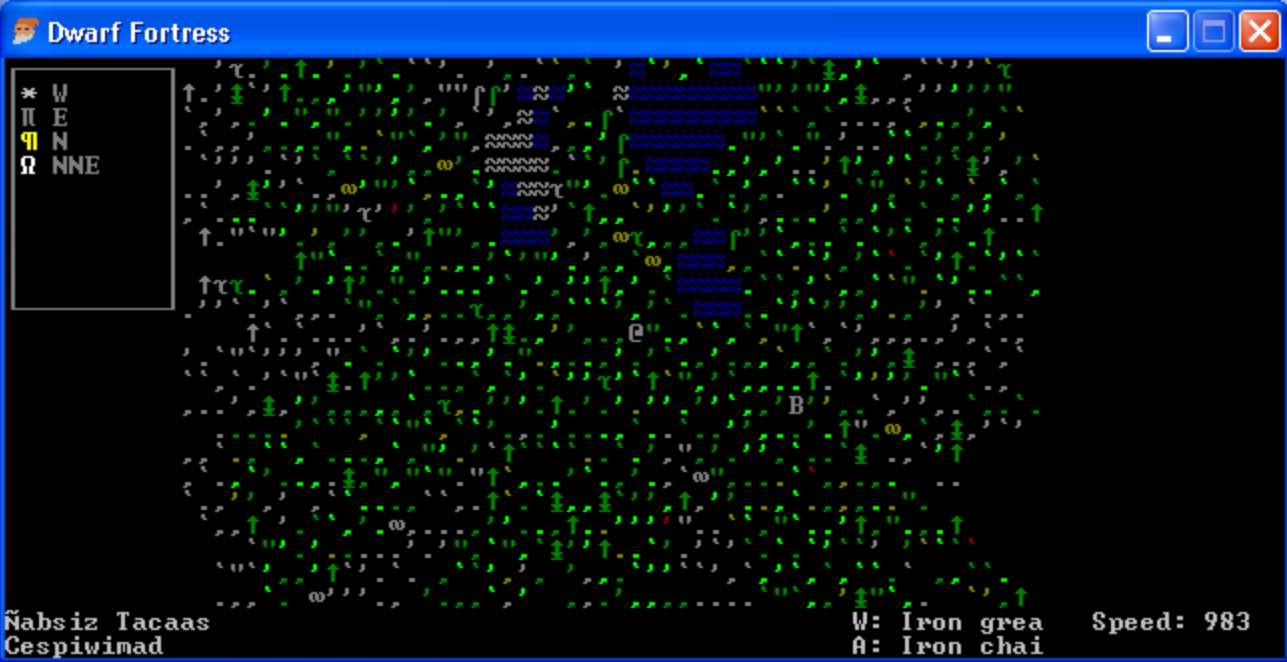
His task completed, the adventurer turns to leave, only to find that the guard is following after him, a swath of blood trailing after him! Our adventurer backs away, feeling mildly anxious about the pointy end of the guard's pike.

However, the guard spontaneously loses interest in our gladiator, and returns to his bed, promptly nodding off. His bed turns a dark red color as the blood pouring from underneath his closed lids first soaks the pillow, and then moves down to cover the rest of the bedding.

The adventurer, relieved but also slightly confused, leaves the happily snoring guard and sets forth on a trek to the goblin keep.



The adventurer starts to make his way through the forest seperating him from his goal, when a loud rumbling interrupts his thoughts. Our gladiator looks over to find an umbral ursine bearing down on him! He quickly takes his combat stance, and awaits the charging black bear, allowing himself a quick smirk at the thought of this poor creature's fate in the coming battle.



The hero waits until the black bear is within range, and then executes an ancient axe technique taught to him by his aged teacher, wherein he strikes at the right rear leg of the bear, even though it is facing him full on! The attack connects, and the bear's leg is badly gashed, causing red blood to drip down the black fur. The bear, obviously startled by this unusual tactic, misses by a wide margin when attempting to slash our gladiator to ribbons.

Our hero, seeing his opening, charges at the bear and crashes into it while expertly cutting its liver while avoiding all other organs in the beast's upper body. The bear roars at the new pain, and rushes at our gladiator, bowling him over while simultaneously slashing with its mighty claw! This swipe would have caused significant damage, had not our hero brought his shield up just in time to block the blow. A loud thud followed by the scraping of claws on metal punctuates the creature's paw slamming into the shield of the adventurer.

The hero jumps on the opportunity availed by the bear's failed attack, and swings his mighty axe at the foul beast's head, slashing out its eye and splitting its nose, as well as sending it flying away from the force.

Our gladiator stands up, nonchalantly walks over to the prone and unconscious bear, and begins to hack off small pieces of the bear. One blow sends a leg flying off into the trees, and the next opens up the bear's midsection and sends it flying once more, its entrails following along behind it.

At this point, the bear wakes up again.

Just before the adventurer can land the fatal blow, the bear bleeds to death. A good start, if not somewhat disappointing. The gladiator remains intact, and continues on his way.

World = 0  
Adventurers = 1

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Vugor** on **February 28, 2008, 09:53:00 pm**

owned!!!!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Shadowslasher** on **February 28, 2008, 10:27:00 pm**

This is hilarious! Keep going!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **February 29, 2008, 03:09:00 am**

The adventurer arrives at the goblin fortress of Doomedbook, and surveys his surroundings.

He has arrived at the bottom of a small cliff which encompasses him on all sides but the one leading to the goblins fortress. He does not remember walking to this peculiar area in order to start his quest. Perhaps he jumped.

The fact that he cannot remember leaping off the cliff would indicate that he must have hit his head, and so he checks for any unusual bumps. Finding no more than the usual lumps, he shrugs and plans his next course of action.



Time for a new vote, good audience members! Does the adventurer;

- A) Stealthily pick off goblins around the outskirts of the fortress.
- B) Enter one of the towers and attempt to clear it of goblins.
- C) Seek out the leader and attempt to assassinate him.
- D) Sneak around and throw rocks at people.
- E) Find a less dangerous place to go and get stronger.
- F) CHAAARGE!!!

This is a very dangerous place for an adventurer to be, and a potentially significant turning point in his limited life! What thread will the fates pull upon? Name his cause of death and place your bets, or take a chance and bet on his survival!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **February 29, 2008, 03:49:00 am**

I vote A.

And a sack of dog tallow biscuits on being strangled by a goblin child. :)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Torak** on **February 29, 2008, 09:15:00 am**

A. Include eye gouging after someone goes unconscious

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Anti-Paragon** on **February 29, 2008, 10:50:00 am**

A. Including repeatedly taking a goblin down by some silly part of the body, like his fifth toe.

Left foot.

Edit: Bonus points if you don't use your upper limbs.  
Edit2: Bonus points if you actually know how to use your legs to grapple. I just realized some people may not.

[ February 29, 2008: Message edited by: Anti-Paragon ]

[ February 29, 2008: Message edited by: Anti-Paragon ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jreengus** on **February 29, 2008, 05:56:00 pm**

I vote "C". And great story so far

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Cthulhu** on **February 29, 2008, 05:57:00 pm**

A

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Pandarsenic** on **March 01, 2008, 12:48:00 am**

A, preferably with elements of D.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **psychologicalshock** on **March 01, 2008, 01:02:00 am**

A. But also knock a goblin unconscious under a tree/on a bush and set it on fire. I want at least one to burn to death.

Extra credit: If you skewer his kidneys first and make him vomit on himself you can boil a goblin to death in his own vomit.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 01, 2008, 01:22:00 am**

Oh my god, this is fucking EPIC. EPIC I SAY!

I vote for A.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 01, 2008, 07:53:00 am**

Okay, 'A' it is then. Sneak around the outskirts and pick off random gobs. Preferably with unusual wrestling techniques.

Deciding upon his next step, the adventurer crouches down and starts making his way around the Fly-Towers of Plague.

Just after coming around the corner of the Castle of Spiders, the adventurer spots a goblin heading in his direction. The adventurer begins to position himself, when the goblin ducks into a stairwell that leads into the tower, bypassing the gladiator entirely.

After some more wandering, the hero comes upon a pile of short and sturdy bones that could only have belonged to a dwarf. There is also a slight spattering of blood marring a section of the Spider Castle's wall, a testament to whatever terrible act befell this dwarf.



The adventurer ventures onward, passing a pile of coins stacked very neatly between two boulders, and a single bone that displayed the bowed shape common to goblins. Something appeared to have gnawed on it at some point, and the adventurer feels compelled to pick it up. The stack of coins remains untouched, however.

The hero passes by a pair of small chain leggings, several piles of goblin bones, and quite a few random articles of clothing. *Something* happened here, that much is for sure.

The hero, careful not to venture into an area that would block off his escape route, begins to make his way over to a third tower, when a goblin drunk stumbles its way around the corner of the building!

Not wanting to miss out on this prey, the hero makes a quick scan around for any guards, and then breaks out of his hiding place, charging at the goblin!

Our gladiator hurls his mighty axe at the goblin with all his might, and it connects with the drunkard's arm, severing it at the elbow!



Seizing this opportunity, the adventurer runs up to the goblin and plants his right hand firmly on the goblin's face, working his nimble fingers towards the creature's eyes. First the left, and then the right orb leave their sockets and fall into the silt at the adventurer's feet.

Satisfied with his latest accomplishment, the hero pinches the goblin's nose for good luck, and then releases his grip altogether.

Not wanting to leave the goblin just sitting there, the gladiator drops his shield and proceeds to punch what remains of the goblin's life out of him. A well-placed blow to the abdomen badly bruises the goblin's organs, as well as breaking a few minor bones with a satisfying crunching noise.

While still unconscious, the drunk vomits over himself and the adventurer, thick green slime coating the adventurer's new boots with an unpleasant odor, the result of a standard goblin's diet of unmentionables.

The hero manages to break the goblin's hands with two powerful blows before the goblin finally dies from blood loss.

Two foul beasts slain, and both of them bled to death in a most anticlimactic way. Our adventurer, more determined than ever to do something heroic, grabs his axe and shield, as well as the drunk's silk trusers, which managed to remain vomit-free throughout the death of their previous owner.

After rounding the corner of this latest tower, the largest of all yet encountered, the hero discovers more scattered clothing. Whatever happened at this place had quite a grand scale...

This site, however, is apparently somewhat fresher. Smears of blood coat the ground in places, and there is a trail of droplets leading to a small suit of chainmail, encrusted with vomit and blood from its last battle.



The adventurer spots a temple structure around a bend, and goes over to investigate.

Entering into the temple, our gladiator finds a massive swath of blood staining the walls and floor of the temple, along with the detailed engravings in both. More small clothing items litter the area surrounding the temple grounds, but the corpses are nowhere to be found.



The temple, obviously abandoned, holds little interest for our adventurer. He begins searching for his prey again, and comes across a single iron arrow lying out in a field. He feels the desire to pick it up, but feels that it may bring him bad luck, and he needs all the good luck he can get in this haunted fortress.

More bones. More scattered clothes. Nothing living. A single goblin head rests on a bed of silt, its eyes bulging and filmy from rot. The flies buzzing around it paying no attention to the reeking stench coming from the mushy pale-green flesh.



This goblin suffered far more of a 'dead end' than the simple rock formation that hinders our hero's movement. The stairs leading into the tower call softly to the adventurer, quietly insisting that he enter into the tower's dark embrace.

A dark image flits across the adventurer's view for a brief moment, a visage of hate and flames and leathery wings. Was this image a hint at what future lay ahead? Or was it a darker indication, a sign of madness in the young man?

Our hero takes a deep, steadying breath, and steps into the tower.



Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Deon** on **March 01, 2008, 09:42:00 am**

It looks like the goblins were attacked by brave dwarves... Or it was a Plan. Like a huge ritual fight to poor blood in the dark temple's walls and floor, thus summoning the demon... If you meet one, be sure he was summoned here.

Epic story, please continue, now I feel like I'm watching a cool film or reading a fantasy book. Every moment is full of cool elements and dark atmosphere.

[ March 01, 2008: Message edited by: Deon ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 01, 2008, 12:56:00 pm**



It's a bit late right now, I'll make an update tomorrow. Right now would be a great time to place bets on the hero's demise. And remember, there's always more where he came from.

I didn't think three dwarven adventurers could cause so much damage to a pocket world's goblin colony... I've only seen three living beings in the whole place. If this adventurer actually clears out the place, I may have to make a new world just to have some more enemies to fight...

Still, the place looks quite nice with all the bones and blood. That's what you get when you hire a dwarf to redecorate. Quality service.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **psychologicalshock** on **March 01, 2008, 02:21:00 pm**

Aw apparently there were no trees to execute my proposed plan. = (

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **March 01, 2008, 02:21:00 pm**

I bet a horrible death by demon. (looks through his loot from various games)  
  
I bet...a giant cave spider silk thong...a police uniform[BD]...and a rappy figurine!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Cthulhu** on **March 01, 2008, 02:47:00 pm**

I'll see your assorted objects, and raise you my Fondleddrowned the Gleeeful Barbarian, an Alunite Ring.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Mulch Diggums** on **March 01, 2008, 08:48:00 pm**

I'll bet 2 barrels of swamp wiskey and the head of a coward that hid from my adventurer behind a table! It's alittle burnt from the magma pit I threw it in but its still good!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **GeneralValter** on **March 01, 2008, 10:47:00 pm**

3 vials of dwarven ale on getting mobbed by 10 random goblins.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 01, 2008, 11:30:00 pm**

Wow, I didn't know fights happened without your adventurer.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 01, 2008, 11:35:00 pm**

They don't, unless you do some modding. I'm sure that if I looked long enough, I'd find the rest of the dwarf bones from the adventurers I sent to this place in attempts to clear it out.  
  
I guess I was more successful than I thought...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 01, 2008, 11:52:00 pm**

You sent adventurers to clear it out? That's cheating!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 02, 2008, 12:00:00 am**

Hey, I made this pocket world and was messing around in it long before I thought of 'Death and Glory!'. I just didn't think to make a new world for a fresh goblin fortress. I may have to, if this guy stays alive long enough to do some damage.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **JoRo** on **March 02, 2008, 01:40:00 am**

If he kills all the goblins, that means it's time to move on to the elves. After that, the humans. He could be the only living creature left in all the world. The Omega Dwarf.  
But he's totally going to get killed by some random guard with a bow, I'd bet a dozen querns on it.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **March 02, 2008, 05:31:00 am**

Sixty groundhog bone crossbow bolts says he dies to a goblin archer.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 02, 2008, 06:50:00 am**

He's a human, not a dwarf.

Inside the tower, the adventurer is greeted by a pile of bones lying in the corner of the entrance hallway, and a rotting corpse at the first intersection. The flies apparently hadn't found it yet, although the stench was overpowering. Or perhaps they were just smart enough not to go inside.



Our gladiator moves past the corpse, continuing down the the main path.

He hears footsteps behind him, and turns around to find the source as they hurry down one of the other corridors. Going back to the corridor, the adventurer steps gingerly around the rotting corpse, only to find another one at the other end of the corridor, followed by a room smeared with blood on the floor and walls.

Two more corridors branch off of this one, and the hero does not know which one the creature followed. He picks the one on the opposite side of the room, and breaks into a run in order to catch the thing.

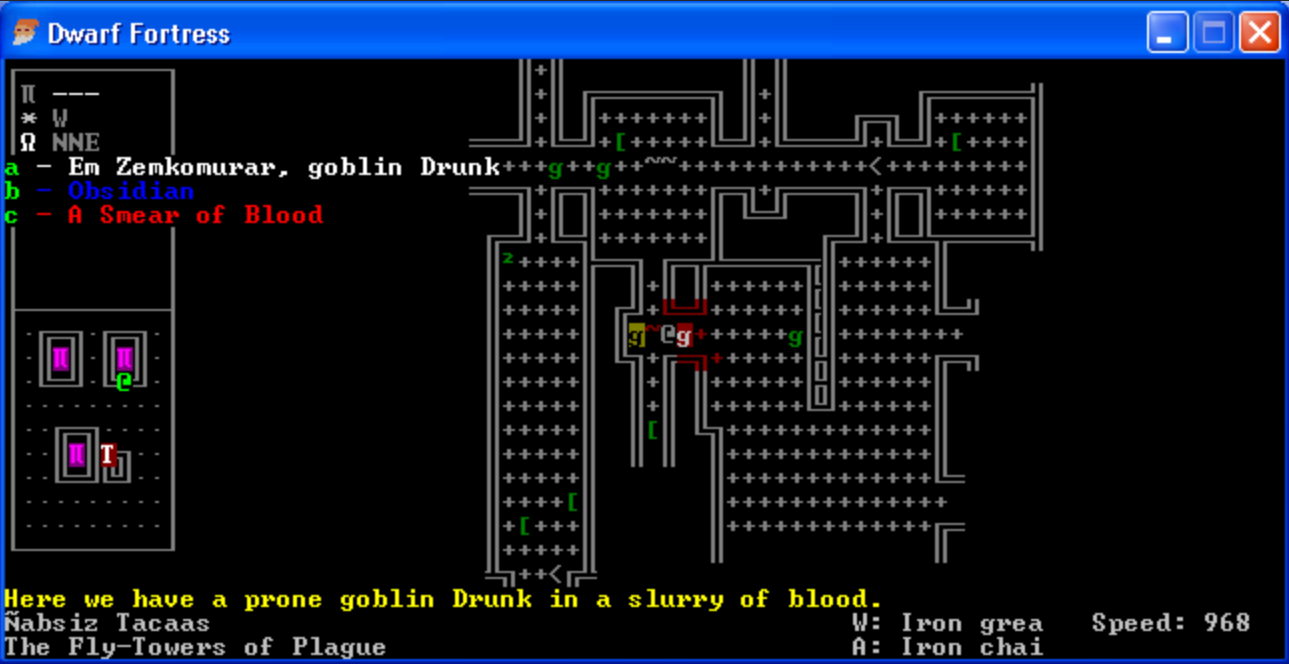
A dead end. More corridors branching off into the darkness. Not a sign of anything alive, or even alive *recently*.

Another blood-drenched corridor, again packed with the rotting corpses of two goblins.

Suddenly, the pattering of footfalls returns and a goblin careens around the corner in front of the adventurer and rushes at him, its intentions made dreadfully clear in its fever-lit eyes.

The hero back pedals and the goblin misses him, albeit by a somewhat slight margin. Hefting his mighty axe, our gladiator smashes it into the goblin with all his might, sending it flying back down the corridor before slamming into a wall and sliding down into a crumpled heap on the floor.

The hero started making his way over to the creature, but knew that it wouldn't be alive by the time he reached it. The hard splotching sound that arose from the goblin's chest had more than indicated that the creature had little time left in the living realm.



The creature was still alive though, attempting to breath with two horribly mangled lungs, but still alive. The adventurer, not wanting the creature to suffer more than absolutely necessary, lifted his axe and brought it down to end the goblin's life.

He missed.

The axe struck the goblin in the right foot, cutting open the creature'e big toe. A bit taken aback, the gladiator attempted the act a second time.

He hit the creature's foot again. This time, however, the small appendage was seperated from its host body and sent flying to land with a soft splash in one of the numerous pools of blood.

Now very confused, the adventurer put everything he had into ending the goblin's life quickly and efficiently. It was harder than expected.

At least he wouldn't hit the right foot anymore.

A third blow hacks the creature's left leg off at the knee, a fourth blow broke the creature's hand and split open two of the fingers. With his fifth blow, the adventurer struck the creature's left arm, and with a sickening crack the bone was broken inside it.

With a faint wheeze, the goblin finally bled to death at the feet of a very perplexed and shaken adventurer. An adventurer who apparently could not execute a coup de gr ce on a creature before it bled to death. Things were not going well.

Still in something of a daze, the adventurer blunders down the hallway, looking for a new chance at actually killing something with, instead of all these damnable bleedings. Every creature he had yet killed had simply bled to death, and this was beginning to wear on his nerves.

Taking the stairs at the end of the hallway, the adventurer found himself standing on yet another rotting corpse, his boots sinking into the spongy flesh.

Here, the flies had most certainly not been deterred. They swarmed about the room in a buzzing haze, glittering bodies zooming about the room in their almost mindless zig-zags and loops.

Another corpse lay beside that of the first, and a few articles of clothing were scattered about the room.

Among these, the adventurer found a relatively untouched waterskin made of a shiny black material he did not recognize. Checking it, he found it full of water, and a quick sniff proved that the water, although not entirely fresh, was at least clean.

Our gladiator takes a drink from the waterskin, and the straps it on next to his own. No need to let it go to waste, after all.



Making his way through the blood-spattered and corpse-littered corridor, the adventurer found nothing of interest other than the innumerable signs of conflict, and a single iron boot which was of human size, instead of a goblin's or a dwarf's. This single item disturbed our gladiator more than most of the other things he had seen along the way, as though the death of an unknown human affected him more than the death of an unknown dwarf. Now it seemed that the death of his kind, and thus his own death, was possible.

Gulping down his nerves, the adventurer dropped the boot back onto the smooth obsidian floor and continued on his quest through the tower.



After taking another flight of stairs up, the hero found another item of his kin. An iron gauntlet, smeared with goblin's blood, lay haphazardly on the ground. The tower was silent as to who it belonged to, as silent as it was about all the other happenings within its black walls.

As silent as the dead, even.

Not wanting to dwell on such thoughts, the adventurer began moving through the halls again, hoping for something to happen. Anything that would block out this damnable silence, and drive the nagging thoughts out of his mind.

And then something did happen. A goblin leaps out of the gloom as the hero makes his way towards another stairwell, punching at the hero with a gnarled and bony fist. Caught off guard, the hero reacts instinctively and blocks the blow, while simultaneously bringing his axe to bear.

A quick swipe, and the goblin's head is lopped off. The first "real" kill for the adventurer, and it all happened so fast. Once the head settled into a confident resting place at the bottom step of the stairwell, the silence moved in again. Our hero made his way up the steps, careful not to slip on the blood that now coated them from the goblin's neck.

The hero, tired of wandering through the twisting halls, made his way towards the top of the tower, in the hopes he might see something from the greater height.

Even with his determination to leave the confined innards of the tower, its disturbing images would not let him pass so easily. Severed and rotting limbs lay strewn about on the ground, as well as an occasional blood-spattered item.

Throwing himself around a corner, the adventurer comes across an unexpected sight. A goblin guard, peacefully sleeping on the stone floor of a room that was practically stuffed with odd bits of clothing.



The hero dropped his axe, and grabbed the goblin's quiver of bolts before any of them could be shot at him. His grip slips the on the first attempt, but the guard continues sleeping, apparently untroubled by the new action going on around him.

The second attempt lands him the bolt-stuffed quiver, and the guard remains sleeping on the floor. Time to wake him up, then.

Taking a bolt from the quiver, the adventurer flings it at the sleeping guard, breaking his left arm! The guard continues to snore. This guard is either cursed, or one very deep sleeper.

A second bolt strikes the guard in the lower body, cutting it badly enough to open a large wound through which the guard's intestine poured out onto the cold floor. He would have been awake now, if he hadn't passed out from the pain.



The hero stands over him for a moment, as vomit spurts out from the guard's mouth and blood spurts from his stomach, and then throws the quiver full of bolts at its previous owner, breaking his leg.

With a hand free, the adventurer grabs the guard's head, and performs his signature move. Once both eyes have been torn from their sockets, the stone-faced and grime-covered adventurer grabs instead for the guard's throat, strangling what life remained in the small body out of it. Small burps of vomit manage to pass by the stranglehold and coat the adventurer's hand, but he doesn't notice. He doesn't notice the small cracking noises the guard's neck is making either, and he does not notice when the guard finally dies, throttling the dead husk for a few minutes more until finally letting go.

Something had been broken. A veneer over something else which had been broken since the day this man was born.

No more pretenses of mercy. No more disgust. No more hesitation. Only *death*. Only *silence*.

Empowered with the fever strength of utter mandess, the gladiator propels himself through the halls, looking for a new victim. All must end, and he must end it. Silence must conquer all.

Reaching the top of the tower, the adventurer finds a veritable battlefield. The top of the tower is covered in blood-soaked clothing and armor, and what few trinkets had been raided by the goblins were buried under piles of dark red cloth.

Two more guards slept on this rooftop, and the gladiator made his way over to the one carrying a crossbow. The adventurer plants his hand over the goblin's face and rips out his eyes just as the creature stands up and fires a bolt into the adventurer's shield.

He then picks up his great axe once more, and hacks off the guard's head. He then moves on to the next one, still sleeping through the chaos.

This one, a pikeman, has his pike ripped from his grasp before it is plunged deep into the goblin's left lower arm, sticking firmly into the wound.

The guard gives a gasp of pain, and then passes out as the adventurer twists the pike brutally around, opening up a major gash in the goblin's arm before finally pulling it out and stabbing it into the guard's lung.

Again and again the hero thrusts the pike into the goblin's flesh, until there is nothing left but a bloody mess. The hero then turns his wild eyes upon the third guard, throwing the pike at the sleeping form. The pike shoots through the wound, only the lower half of the wooden shaft appearing from the front of the goblin's chest. He was dead before he could even flutter his eyes open.

The hero picks up his axe and the pike again, and then stands between the three corpses, surveying the carnage.



There was little to do here other than make his way back down. Would he seek the secrets of this place in the other towers, or move on? What would the future hold for the adventurer?

Vote, dear audience. The game is neither won nor last at this junction, it must go on!

- A) Sift through the other towers.
- B) Wait a while on top of the tower, something may come by.
- C) Leave this place and head into the wilderness.
- D) Leave this place and head towards a site (please name the location of interest)
- E)\*\_\_\_\_\_

As a side note, I must say that's it's quite interesting making your way through a place that's seen some action. It's a very dark and bleak atmosphere in the towers, and that makes the occasional goblin all the more unexpected.

Bah, no bowgoblins. If only gobby fortresses were that easy.

Hrmm. I think you should go to a human village and kill everyone, but not before ripping out all their eyes.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **K4tz** on **March 02, 2008, 08:29:00 am**

Awesome story. I vote fish hunting.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Cthulhu** on **March 02, 2008, 09:31:00 am**

I vote you go to McDonalds and loiter, until they kick you out.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **March 02, 2008, 10:14:00 am**

A! Sift through the other towers searching for the strange unseen voice that whispers mad thoughts to you!

[ March 02, 2008: Message edited by: Dark ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Pandarsenic** on **March 02, 2008, 04:29:00 pm**

I second fish-hunting

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 02, 2008, 05:11:00 pm**

I think he should continue through the citadel until every last goblin is dead.  
Maybe try a more thorough check of the temple, the demon they're worshipping should be somewhere nearby. Unless it's already dead, that is.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Mulch Diggums** on **March 02, 2008, 10:48:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Patarak: <STRONG>Hrmm. I think you should go to a human village and kill everyone, but not before ripping out all their eyes.</STRONG>

Seconded! I think you should pick up any heads you cut off. Thats what I do with my adventurer

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 02, 2008, 11:58:00 pm**

Look back through a couple posts and see if you find a comment that looks a bit... suspicious. It's before the adventurer enters the tower. It may seem slightly out of place, like it wasn't supposed to appear in the otherwise carefree (and eyeball-gouging) romp that the story was before it.

*Then* make your decision.

It happened so quickly that I couldn't get a picture of it. I figured that was probably for the best.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Wooty** on **March 03, 2008, 12:20:00 am**

quote:
A dark image flits across the adventurer's view for a brief moment, a visage of hate and flames and leathery wings. Was this image a hint at what future lay ahead? Or was it a darker indication, a sign of madness in the young man?

This? In which case I vote you hunt down that demon.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 03, 2008, 12:55:00 am**

Hunting him down might be a bit tricky. He seems to be tower-hopping, and he's ridiculously fast when he's flying.

That's why I added the "B" choice. I wasn't expecting Captain Ironblood to pop by with a pot of tea and some crumpets.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Torak** on **March 03, 2008, 01:41:00 am**

B, but A after too long goes by.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Black Line** on **March 03, 2008, 03:38:00 am**

A check out the other towers.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **BDR** on **March 03, 2008, 12:47:00 pm**

B until you have to travel away for thirst/hunger reasons or get bored, then A.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Pandarsenic** on **March 03, 2008, 10:12:00 pm**

Actually... I wanna see him fight the demon.

Change me to

'A' leads the tally. So a-searchin' he shall go.

The adventurer stands on top of the tower, a breeze pulling his hair into a maddened tangle that suited his current state of mind.

Staring about him for a moment, he heads back down into the smelly recesses of the tower, contemplating his new name. For he could no longer simply be called Ñabsiz Manydoor. No, he needed a *new* name, for he was certainly a new creature beyond what the simple Manydoor could have imagined.

He decided upon 'Ñabsiz Tacaas Ofo Corust', which in the old tongue meant 'Ñabsiz Manydoor the Splash of Assembling'.

A fitting name, the unstable mind thought, as Ñabsiz stepped down the first of many stairwells the led to the tower's exit.

Once outside, he made his way next door to the Castle of Spiders, and began searching for an entrance.

The inside of this tower was noticeably cleaner. Although there were still a few bits of clothing lying in odd corners, there were no blood or vomit spatters on the walls, and no rotting corpses fouling up the floor.

Well, except for that one leg. The gladiator thought for a moment, and decided to put the reeking thing into his pack, in case he felt the need for it at some point. What he would use it for was unimportant, what was important was that he had it in case he *did* need to use it.

It made a rather unsettling *\*splurch\** as it was shoved into the backpack, scaring the roaches that had been picked up earlier into darker corners of the leather bag.

He found another waterskin, drank what water was left in it, and then tossed it to the floor. He already had two, so there was no need for a third waterskin. Now, a rotting leg, *that* was worth keeping.

Apparently he had thought (or perhaps spoken, he wasn't too sure) too soon about this tower being clean. A pool of blood lay before him, still somewhat liquid due to its volume. The original owner of this blood, however, was nowhere nearby.



He eventually reached the top of this tower, and found a few weapons lying around, as well as some armor. He also found a backpack full of meat (it wasn't even rotten), and gorged himself on it until he could eat no more. He then began looking more thoroughly around the tower's roof, to see if there were any other interesting items up here.

It was dark now, and he had to get very close to each item before he could see what it was. He found a very nice looking twohander in a pile of small armor that was lying near a few dribbles of blood, but he ignored it for now. It would be too heavy to carry along on top of everything else he had in his pack.

He also found an elven amulet made out of birch, that must have been carved by someone who stuttered. It depicted the same event twice, the event being the rise to leadership of a certain elf over a certain elven something-or-other. He let it sit in its place on top of the tower.

And then something caught his eye, moonlight glinting off an object that sat in a hep of others off to his left. Moving closer, he found a shield, made entirely out of steel and just the right size for him.

He also found a backpack, inside of which was yet another steel shield, along with a steel warhammer. He had hit the jackpot!

However, carrying around all this would be a bit too much of an encumbrance. He began looking through his collection to see what should go and what could stay.

It was a tough decision. He had to drop both the pike and the warhammer in order to move at a relatively comfortable speed. He kept both shields however, and strapped both of them to his left arm. He suddenly felt much safer.

Casting a mournful look back at the pike, he began looking around again. He found a bracelet made out of some sort of cactus that looked rather painful, and decided it could stay where it was. He found a copper pike that had been planted into the roof of the tower, but it was too well-set to pry loose, and would have been too heavy to carry anyways.

Finding nothing else of interest other than a pile of goblin bones, he made his way back down the tower. Perhaps the third time's the charm?

However, on his way back down, a goblin armed with an iron hammer charged at the adventurer from the shadows!

The first shot was easily blocked, and the adventurer used this time to decide how to destroy this creature. He dropped his axe on the ground, and took out the bone he had picked up on the outside. His first swing at the guard was too slow, and the guard easily dodged it.

The adventurer then threw this bone at the guard, and it struck painfully against the guard's leg. A small amount of blood began to well up on the leg, but it was a fairly minor wound just the same.

The adventurer decides now would be a good time to put his shield to a bloodier use, and starts swinging it (them) at the guard, missing completely the first three times, before having the fourth shot parried.

Miffed, the hero reaches into his pack again. With a burst of foul air, and a soft squishing, he grasps the rotting leg and pulls it free from the pack. This, he decided, would be the goblin guard's death.

The soft, unwieldy, and oddly shaped leg was easily blocked and dodged by the guard. However, it was only a matter of time before the dull thudding of his kin's leg beating his shield wore his nerves down enough to cause a slight hesitation or misstep.



And so they danced. Ducking and charging and striking and blocking on the dark floor of the obsidian tower, locked in the intimate ballet of coming death.

And then the web of destiny trembled. The fates had pulled their thread for this adventurer.

The adventurer was laughing, howling maniacally as he swung his makeshift club at the goblin, small strips and chunks of flesh coming away from the bone and trailing behind it as it flew through the air, foul-smelling banners and pendants for a deranged kingdom and its knight of madness.

The guard rallied his strength and parried the leg, before turning and using the force of his spin to smash his warhammer into the adventurer's face, splattering the nose and hitting the head with enough force for it to be flung far out of its normal range of motion. The adventurer's neck didn't simply snap, it was ground to bits. A horrible grinding, crunching sound emanated from the adventurer's throat in place of the laughter that had been there so soon before, a wide-eyed look of astonishment dousing the crazed fires that once occupied his now quickly-glazing eyes.

His body, now useless, fell to the ground. His shields clattered meaninglessly on the floor and rolled away, and the stump of a leg thunked into place beside its former wielder like a dog resting near its master.

The guard raised his hammer again and brought it down on the gladiator's lower body, crushing it. He then brought the hammer up and down, up and down, in a macabre drumbeat as he exacted vengeance upon the adventurer's body, smashing bones and rupturing organs before finally bring the hammer down with full force on the hero's head, smashing it into a dull paste.

The last thought that passed through the adventurer's haunted mind before his skull was cracked open and the contents exposed for casual examination, was that he would not bleed to death. This death, his death, would *not* be anticlimactic.

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And so ends the life of our first contender. Who will step up to take his place? There is no end to the number of willing youths in this realm, and even if there were, there is no end to the number of realms, of worlds, of *universes*. They are all but dust, and serve no purpose other than your entertainment, dear audience...

His death was caused by a random guard carrying a non-ranged weapon. No bets were placed on this event by an audience member.

Place your votes on what contender shall next enter the ring of death, and fight for your pleasure! The game has not been lost, nor can it ever stop! Let blood spill!

.

On a side note, I ask that you don't send me into that tower again. I got too caught up in the character, and couldn't keep the tone

upbeat while writing. I'll make a new world (small to pocket sizes only, please) if there are enough requests for it, and that will yield fresh goblin towers for adventuring in.

This one, however... There's too much history in it. It's too damned thematic to be taken with a carefree perspective.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 04, 2008, 02:48:00 am**

Gee, if maybe if you hadn't *dropped the freaking axe and pulled out various body parts*, he might have survived. And how the hell did you have two shields in one hand?

Anyways, I want an axe human, a "smaller world" (pocket if you insist) and I want you to go on a village killing spree.

[ March 04, 2008: Message edited by: Patarak ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 04, 2008, 02:56:00 am**

These guys aren't \*supposed\* to live for a long time, they're supposed to fight and die in a glorious fashion. And come on, don't tell me you wouldn't have tried smacking a guard with a rotten goblin leg if you had the chance.

And you can get multiple shields in one hand if you stuff a lot of them into your pack, pick something else up with your weapon hand, and then start [r]moving shields from your pack. As you do this, they all pile onto the same hand, with no limit as to how many you can stuff on there.

However, whether or not there's any benefit to this is debatable. It's just kinda cool.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **JoRo** on **March 04, 2008, 05:12:00 am**

I'm definitely going to have to try that shield thing. I will be *INVINCIBLE*. A newer, more lighthearted world might be good. Perhaps one size up from a pocket, so as to have more sites.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 04, 2008, 05:18:00 am**

Actually, I just found out that you can stack two shields in one hand before it puts one in your weapon hand. Still though, two shields...

And I really don't recommend putting a shield in your weapon hand, unless you've got a hammer or other weapon that cannot stick in an enemy. Even then it's not really recommended.

You see, if you drop/lose the weapon in your weaponhand, the shield takes that spot. If you pick up the weapon again, and then [r]emove it so that it's sitting in your weapon hand, you'll still only be smacking stuff with your shield.

On the other hand, you could become an all-out shield maniac, and drop your weapon in favor of another shield. Stack your arms with shields, and smite any foe who comes too close!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 04, 2008, 09:36:00 am**

Can I vote that you use my Martial Arts mod for the next session? Seems fitting enough...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 04, 2008, 09:40:00 am**

Uh, okay. I'll download it tomorrow and set it up. I haven't tried it before, so should be fun. Anything I should look out for?

EDIT: Wait, does it work with 38c? The update only lists 176.38a as the latest compatible version.

[ March 04, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kyselina** on **March 04, 2008, 10:58:00 am**

Get martial art mod and make wrestler grabbing opponents items and throwing them at him.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 04, 2008, 11:39:00 am**

I never bothered to update the thread title.

The last two versions were mostly bugfix (though there was one feature I requested), so there's no need to update for now. I will once I get magic weapons ingame though.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **March 04, 2008, 11:59:00 am**

I vote swordsman, no preference on a new world. And he must go elf slaying.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **K4tz** on **March 04, 2008, 12:15:00 pm**

I vote fish hunting with a whip.

Just wondering, what actions are possible while swimming? I'm wondering whether shark wrestling is possible or not :)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **March 04, 2008, 02:21:00 pm**



Become an accomplished bowman, but drop your bow at the start and wield your arrows instead! Then stand on the second floor of a mead hall and throw arrows at any who dare enter! Once they get close stab em with your last arrow and die a glorious arrow-ninja death, or survive and become a champion of the arrowed arts!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Vugor** on **March 04, 2008, 07:02:00 pm**

be like the only adventurer i ever had fun with and do nothing but kill people by throwing shoes or socks at them.....it was fun...til the guards surrounded me....he went down flinging a cave spider silk sock that broke a guards neck.....

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **March 04, 2008, 10:38:00 pm**

You aren't a true throwing master until you throw Large Serrated Discs. (points to sig)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lord\_Frodo** on **March 04, 2008, 11:20:00 pm**

This will probably sound silly but what is all this talk of "pocket" worlds?  
I thought worlds only came in one size.

Oh and very nice story so far my vote is to take a dwarf and go human killing. pick up any severed body parts that you find.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **JoRo** on **March 04, 2008, 11:27:00 pm**

Since 38b you've been able to generate worlds in a number of sizes, the smallest of which is "pocket." Pocket worlds generate in seconds and have a very small number of sites.

In my pocket world most of the goblins are dead, but those that survive are all legendary heros who grew strong from the blood of my adventurers.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 05, 2008, 12:29:00 am**

Small Sized World, Elven Spearman, Killing Harmless forest Animals and other elves!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Deathworks** on **March 05, 2008, 06:17:00 am**

Hi!

quote:

Originally posted by K4tz:  
<STRONG>I vote fish hunting with a whip.

Just wondering, what actions are possible while swimming? I'm wondering whether shark wrestling is possible or not :)</STRONG>

My experience is that combat while swimming is no different from normal combat if you have swimming skill. Of course, you are a bit slower, but everything else works just fine.

And I can't really confirm that carps are that murderous - at least once you are proficient with your sword and shield, even big schools of them are no problem.

I think, after throwing shield use is also highly imbalancing for the game. When fighting packs of wolves or schools of fish (if I am lucky enough for them not to swim away at top speed, those cowards!), I very often have three or four attacks per "turn" because I block all incoming attacks and then counterstrike.

I also found that normal goblin guards armed with bows or crossbows are not that nasty in adventure mode as it seemed (I haven't come across any legendary ranged fighter, though). An exceptional quality iron plate mail and a superior quality iron shield allowed me to block most arrows, and when one got through at my arm, it bounced off, harmlessly.

Thus, if you are into a light-hearted game, I strongly suggest to try all the things people consider really suicidal (fish hunting, unicorn hunting, elephant hunting, frontal attacks on goblin ranged weapon fighetrs,...) and see which ones actually work out.

Deathworks

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Bricktop** on **March 05, 2008, 09:29:00 am**

And don't fprget to gouge eyes... preferably a kings eyes if possible :p

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 05, 2008, 01:35:00 pm**

So far, the vote leaders appear to be fish hunting and a small new world.

I'll get to it tomorrow. Today has been a bit hectic, and it's already after midnight.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jreengus** on **March 05, 2008, 02:38:00 pm**

Eye gouging should be the signature move of this thread. I vote you try to eye goug everysingle person in one world without killing anyone. (if you made a new fortress would this make all traders and immigrants and seigers blind?)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 06, 2008, 03:16:00 am**

No, the game just periodically spawns them at your fort, they aren't taken from existing creatures.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 06, 2008, 03:21:00 am**

Okay, I've got about seven threads that I'm supposed to be running with, so this has been getting a little dusty. I'm downloading/installing the MA mod now, a new contender should be up in a little bit.

Gonna be making a lasher with a penchant for hunting fish, since that got the most votes (that I can see). Like if Indiana Jones and Steve Irwin had a kid.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 06, 2008, 04:13:00 am**

You might want to redownload that mod... ;)

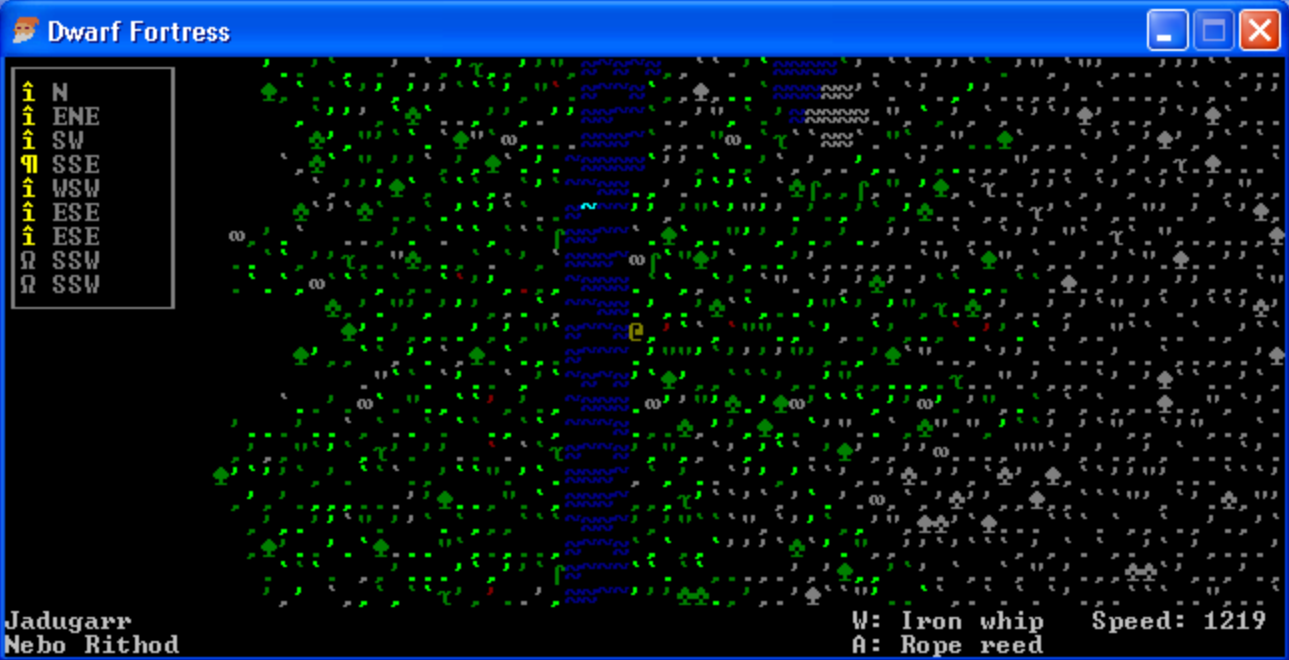
Updated it to 1.5a, might make your adventures slightly more fun.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 06, 2008, 04:13:00 am**

And thus, a new contender has entered the arena! Jadugarr, the Kentauri lasher, adjusts his two loincloths, and sets off towards the nearest source of fish! Be thee afraid, gilled ones!

Starting his search in the aptly-named prairie of adventuring, Jadugarr makes his way towards a small river in search of his hated enemy. The watery ones, gillnecks, those who swim the boundaries of worlds, princes of the waves, **FISH**.

Eventually making his way to the bank, Jadugarr takes a deep breath to steady himself, and then plunges into the water.

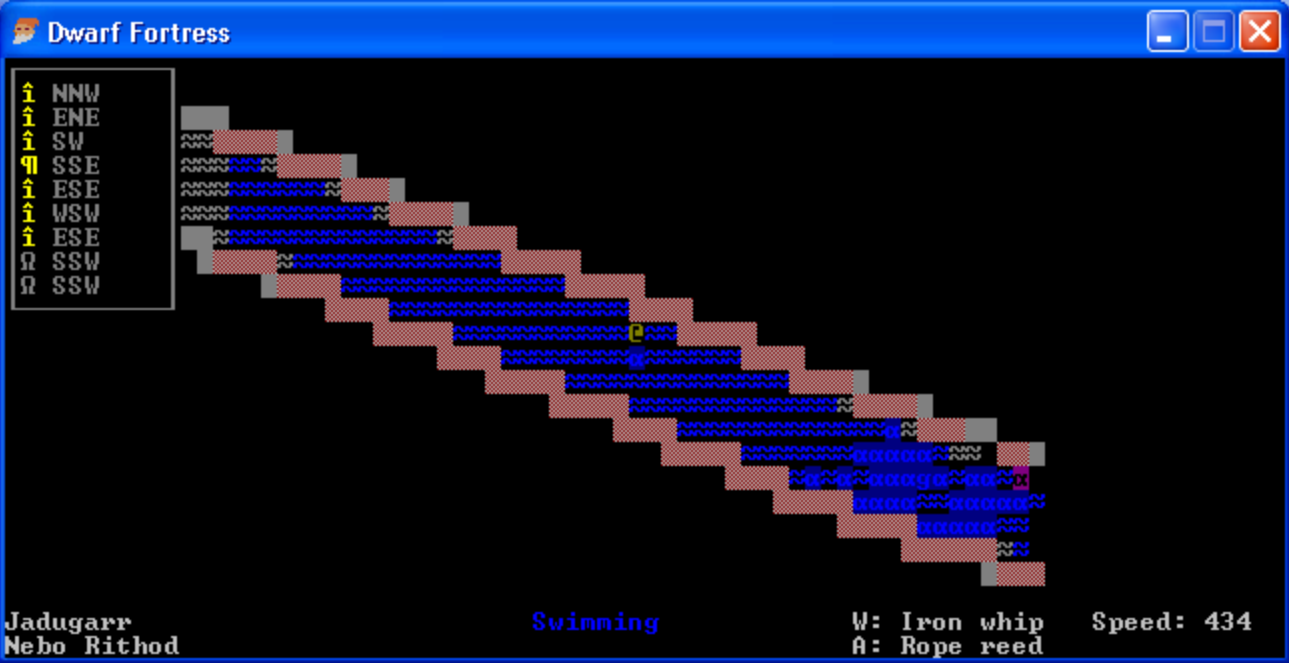


He spots a few shapes in the water upstream, and makes his way towards them, his hooves pumping through the water and his whip trailing behind him.

It had not ocured to him until now that it may be slightly difficult to use a whip while underwater. He pushes this useless thought from his mind, and continues swimming against the current towards his prey.

As he gets closer, he sees that it is a school of carp ahead of him, and in their mad dash to get away from him they are tangling themselves up and giving him the perfect opportunity to close the distance between hunter and hunted...

Finally, a straggler is left behind by the school, and comes within range. Jadugarr feels his fury building, and his spirits being to soar. His vengeance against fishkind shall finally be meted out on this day!

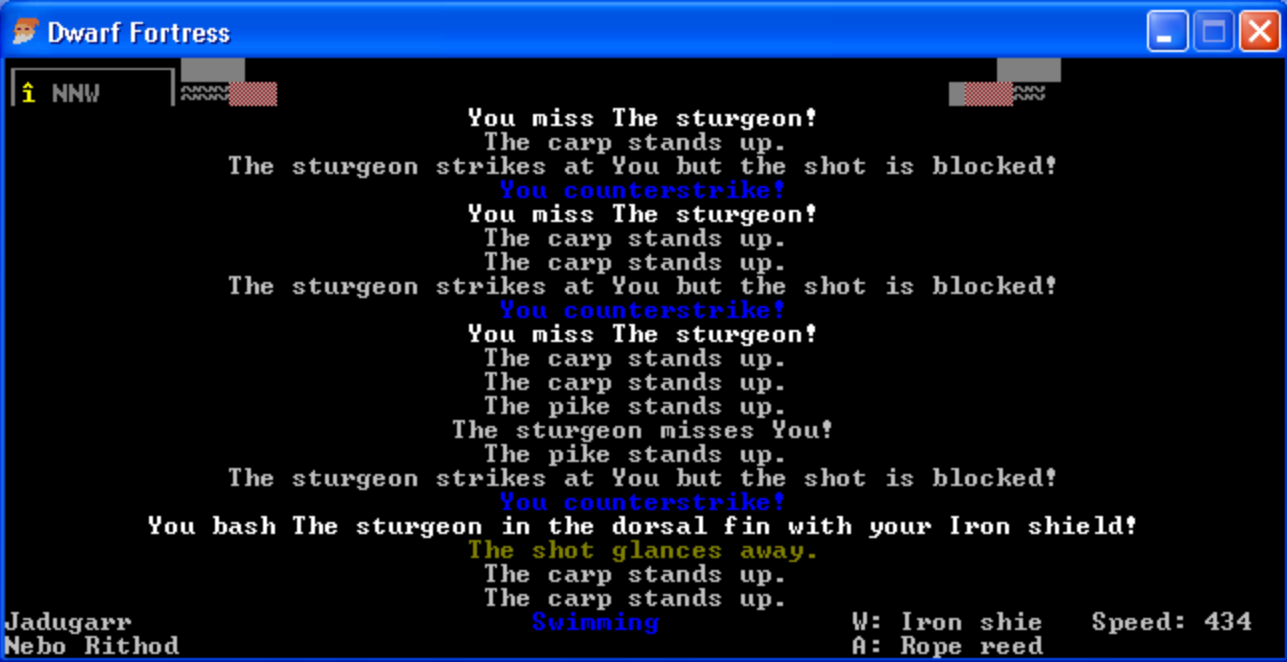


A quick strike with his whip (well, maybe not quick. Everything moves a bit slower underwater) and the bones in the frontal half of the carp are snapped like twigs, one of which punctures the fiend's heart.

With a burbling cry of triumph, Jadugarr sets off after the school again, leaving the first carp to die of internal bleeding.

After a bend in the river, Jadugarr is ambushed by a crafty sturgeon, and has several meaty chunks removed from his arm by the beast's sharp teeth, rendering his weapon arm useless.

With a bellow of rage, the massive man-horse misses the fish furiously, harming it not at all!



After two failed attempts at grabbing the creature, the sturgeon charges at him and bowls him over in the current! The fish then stands on top of him in order to prevent his rising, and begins to nibble with burning rage at Jadugarr's flanks.

Finally, Jadugarr manages to successfully wrap his upper right arm around the creature's body, and throws it mightily to the riverbed in order to buy himself some time.

The sturgeon snaps fishiously at the kentaur's body and wriggles in an attempt to get away.

Jadugarr begins to stand up, when the sturgeon finally manages to release Jadugarr's grip! Another quick charge and Jadugarr is thrown flat against the ground once more. In response to this, he grabs the fish again. In response to that, the fish breaks his grip again.



Now in a towering rage, Jadugarr stands up once more and sideste- eh, sideswims the fishy monster's charge! The beast rushes by him and, apparently having caught on to Jadugarr's new determination, continues upstream to join up with his schoolmates.

Jadugarr knows that he has lost this fight, and clambers out of the river again, holding his shredded arm against his body.

He would retreat this time, to be sure. But his revenge *would* come, and come soon.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 06, 2008, 04:20:00 am**

quote:  
...adjusts his two loincloths...

XD  
  
This was an unforeseen consequence, mind you. Never intended it to be that way. I guess the two LOWERBODY tags tend to do that. :P  
  
Lookin good so far, but I guess you'll really have to retreat. You need loads more skill to successfully battle those fiends. Specifically, more toughness so you don't get tired too fast.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 06, 2008, 05:02:00 am**

Is the species you are playing as some sort of saytr thing? What does the martial arts mod do exactly?  
  
Whips made of iron... That's really hardcore.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 06, 2008, 05:11:00 am**

He's playing a kentaur. It's basically a centaur, except I specifically defined it as an "elf/horse" crossover, unlike the usual "human/horse". They're not as protective of animals or trees, but still like forests over plains.  
  
The martial arts mod was originally made to improve the natural attacks of all existing creatures (most notably the major playable ones), but later grew to introduce race-specific weaponry, armor, body structure changes, new creatures and various items.  
  
By the way, you might want to combine the mod with the Minerals mod. Aluminum crossbows ftw! :p  
  
[ March 06, 2008: Message edited by: Sean Mirrsen ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **K4tz** on **March 06, 2008, 12:54:00 pm**

Haha, nice to see my idea was picked~

I'm betting on the death at the hands of a swarm of fish.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jreengus** on **March 06, 2008, 12:59:00 pm**

quote:

Originally posted by Patarak:  
<STRONG>Is the species you are playing as some sort of saytr thing? What does the martial arts mod do exactly?  
Whips made of iron... That's really hardcore.</STRONG>

The character hes playing is named after a character in Sacrifice. Or at least i can only presume that since he is playing a centaur wielding a whip named after a centaur wielding a whip.

Also if you want ill post up my GCS mode which replaces goblins with GCS's I even gave em 8 eyes for you to gouge. This ought to give your adventurers a nic challenge.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **JoRo** on **March 06, 2008, 03:41:00 pm**

Damn fish, swimming around like they own the water. You show them! Strike, Jadugarr! In the name of every poor adventurer whose corpse now lies in the watery deep.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 06, 2008, 03:51:00 pm**

Btw, I just can't help but notice:

quote:

The carp stands up.

You know, it kinda makes me afraid a little. :)

Hmm, should I add giant carp to my mod?...  
Or carpmen...

[ March 06, 2008: Message edited by: Sean Mirrsen ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Boksi** on **March 06, 2008, 03:57:00 pm**

I am planning on adding both giant carp and carpmen in my mod.

Also carp demons.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 07, 2008, 06:43:00 am**

Kudos to thatguyweallknow for finding the Sacrifice reference. Kentauri were the only race that showed up in my world that had lashers (well, aside from the outcasts), and I was struck with the image of Jadugarr. So, I named the smelly blighter that.

Jadugarr realized that he was still inexperienced, and that he would need to hone his body and his skills further before attempting to face the carp again.

He traveled southeast, through the jungles of perishing and towards the forest retreat of conjurehowls.

Here he found nothing of interest aside from a chestnut tree which, according to a nearby plaque, had been named "Bigwax". Jadugarr payed his respects to Bigwax, and continued on his way, moving farther south.

As he entered into the jungles of perishing again, a large shaper barrelled towards him out of the foliage, roaring fiercely! The massive grizzly bear bore down on Jadugarr with terrifying speed, razor-sharp claws tearing up the soft earth as it came ever closer!

Well, okay. So it was a smaller black bear. That was just sitting there, foraging for berries. It *did* attack the kentaur, though.

Seeing a chance to excersize his power, Jadugarr took out his iron whip and charged the beast head-on! A quick snap of the whip opened up a large gash on the bear's upper back, and a second lash tore a similar stripe on the creature's left cheek, ripping off a few pieces of the ear as well.

The creature threw its body into Jadugarr and knocked him over, attempting to rake him with its claws all the while. Jadugarr was kept occupied with fending off the creature's blows, but was able to land a stinging whip to the bear's leg.

Jadugarr struggles to his feet, just in time to sidestep the bear's next charge, giving him a perfect opportuniy to strike at the bear's midsection as it rushed past.

The blow connected with a soft spot, and the bear began to vomit, thick chunks of various semi-digested plant and animal matter belching up from between its teeth and onto the ground.

Jadugarr pounced on top of the preoccupied beast, and began lashing it violently, ripping its legs and body to bits with his whip, the sharp smacking sounds of it striking the creature's flesh dampened slightly by the trees and foliage nearby.

The bear is weakened considerably, and Jadugarr moves in for his finishing move.



Slinging his whip around the bear's neck, Jadugarr pulls back on his end of the iron line, squeezing the the life out of the hulking ursine.

It took a long time, the beast twitching in an attempt to shake off the kentaur, but eventually the last light of consciousness left its eyes, and Jadugarr loosened the whip from around the bear's neck.

This had been a very informative meeting, Jadugarr thought, as he continued his search for something that would truly strengthen him.

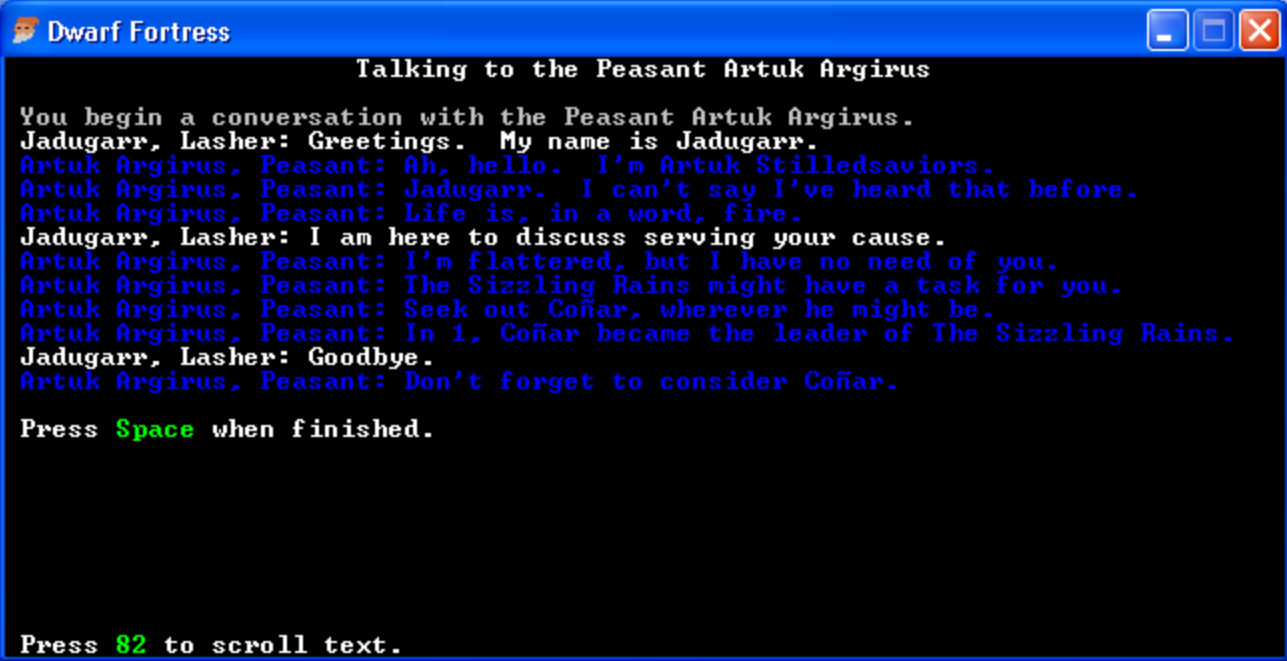
Some time later, another bear came after Jadugarr. A few cracks of the whip showed the lesser creature who was the *real* boss here.



After that, Jadugarr again continued on his path, just like all the other times.

After some time, he came across the small forest village of trotmorals, where he attempted to find some daring quest to undertake, or a vicious monster to slay or something, or a magical sword that some farmer misplaced or something.

He inquired one of the commonfolk as to the whereabouts of any such activities, but the peasant knew of no such things.



Jadugarr was intrigued when the peasant told him of the powerful being that presided over their village, and so Jadugarr set out at once to find him.

Not an easy task, considering this "village" was composed entirely of a grove of trees that had been dubbed such names as "the Blameless Matches", and "the Contingent Panther", as well as "Beachedsquare the Lobster of Wheeling". None of these trees had arrows carved into them, so finding this "Coñar" indeed proved difficult, especially seeing as how Jadugarr had no idea of what he was looking for.

After a quick chat with the village's elite bowman (Jadugarr had always been a bit nervous around bows. He was never entirely sure why), it was made clear that Coñar was, in fact, in a different settlement far to the west. That's what you get for listening to a peasant.

However, the bowman stopped Jadugarr from setting off immediately and asked if he might be interested in helping out his village.

A cyclops by the name of Kacnu Voicedcat was in a cave not far from the village, and had been making periodic raids on the inhabitants, as well as attacking any hunters or traders who passed through that area. The bowman asked if Jadugarr would be able to defeat this fiend, and rid the townsfolk of worry. Jadugarr contemplated his answer...

Vote!

- A) Agree to the bowman's task.
- B) Ignore the settlement and seek out Coñar.
- C) eXtreme fishing.
- D) Berserk.
- E)\* \_\_\_\_\_

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **SmileyMan** on **March 07, 2008, 10:47:00 am**

I vote A - play it straight for now, and agree to the task.

If you recruit any drunks, can you call one Smiley, profession Jester.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 07, 2008, 10:57:00 am**

Jadugarr does need the skill. And fame, whatever that's worth. I think that nasty cyclops creature needs to become less nasty. Like, dead. :)

And, uh... There "might" be a problem with the Conar (Conan? :)) person. There's a certain chance he might give you a quest to kill him... Consider it a side effect of being "mad with power". And by the way, it's nigh impossible to defeat a diviner. Especially considering that to get him hostile, you'd need to attack him in melee..

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Kagus** on **March 07, 2008, 11:05:00 am**

Yeah, I made another world and started adventuring as an outcast (why did you make them the same size as elves?), when I came upon one of the divines sitting in a forest retreat by himself. As far as I could tell, nobody else was in the area.

Not only did he tell me to kill him, he said "go there and kill Oshrir (or whatever his name was) the Oshrir". I'm not sure what's causing this.

As for the drunk, I'll see what I can do. Kentaur peasants are the same color as drunks, so it's hard to tell them apart. I haven't found any drunks yet, but if I find one, I'll try to accommodate. Do you have a race preference? I may not be able to find a kentaur drunk, and there aren't any humans in this world...

# Title: Re: Death and Glory!

Post by: **Greiger** on **March 07, 2008, 11:33:00 am**

I vote A.

And I bet an obsidian short sword, a Police Body Armor[BD], and a Gible on dismemberment by GCS.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 07, 2008, 11:46:00 am**

Outcasts are mutated dark elves, their upper body and torso joined with the thorax and abdomen of a giant (cave) spider. It makes sense for them to be the same size - they couldn't wear dark elf-size armor otherwise.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Kyselina** on **March 07, 2008, 11:48:00 am**

I say A D together. First A, then D. For not getting reward (if you survive the cave of course).

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 07, 2008, 12:04:00 pm**

I vote A then E) Burn the entire settlement to the ground.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **K4tz** on **March 07, 2008, 01:16:00 pm**

I say A but running away with GCSs appear. We must remember that the guy's ultimate enemies are fish and we must have more fish battles before he dies >: [

Sacrifice was such a great game, shame Shiny went downhill after that.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Kagus** on **March 07, 2008, 01:20:00 pm**

Well, when you reach a pinnacle of achievement, there's only one direction left.

It is rather sad that all the game companies that release really cool and original games seem to wither away... Whereas the dime-a-dozen sports and racing games continue to bring in megabucks.

I guess you need a lot of manure to make the flowers that much prettier.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Deathworks** on **March 07, 2008, 02:21:00 pm**

Hi!

Why do people believe that GCS are that common? My adventurer is probably on the black list of the PETA because of making cyclopes and minotaurs endangered species, and she has yet to come across a GCS.

Anyway, I also vote A as it should make a nice warming-up for C (C does require quite a lot of patience because they always try to swim away - and at first you are so awfully slow while swimming (T\_T) ).



Too bad cyclopes have no treasure. Would have been nice if you could have picked up some white bread and pickles for your carp sandwich :) :) :) :)

Deathworks

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 07, 2008, 03:48:00 pm**

GCS are not common now. I seek to fix that problem until Toady clarifies the ways populations can be defined now.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jreengus** on **March 07, 2008, 06:10:00 pm**

2 words "GCS civ" if they arent common enough for you try having 4 bearing down on you and one shooting iron bolts through your head. (Ultimate fun though)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 08, 2008, 01:53:00 am**

Erm, whats this with the Kentaur's having 2 lower bodies apparently? Is it for the two sections of the horse?  
  
I vote for A, incidently.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **JoRo** on **March 08, 2008, 06:01:00 am**

Votin' A over here. A shame there'll be only one eye to gouge/rip/pluck out, but such is life.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 08, 2008, 12:03:00 pm**

A it is then.

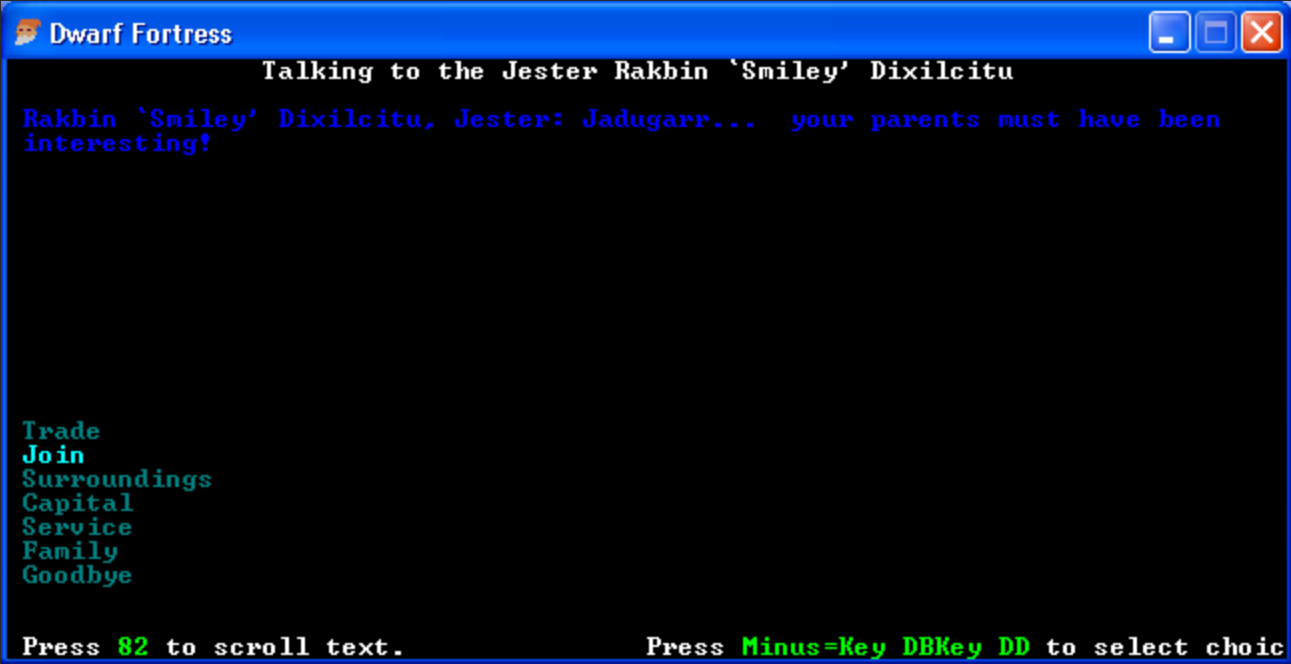
.

Jadugarr considered the task, and finally agreed to do as the bowmaster asked. "Anything to help my kinfolk", the horse-elf/man/dwarf/pig/whatever said, striking an impressive pose for a passing commoner.

Jadugarr began walking out of the settlement, when a peculiarly dressed kentaur trotted up to him, jangling all the way due to a few bells stuck on to a ridiculous lopsided hat he was wearing, and introduced himself to Jadugarr as Rakbin Dixilcitu, more commonly known around these parts as

"Smiley".

Jadugarr grunted, and then offered his name to the odd kentaur in return. This was met with a most unusual comment.



Jadugarr was taken aback for a moment, and then simply grunted again and began walking west, in the direction of the cave. Soon, a jangling noise started behind him, and he turned around to find the apparently color-blind kentaur standing proudly before him, bells tinkling softly as a huge grin spread across his face.

"Eya! Where are you off to?"

Jadugarr replied; "I'm going down into a cave to find a cyclops and rip its eye out. That good enough?"

'Smiley' Rakbin considered this for a moment, and then excersized his namesake facial expression and said "Coo! Sounds fun! Can I come?"

Again, Jadugarr was confused by this peculiar upstart. After a time of consideration, he said yes. Upon hearing this, the jester (for that was surely what this kentaur fancied himself as) did an odd little jig, the bells on his hat and other clothing setting off a veritable cacophany.

Well, Jadugarr thought, *at least he'll distract the cyclops.*

And so this now-merry now-troupe set off to the west in search of glory, fame, and... Well, that's really all you get for slaying beasts these days, now isn't it? Cash is a bit tight in these times. In fact, nobody seems to have any money anymore, except for goblins and shopkeepers. Where they get it from, nobody knows.

Along the way, Smiley kept humming or softly singing a small tune. When the nearby woods were quiet (a none-too-common occasion), Jadugarr could pick up on a few of the lyrics. He appeared to be singing a little ditty about "Brave, brave Sir Rakbin".

*Damned fool thinks he's a knight*, Jadugarr thought to himself. *It wasn't any stranger than the rest of him, though.*

Eventually, they came upon the pit-like entrance to the cave. Jadugarr reflected on a simpler time, when caves were horizontal instead of vertical, and then crouched down to begin the descent. A sharp jangling noise followed his movements. *Damn that fool...*

"Eya! What're you doing?"

Jadugarr briefly considered detailing the finer points of stealth to the jester, realized that he wouldn't be able to grasp the concept, and then stood up and walked normally into the cave.

The inside of the cave appeared to be a tunnel network dug into bright red sand. At first glance, it looked like a gloomy corridor of hell, rife with demons and tortured souls, their burning agonies shouted out into the blackness of the abyss for eternity, and their-

"Dammit Smiley, back off!" Jadugarr roared, once he realized that the jester had snuck up on him and begun whispering this demonic imagery into his ear.

The fool giggled impishly, bells seeming to laugh along with him as the jostled about on his loony cap. But the jester had planted a seed of fear inside Jadugarr's mind. It really *did* look somewhat hellish down here, and he had heard of that special demon of such dark places as these. Jadugarr's mind was flooded with the horrific tales of torn flesh and mangled limbs, leering skulls the only remains of foolhardy adventurers who dared step into the foul beast's domain...

*Giant Cave Swallows.* Jadugarr shivered slightly at the thought. He gathered his frayed nerves, tied them into a sturdy rope once more, and ventured deeper into the cave.

As they made their way through the tunnels, Jadugarr would unconsciously speed up his pace, causing Smiley to lag behind. When he realized this, he would stop for a few moments and wait for the jingling, jangling, tinkling and giggling jester to catch up. The unfortunate side of this was that the jester was easily distracted, and would oftentimes find a very interesting pebble or sand pattern while running to catch up, causing him to crash blindly into Jadugarr. This loud and disorganized ballet continued for some time, until they stepped into a small chamber and heard a massive voice bellow at them.

"I AM CANYOU VOICECHAT!", the beast yelled at them. Apparently the villagers had misheard the beast's name.

The cyclops took a deep breath and shouted again at the adventurers; "PREPARE TO DIE!".

Jadugarr quickly let out his whip from the tight coil it had been in, readying it for battle. With his shield hand, he quickly grabbed up a fistful of sand from the cavern floor. If he could land some of the grainy particles into the creature's only eye, it would be significantly weakened.

Jadugarr stood a few feet away from the approaching cyclops, and hurled his sand at the beast, hitting it harmlessly in the chest. The beast was quite sweaty however, and so all the sand stuck to its torso, making the cyclops look slightly reddish and even hairier than he already was.

The massive one-eye crashed into Jadugarr, bowling him over onto the sand. Although he had managed to position himself during the charge so that he was not harmed, he now found himself in the very bad position of lying on the ground underneath a hairy, sweaty, sand-encrusted and very angry cyclops.

The cyclops punched at him again, but Jadugarr brought his shield up and deflected the blow with a rich *\*bong\** sound. Jadugarr attempted to seize this opportunity, and cracked his whip against the creature's abdomen. This cause no more effect than a loud smacking sound as the whip bounced off of the fiend's thick skin.

This went on for some time, Jadugarr fighting from his prone position and blocking every blow the massive humanoid threw at him, while returning his own equally ineffective lashings.

Smiley was standing completely motionless, obviously transfixed by the spectacle of these two warriors fighting each other. "WHY DON'T YOU GRAB SOME DAMNED PRICKLE BERRIES AND ENJOY THE SHOW?!" Jadugarr hollered at him, blocking an otherwise direct hit from the cyclops as he did so.

For a moment, Smiley looked like he was about to take the suggestion to heart, when he finally realized why he was there and began moving towards the pair.

Jadugarr blocked yet another punch and then attempted to stand up in order to give himself a better position to fight from. However, it was at this moment that Smiley decided to join the fight. From Jadugarr's position.

Jadugarr began to crawl out from underneath the jester's hooves when Smiley attacked the monster, his blows flapping against the cyclops' hide. And then a sickening crunch as the cyclops swung his arm in an arc and landed it against the jester's left arm, mangling it beyond recognition.

Jadugarr stood up just as Smiley was falling down to take his place on the cavern floor, momentarily stunned by the powerful punch. Jadugarr aims a snap at the towering beast's left arm, only to have it glance away again. In the mean time, the cyclops had apparently changed objectives from Jadugarr to the jester, and grabbed Smiley's right thumb with his bicep. This was not an easy move for the massive beast, and he had to double over and position his arm in just the exact spot in order to grab that exact digit.

Jadugarr, realizing that simply smacking the cyclops with his whip would do no good, changed his tact. He lashed out at the creature's neck, wrapping the whip around it tightly. The cyclops, noticing this, shoved jadugarr onto the ground before returning his attention to the prone jester, kicking the kentaurs equine posterior in a most literal fashion, loud snapping noises emanating from the point of impact.

But Jadugarr had what he wanted. He shifted his grip on the whip's iron-inlaid handle, and set his body into the sand for purchase. Unfortunately, the cyclops realizes what is happening, and grabs at the makeshift noose before it can be tightened sufficiently. In response, Jadugarr hooks his left rear leg around the monster's left ring finger. Not an easy task, by any means.

Jadugarr attempts to stand up again, but the cyclops bowls into him, knocking him over and loosening Jadugarr's leghold on his finger. Again, Jadugarr reaches out and grabs the monster's right third toe with his shield, only to have the grip once again broken so easily.

Jadugarr stands up as the cyclops turns his attention back on the prone jester, pummeling his left front leg into a mush. Jadugarr attempts to hook Canyou's neck with his whip again, but the beast sees it coming and steps away with frightening speed. Jadugarr follows him, and lashes out at the neck again, this time with the cyclops backed up against a wall and unable to dodge away.

They fight with each other like this for some time, the cyclops repeatedly ripping the whip away from his neck and Jadugarr persistently snapping it back into place, only to lose his hold before it can be tightened.

After a time, the cyclops turns a frustrated blow at Smiley, adding a bruise to the jester's not-insignificant list of injuries. When Jadugarr attempts to place the chokehold again, the cyclops instead grabs onto Jadugarr's helmet, shoves him out from underneath it, and uses it to crush to jester's chest bones in a horrifying crunch.

Jadugarr finally decides that his whip will get him nowhere in this fight, and hurls it at the beast. Needless to say, a flying piece of line does little against such a large creature (or any other, for that matter), and the cyclops continues with squishing the jester's hindquarters into a paste unabated.



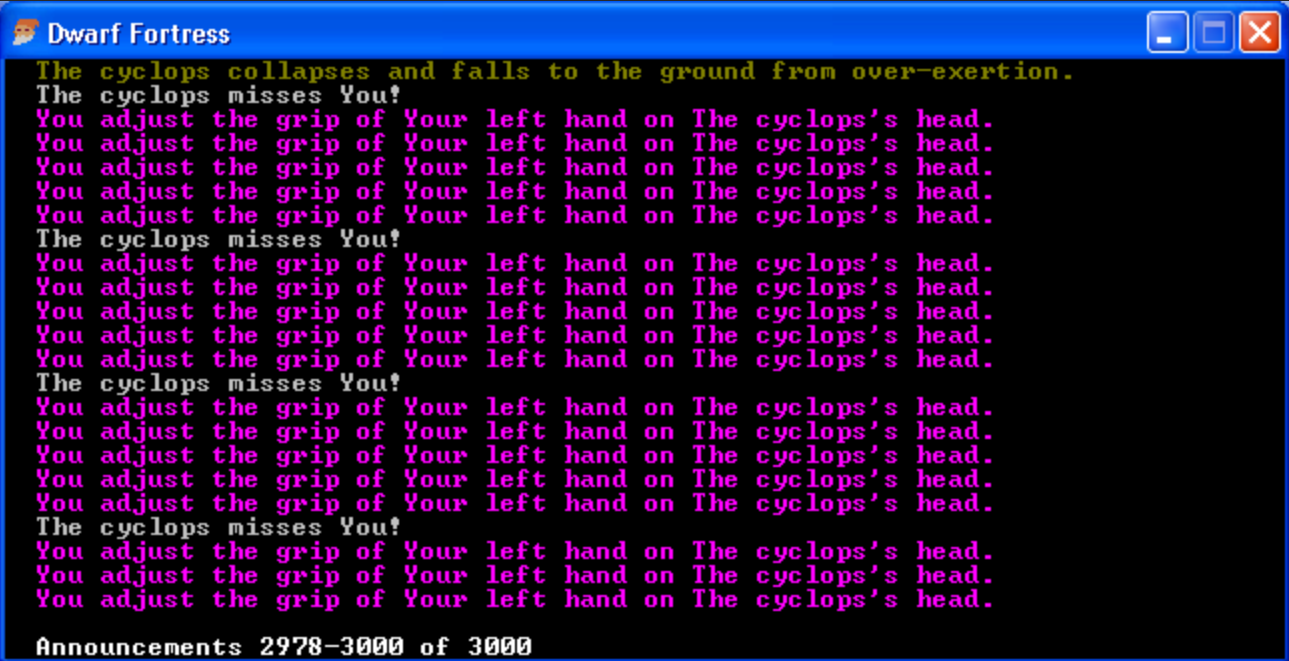
Still the jester clings to life, although barely. At this, Jadugarr hurls himself at the cyclops and uses his hand instead of his whip to grasp the creature's throat. This is quickly released as the cyclops runs into him again and bowls him over yet again, and Jadugarr frantically grabs the beast's thumb with his leg.

Using this as a distraction, Jadugarr pushes thought of strangulation from his mind for a moment, and focuses on the orb centered in the creature's brow. That moist, shiny, rage-filled eye. A fitting prize by any means.

Jadugarr grabs hold of the cyclops' face, and begins to squirm his hand frantically in order to not only keep his grasp, but to pluck out the fiend's eye as well. Something which is apparently none-too-easy for someone who is constantly being knocked over by a giant one-eyed brawler.

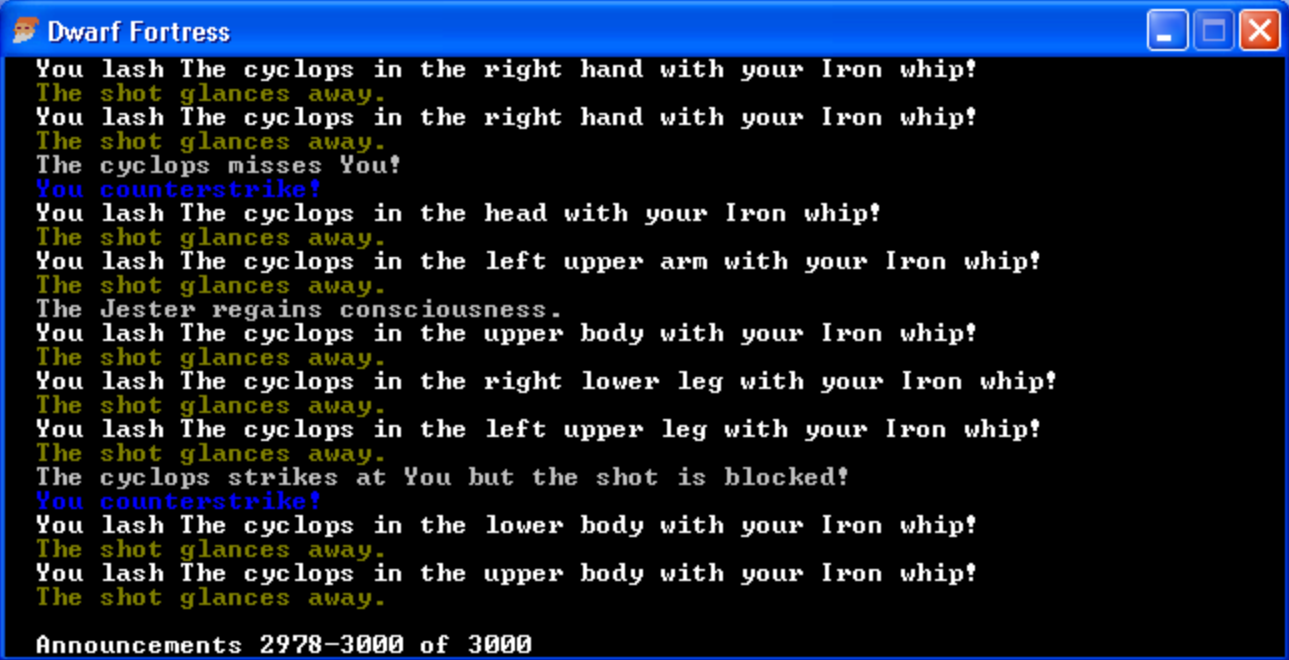
After more wriggling and adjusting, a most strange thing happened. The cyclops simply fell over, rivers of sweat rushing down his body while heaving breaths shook his chest. The thing had tired itself out!

With new vigor, Jadugarr continued his fruitless attempts at doing *something* to the hulking son-of-Poseidon.



Jadugarr was beginning to feel slightly tired himself, and gave up on trying to strangle the damn lump of flesh. He began working his way around the cyclops towards his whip.

After picking up his whip again, Jadugarr began feverishly whipping the cyclops. This, unfortunately, produced similarly disheartening results.



Jadugarr went back to attempting to strangle the beast with his hand. At one point during the goings-on, Smiley woke up from his blackout and then passed out again unhelpfully.

And so it went on. Jadugarr attempting to find purchase on the cyclops' writhing neck, and his hand continuously slipping away due to the sweat.

All the while, the cyclops would throw an arm or a leg at the kentaur in an attmpt to harm or dislodge him in some way, and this eventually took its full toll and the beast, as he passed out and began to snore uproariously in Jadugarr's arms. Now, perhaps, the kentauri warrior would be able to hold his hand still.

And indeed, not long after the creature had fallen asleep, he managed to place a chokehold on the cyclops and began to throttle it. After some time, jadugarr remembered something, and released his hand from the beast's throat, moving it farther up to its head and, more importantly, eye. With a plunging movement akin to a vulture tearing a strip of emat from a carcass, the large eye was torn forcefully out of the cyclops' head, leaving a gaping hole behind.

This pleased Jadugarr immensely. As although the creature was still knocked out, he felt he had gotten some form of vengeance against the cyclops, which was quickly suffocating due to the mass of mangled bones blocking its airflow.

Jadugarr decided to make the creature's last dreams as unpleasant as possible, and snapped the creature's neck, causing the body to go limp, including the hand which had been holding Jadugarr's helmet up to this point.



This done, Jadugarr sat back and quietly watched the great cyclops die in front of him. When that was finished, he picked up Smiley and began to carry him out of the cave, heading back to the settlement to give the news of glorious victory.



That's not actually a drunk, she (yes, she) was just some peasant who happened to have a high enough level of adventurer blood in her veins. And you may have saved my life back there, Smiley. Remember to wear more bells.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kyselina** on **March 08, 2008, 02:15:00 pm**

SMILEY SURVIVED?!?!?!?!?!?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SmileyMan** on **March 08, 2008, 04:03:00 pm**

Yay Smiley! From the picture there's about 400 pints of blood spilled all over that cave.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 08, 2008, 09:49:00 pm**

It's a red sand cave.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 09, 2008, 02:25:00 am**

Wait, did you actually pick up the unconcious/prone Jester and carry her? How the hell do you carry other characters? (Or is that something in the Martial Arts Mod?)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 09, 2008, 02:27:00 am**

Creative license, dear fellow. How else do you explain a teleporting jester who has had her body tied into knots and then kneaded like dough?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **JoRo** on **March 09, 2008, 02:31:00 am**

Hooray! Good triumphs, and evil gets its eye popped out.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 09, 2008, 07:09:00 am**

Jadugarr and Smiley return to the kentaur encampment in search of the bowmaster. Once they had left the cave, Smiley woke up, said he felt much better, and began trotting along behind Jadugarr again, bells jingling incessantly.

When they reached the village, they found that the bowmaster was not standing in the same place he had been when they left. This was most troubling, as important people are not supposed to move great distances, in case someone wants to talk to them.

Jadugarr briefly considered what life would be like as a liason, with their innate ability to home in on important political figures. He assumed that there must be some sort if training course however, and that was not a very pleasant prospect. Jadugarr would rather be fishin'.

And so Jadugarr and Smiley wandered around the village for a while, trying to find the bowmaster in order to garner a rewarding pat on the flank. Maybe a little brushing, if they were lucky.

.

Time out here for a moment. Last I checked, the vote was for Jadugarr to raze the village to the ground once (if) the quest was completed. Well, that was before Smiley entered the picture, and I doubt that he-she would be too keen on Jadugarr's destruction of his-her home.

So what'll it be? Turn traitor and kill everyone, including Smiley? Or carry on being friendly, at least until the smile is finally wiped off the face of the earth?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SmileyMan** on **March 09, 2008, 11:06:00 am**

You can't kill Smiley after that fight! She is the Penfold to your Dangermouse, the Watson to your Holmes,

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jreengus** on **March 09, 2008, 01:04:00 pm**

Take smiley out into the wilderness, then break all of his limbs and leave him there!!! Loyalty is for the weak!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kyselina** on **March 09, 2008, 01:09:00 pm**

Seconded.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Torak** on **March 09, 2008, 02:19:00 pm**

Smiley will never die.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 09, 2008, 02:23:00 pm**

I say take another round at fish-fighting. From the shore this time, and avoid charging into the water. Smiley should go take a swim with the fishies, especially considering he can't swim.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lord\_Frodo** on **March 09, 2008, 05:03:00 pm**

I think I'll agree with Sean. DEATH AND DESTRUCTION MUST OCCUR.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sithlordz** on **March 09, 2008, 07:00:00 pm**

Continue slaughtering random fish, with Smily. The damn thing must be invincible after what she's been through.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 09, 2008, 07:59:00 pm**

Yeah, Fish in a heavily carp infested river, then if/when Smiley becomes Carp chow... BURN DOWN THE VILLAGE!!!!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **March 10, 2008, 01:41:00 am**

I vote let smiley live. He/she/whatever deserves life after half it's body turned into the consistency of glue.(ha?) I mean really, wouldn't you need some comfort after that quality butt kicking?(HA!)

When smiley dies however go on a killing spree wielding it's corpse. If everything works out well you'll have twice the typical amount of legs for throwing too. And they'll have that hard hoof on the bottom too! Handy. Or, hoofy, whatever, I'm tired.

EDIT: Oh and now I bet a baby Feebas with blizzard that Smiley outlives you. Sure it doesn't have a good nature, but it's the son of two competitive milotic, good chance of good IVs.

If you do end up fighting smiley I vote you fight in an honorable unarmed unarmored wrestling match. No targeted wrestling let the gods of the RNG choose the victor.

[ March 10, 2008: Message edited by: Greiger ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 10, 2008, 03:39:00 am**

Targeted wrestling?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **fraeuleinwunder** on **March 10, 2008, 08:36:00 am**

Wow, what a story so far, I totally enjoyed reading it. Having made it this far with Smiley, I'm pro letting her alive. However, I'd also propose a random killing frenzy as soon as she dies. Sort of getting mad after losing a companion, without regard to the nature of the persons unluckily crossing your way. Don't forget the eye gouging thing, though. :)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 10, 2008, 09:01:00 am**

Okay, fishing it is then.

After spending more fruitless hours searching for the elusive bowmaster, Jadugarr huffed angrily and gestured for Smiley to follow him.

They made their way through the forests to the east, where a great and mighty creek trickled into the Worthless Oceans. However, they had somehow managed to pass by it without seeing it, and so were quite a fair distance past its alleged position when they turned back.

Not long after they did, several growls emanated from the nearby scrub. As the pack of wolves closed in, one broke free of the group and charged at the two centaurs, bent on sinking its teeth into juicy flesh.

Jadugarr jumped back from the wolf as it made a lunge for him, and then struck it with two quick lashes from his whip, tearing open small strips of the wolf's hide.

As blood seeped down the wolf's leg, Jadugarr opened up another gash in one of the other legs before Smiley charged at the wolf, causing it to jump away.

Jadugarr left that wolf to his jingling companion, and set his eyes on the rest of the pack, which was moving closer with every moment.

Just as Jadugarr struck open the nose of a wolf which had the intent of attacking Smiley from behind, the jester delivered a powerful kick to the first wolf, crushing the wolf's liver to a pulp.

Another lash tears open a gaping hole in the second wolf's belly, and yet another rips terrible wounds in the creature's stomach and kidney. With this, the wolf is overcome with internal pains and collapses to the ground in a heap.

Smiley, in the meantime, stomps down hard on the first wolf's left front leg, smashing the bones and shaping the leg into a most peculiar shape. The pain from the shattered leg bone, and that of the bone fragments piercing nearby muscle cause the first wolf to join its companion in unconsciousness. Two down, more to go.

Bringing his arm back in a sweeping arc, Jadugarr then snaps his whip into the face of the third wolf, tearing out an eye (Jadugarr congratulates himself inwardly for increasing the range of his effectiveness) as well as rupturing the wolf's windpipe.

Not to be deterred by this setback, the dark gray wolf gurgles what might have resembled a snarl under other conditions, and then locks his jaws into the jester's left bicep.

Smiley, taken aback, stands up on his hind legs and swings his right hand around and into the wolf, smashing into its upper body with a resounding crunch.

Smiley then uses the momentum from falling back towards the ground to tackle the wolf onto the ground, allowing Smiley to punch and kick the wolf to his heart's content, bells tinkling merrily with every thudding crack of a connecting fist.

Jadugarr leaves Smiley to this task, and walks the perimeter around the three prone wolves and one slightly deranged centaur, looking for more wolves.

Not finding any, he makes his way back to one of the unconscious wolves and wraps his whip about its neck, strangling it into a permanent slumber. As he does so, Smiley grins wildly and plunges his elbow into the wolf's skull, crushing it into fragments and turning the brain underneath into an oozing gray paste, spraying flecks of gore across the jester's crazed face, speckling his namesake smile with small dots of red.

After having experienced the joy of switching the positions of beater and beaten, Smiley bludgeons the first wolf's upper body into a heavily dented form, causing its innards to burst out from the pressure.

And then Smiley begins to work over the wolf which Jadugarr is currently strangling. Jadugarr attempts to explain the situation, but Smiley appears not to hear and continues punching the comatose canine.

Another fearsome punch causes the wolf's lower body to splatter into a similarly insubstantial mass as the upper body of the first wolf and the head of the second wolf. Jadugarr would need to keep an eye on this outwardly innocent centaur..

Jadugarr gives a disgusted grunt, and loosens his whip from the dead creature's neck. And with that, the two adventurers moved on.

As night falls, Smiley suddenly runs off into the darkness beyond Jadugarr's vision. Running after him, Jadugarr finds him locked in combat with (and vomiting upon) a large mountain lion.

Several clawmarks decorate the jester's flanks, and chunks are being ripped from their native locales by the cat's massive jaws. It then tears apart Smiley's previously crushed lower body, causing him to pass into unconsciousness.



Jadugarr, seeing this, tries to quicken his pace in the hope of saving some remnant of his eccentric kinsman. As he runs towards the large cat, it tears off one of his legs and stands triumphantly over the prone jester.

Things begin to look very dire for Smiley, as he is quickly being disassembled into his component parts by the predator.





Jadugarr reaches Smiley and begins to lash at the large cat's body, but it will not be deterred by the light smacks of the whip. And, with sickening finality, it slashes a mighty claw with its viciously curved claws and severs the jester's head from his shoulders, sending it into the air to land a few feet away, bells jingling for the last time as the lopsided hat miraculously manages to stay on Smiley's head as it rolls along the grass, and finally comes to a stop.

With a howl of rage, Jadugarr lashes the cat with wild abandon, tearing it to bits with his vengeance-fueled strength.



K<sup>2</sup>

May he always be remembered.

Finally.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **K4tz** on **March 10, 2008, 02:17:00 pm**

Let's get this fish hunting going :D

I want to see at least one shark hunted by the time Jadugarr dies :P

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 11, 2008, 08:17:00 am**

Filled with hatred towards the fiendish creatures (fish) that had caused the death of Smiley, Jadugarr continued his search for the elusive river. After a short time of searching, he found a small creek trickling through a few hills, and he crawled around in it with his head scraping along the small river stones, in the faint hope that he might find a guppy to punish.

However, there was nothing to be found here, and so Jadugarr set out into the west once more, searching again for the river.

Before he could locate that stealthy landmark, he was interrupted by a grave ambush!



Two prowling panthers had postponed their ponderous pitter-pattering in preference of preying upon a passing pedestrian with plans of penetrating his pancreas with piercing perforations!

Well, screw that. HEEEEERE KITTY KITTY KITTY!!!

Jadugarr masterfully maneuvered his method of murder by manipulating his magnificent musculature, and then wrought a warrior's workmanship on the weak and wobbling worms that writhed while he whipped them wistfully, vivisecting the verminous visions of veritable viper's venom with vast and very vexing vindication. Victory!

Confused, he then considered his creative colloquialisms with a collaboration of central cells, which indicated his insufferable idiocy and ignorance in infinitely increasing increments. And then he found Smiley's head in his backpack and dropped it on the ground, thus breaking the fool's curse.

Jadugarr realized that the river he was searching for was obviously just a myth among the commonfolk, and so he started going south, towards the Worthless Oceans. But before he could make good on his revised course, a pack of wolves ambushed him from the surrounding woodlands.

Thinking quickly, he picked up a small chunk of obsidian from the ground and hurled it at the lead wolf with the intention of breaking up the pack into more digestable tidbits.



It worked.

Jadugarr, impressed by his own strength, charged into the pack of wolves, lashing at them with powerful cracks of the whip, ripping long gashes and tearing out eyes all the way. As the ocular components of several canines went flying into the air, Jadugarr felt pleased with his progress. Perhaps now he was truly ready for the fishbeasts. *I'll find out soon enough* he thought, as another eyeball bounced off his helmet.



After that was taken care of, Jadugarr scraped some of the gore off of his face and continued southwards, towards the ocean. He dearly hoped the vomit that had encrusted on his legs would be washed off by the saltwater, as it was starting to chafe in a most uncomfortable fashion...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **March 11, 2008, 11:22:00 am**

You know, I'm starting to run out of stuff to bet. But I guess he was cursed anyway. I know I wouldn't want to think like that for the rest of my life.

Maybe thats why he decided to join you...end the torture.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 12, 2008, 09:01:00 am**

Well, I'm not claiming bets. Betting is strictly audience-only, and so all the offered goods are withdrawn if nobody wins a bet. Since nobody has bet on the winning cause of death yet, all betting goods have been returned to their original owners.

Personally, I'm putting an overpriced green glass mug on a longnose gar.

(I just found out recently that glass mugs are each worth as much as a glass crafts, but they still produce three of them)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **March 12, 2008, 10:07:00 am**

I bet one Large on death by drowning.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 12, 2008, 01:28:00 pm**

My bet is an ettin bone greatsword on getting the head ripped off by a random encounter.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **K4tz** on **March 12, 2008, 02:43:00 pm**

I bet ages ago that he would be ripped apart by a shoal of fish. :/

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 13, 2008, 02:11:00 am**

Sorry for the recent slowdown of updates, I'll see what I can do to fix that.

.

Jadugarr, traveling down the invisible stream towards the ocean, encountered yet another pack of wolves. Pathetically easy, no?

Well, *these* wolves had fur that was even scruffier than the ones before, and looked even hungrier! Jadugarr say that they even had more eyes, but then realized that there were just more wolves.

Realizing, with his combination horse/elf brain, that he would need a special battle-plan for defeating these vicious demons, he jumped into a nearby pond and waited with his eyes sticking up out of the murky water.

However, since he had performed this maneuver while they were standing a few feet away and watching him, it did not have the desired effect of making them lose track of him, and the four wolves lined up side-by-side on the banks of the pond and sat down to view the shiny helmeted head of this peculiar creature sitcking out of the water.

After discerning that the wolves were not simply staring *past* him, and were in fact looking at him, he decided that new tactics must be put into effect.



Slowly, ever so slowly, Jadugarr bent down slighty and picked up a wad of mud from the pond. He then returned to his somewhat standing position, never taking his eyes away from the wolves who were equally as intent on him.

And then, with a heaving and thrashing strain of muscles, he raised his arm from the water and hurled the lump of mud at the closest wolf!

The wolves sat and watched with mild interest as the small projectile sailed over their heads and splattered into the ground behind them.

Peeved, Jadugarr threw another lump of mud. This time, the silty missile landed squarely in the gut of one of the wolves, causing him to vomit unexpectedly.

Now, with the enemy weakened, it was time to strike! Jadugarr swam towards the shore, and clambered up onto the dry ground, ready to lash out the eyes of these lesser creatures!

He barreled into them, lashing from side to side as he charged triumphantly into their midst.

It was around this time that Jadugarr realized that he had forgotten to take his whip out of his pack again after throwing mud at the wolves. He had been swinging his hand about with wild strength, oblivious to the fact that there was no weapon being swung by it.

With a quick grunt of embarrassment, he reached back to pull out his whip, but at that moment one of the wolves charged and he was forced to hurry his efforts. With a great pull, Jadugarr drew forth his weapon of choice from his back and squared off against the beast.

Unfortunately, he had pulled the pack off with it, and the now broken straps dangled tauntingly as he held onto the thing. But there was no time to extricate his whip from it, and so he made do with what he had and bashed the wolf's torso into bits with it.



Swinging the mighty leather container, he pummeled the other wolves as they bore down on him, splintering spines and mangling temporal mandibular joints as he went. He swung it into the head of one wolf, and shoved it back in on itself, and gave the now half inside-out wolf a closeup of its entrails.

With only one wolf left, and that one suffering from a broken spine, he dropped his pack to the ground and matter-of-factly plucked its eyes out, as though he were plucking prickly berries. He then snapped its neck, just for good measure.

After attaching the straps to each other again with a few simple knots, he took out his whip (best to keep it readily at hand) and ventured onwards.

Before he reached the ocean, however, he turned and saw the river that he had been following for several days! Oh, glorious discovery! After some thought, Jadugarr decided that he was indeed ready for the battle that lay ahead, and waded into the water.

From there, he swam downstream, always on the lookout for his hated foes. If he saw them, he would not make the mistake he had made last time, and would instead trot alongside the river to catch up with them.

He would not have to venture long, it would turn out. For his water-trained eyes picked up on the shadowy movements of a longnose gar several yards ahead. He quickly leapt out onto the shore and ran alongside it, trying to find the main school of carp these water-demons always followed.

But instead of finding a school of fish, Jadugarr saw a great cliff, as the river poured down into a ravine in a raging waterfall. With this discovery, Jadugarr was first disappointed, as there was no school of carp to battle with. But then he remembered the other fish he had seen, and a realization came to him as he stood next to the waterfall.

*They cannot get away.*

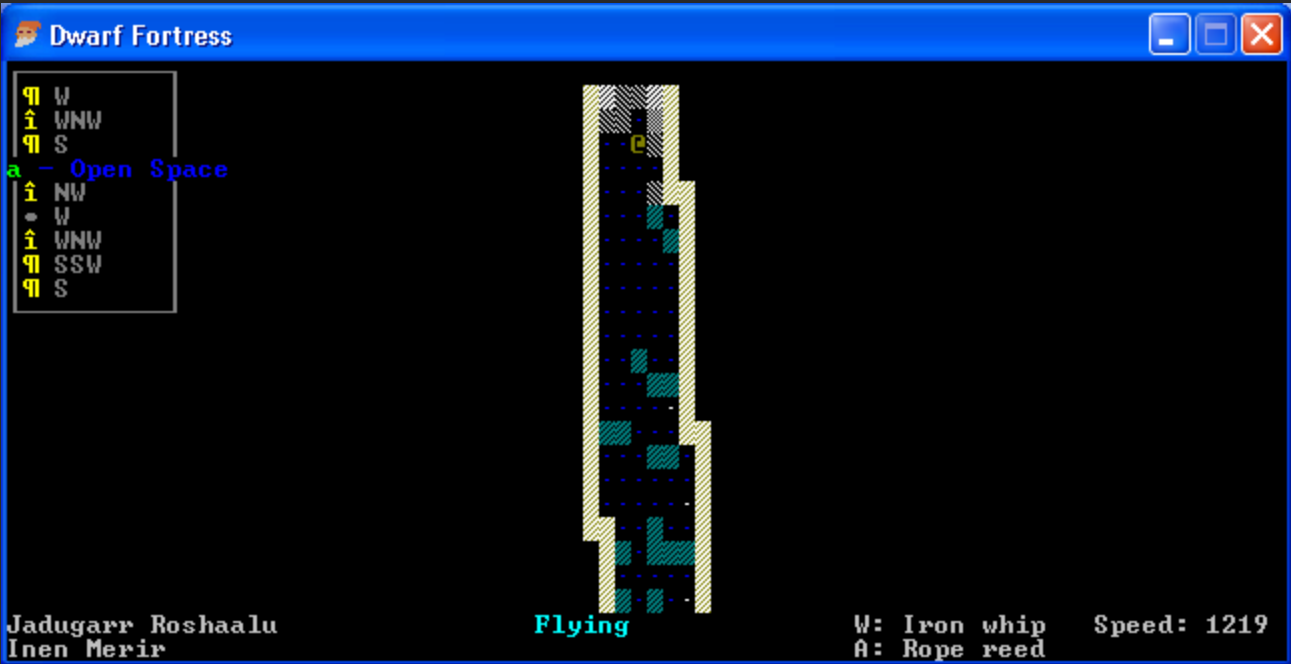
Letting out a massive battlecry that shook the nearby willow trees, he plunged into the water once more, and blocked off the escape that the waterfall would provide the gillnecks.

However, he had forgotten as to how powerful a current gets just at the edge of a waterfall, and was prevented from moving farther upstream, where the fish were. It was now that he noticed that the slick banks of the river were too steep to climb out of, and that he would not be able to swim to a location where the water was high enough to allow him to get out.

Jadugarr took a moment to consider how he would get at the fish. And then, slowly, he started to turn around to look behind him, an idea forming in his large head.

*Waterfalls turn into a river again, don't they?* and, looking down, Jadugarr saw that this assumption had been true. The river carried on for quite some distance, before disappearing into the mist that was rising up in front of his eyes.

With a great leap, Jadugarr went sailing over the edge of the waterfall, preparing for glorious conquests and mighty fish liver stew...



Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SmileyMan** on **March 13, 2008, 12:45:00 pm**

Would now be a good time to bet? I'm putting a kentaurestester's head on "exploding on rocks at bottom of waterfall"

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 13, 2008, 12:49:00 pm**

I wouldn't suggest that. He only bruised a couple arms and is apparently bleeding from his eyeballs. He'll be fine after a few minutes. No splat death, at least not from *this* waterfall.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **numerbis** on **March 13, 2008, 04:47:00 pm**

This is excellent, but I have one peeve being petted by your writing: you switch between past and present tense during the longer battles. Have fun storming the fish schools!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 13, 2008, 11:32:00 pm**

Yeah, I'm not exactly a professional writer. And it gets kind of dull trying to spice up a play-by-play fight with the umpteenth pack of wolves, and it's downright difficult doing it without using some of the same words over and over again.

That, plus I'm supposed to be writing for a few other threads at the same time.... My creative tank is draining off the bottom, I need to just relax and play some to give it time to fill up. I'll try to keep it in mind for the next fight though.

At least I figured out a fun way of getting that waterfall picture.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **numerbis** on **March 14, 2008, 01:18:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Kagus:  
<STRONG>Yeah, I'm not exactly a professional writer.</STRONG>

If it makes you feel better, I keep wanting to jam my historian friend's cookie down her throat when she gets excited and suddenly starts talking in present tense about events that took place in the 18th century. So (a) you're not the only one who triggers my pet peeve and (b) historians, who *are* basically professional writers, also switch tenses randomly.

edit: and (c) I think you are writing pretty damned well. But don't burn all your enthusiasm all at once.

[ March 14, 2008: Message edited by: benoit.hudson ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **March 14, 2008, 01:53:00 am**

Yea just keep up what you doing,and all will be well.  
If it makes you feel better,I have this bookmarked.I rarely bookmark forum topics,*especially* stories.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **valcon** on **March 14, 2008, 04:58:00 am**

Just took a look at the first page and ... wow, much later, and MANY laughs later, here I am at the end =) Wonderful flying horse-elf shot. Nothing personal, but I do hope at some point that the elven half gets separated from the horse half so that at least for a moment in time you'll be a majestic creature, instead of a half-majestic creature with a disgusting elf attached to it =P

[ March 14, 2008: Message edited by: valcon ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DoctrZombie** on **March 14, 2008, 07:44:00 am**

quote:  
Nothing personal, but I do hope at some point that the elven half gets separated from the horse half so that at least for a moment in time you'll be a majestic creature, instead of a half-majestic creature with a disgusting elf attached to it =P

Don't we all...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DoctrZombie** on **March 14, 2008, 01:41:00 pm**

Alright, I'm putting in a wager!  
  
One +ratman skull totem+ from Nokzamoslan says he gets one or more limbs torn off before biting it by way of Fish.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **valcon** on **March 15, 2008, 02:20:00 pm**

Thread Dwarf cancels Death: Interrupted by Glory.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 16, 2008, 01:38:00 am**

Heh, sorry. I *started* to play it again, forgot that I hadn't removed the [FLIER] tag from kentaurs, and then just started goofing off instead of actually fixing it. I'd fly up as high as I could, and then use the "lie down" command, which automatically stops you from flying. I used this to pummel myself into the ground several times (damn... Jadugarr is one tough horse...). It took him about five tries at a five to six z-level drop before he died.

I'll get around to actually updating later on today. I'll also see if anything happens to the Woodsman, so there might be an update there as well.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 16, 2008, 05:26:00 am**

Jadugarr crashed into the frothing water below, small rocks cutting into his flesh as he rolled around in the powerful current. Once he had stabilized himself, he put a hand to the newly-opened gash in his left ear and set off down the river. He would have his quarry in sight soon enough...

After a time of swimming down the river, he came across a fork with one end leading northeast, and the other southwest.

He started to consider the options presented to him, when a moving shape caught his eye down the southwest fork. Even from this distance, Jadugarr could recognize the smooth and deadly movements of the pike as it picked up on the tremors Jadugarr was sending through the water. His choice of direction, it seemed, had already been chosen.

Jadugarr made his way towards the side of the river, when he noticed that there was no bank to climb up. He was in a ravine, carved out by the ageless flowing of this river. He was trapped inside the slick, wet walls of this river's course.

*Alright then*, he thought to himself, and then began to pump his massive legs through the water, taking him closer to the fish in an oddly graceful water-gallop. Jadugarr tightened the grip on his whip, and let the current help to push him closer to his prey...

After a long time spent chasing the errant pike through the water, there it was... The school.

A roiling mass of pikes and longnose gars were downriver just a short distance, crashing into each other in their bid to get away from the whip-slinging kentaure. *Oh, you better swim, 'cause I'm not stopping by for a friendly chat...*, Jadugarr thought to himself as a broad grin spread across his likewise broad face.

Brook lampreys broke off from the group and charged at Jadugarr in a desperate attempt to slow him down, but with skillful flicks of his whip they were left as torn carcasses, their blood welling up and following Jadugarr down the river, providing him with a dark cloud from which the horse-man galloped in front of, a harbinger of blood and death for all of fishkind. The school was in a frenzy now, pushing all the muscles in their cruel bodies to their hardest as the fishslayer charged on behind them, bubble belching forth from his mouth as he attempted to bellow his laugh underwater.

But the school continued to move along, outpacing their hoofed doom. Jadugarr let out a cry of fury, and then realized that the walls of water-smoothed rock were no longer about him. The river had let out into a plain, allowing him to use his superior running speed against the fish.



After a few, dreadful, pounding moments of pursuit as Jadugarr raced his dripping frame along the riverside, occasionally clambering up small hills as they presented themselves, Jadugarr saw his opportunity. He was ahead of the school now, although their lidless eyes had not yet picked up on that in their crazed rush to get away from him.

Thoughts of glorious bloodletting coursing through his mind, Jadugarr plunged into the river again.

The longnose gar that had been leading the fray struck out at Jadugarr, but soon found he was looking at his right eye floating downstream, and that his side had been torn open by the horse-man's vicious lashings.

At this, the school had immediately turned around and started back upstream, going just as fast as they had been going in the other direction. And so, Jadugarr, ever the vigilant hero (if somewhat full of meat between the ears), clambered back out onto dry land and charged after the school.

This odd ballet continued for some time, Jadugarr climbing out of the water, running north for a ways, jumping back into the water, and then finally emerging again to rush off in the other direction.

As the sun began to climb towards its zenith, the rays were bouncing off of a river that had been coated in a thick, slimy layer of fish blood. Jadugarr, a dark red color from head to haunches, strode proudly out of the river, shook some of the bloody water out of his mane, and then began walking again. There were some survivors, true. Those who were too fast or who had split off in a different direction from the rest of the crowd. But Jadugarr had the scent of pike entrails and gar vomit in his nostrils, and he knew that he had slain many of his cowardly foes.

But Jadugarr had seen that he would no longer gain vengeance from these puny creatures. His true quarry lay to the south, the gaping womb from which *all* fishkind were spawned. The sounds of the ocean had started to drift to him now, the raucous screeching of gulls and the thunder of crashing waves brought to him on cool currents that bore the slightest whiff of salt, as well as the promise of his *true* destiny.

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It's not much, but it's what I've got. I need to find something that doesn't have that damned [BENIGN] tag on it. I'm tired of running after those damned fish...

[ March 16, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 16, 2008, 10:08:00 am**

Sea serpent? Sharks? Go find an ocean. ;)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Akroma** on **March 16, 2008, 12:19:00 pm**

a sea serpent would probably the best choice

but they are even rarer than zombie whales

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **valcon** on **March 16, 2008, 01:06:00 pm**

DEMON TUNA!!!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DFNewb** on **March 16, 2008, 01:55:00 pm**

you know how you said you sent those dwarfs to attack the gobs by modding it... how did you do that (like my names says I'm a noob)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **March 16, 2008, 06:27:00 pm**

I dislike the term noob, as it means senseless and annoying idiot. I think you better qualify as a newb, someone lacking in knowledge and experience. You shouldnt have called yourself a noob/newb anyway!

I bet another Large on death by drowning, maybe a dozen platinum statues too.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DFNewb** on **March 16, 2008, 07:04:00 pm**

what should have I called my self???

I bet the demon that rules the goblins will kill him

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DFNewb** on **March 16, 2008, 07:07:00 pm**

sorry didn't read the last few pages... :(

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **March 16, 2008, 07:23:00 pm**

If it were up to me I would call you Lordus Newbis, with the title of Grand Newbanister. Also throw in a years supply of plump helmets for my bet.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **valcon** on **March 16, 2008, 08:50:00 pm**

i'm betting a backpack full of vomit he gets torn apart by a pack of wolves on his way to the ocean

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 17, 2008, 06:10:00 am**

I bet 3, yes 3, Large on death by whale! and a Bronze colossus statue with a «wolf skull totem» for kicks

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SmileyMan** on **March 17, 2008, 02:47:00 pm**

I'm changing my bet to reaching the ocean, and unable to find a slope down to the beach, jumps down a single z-level and pierces his heart.

The stake is xcarp meatx

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 20, 2008, 02:51:00 am**

Hey, cool! I hadn't thought about this baby getting into the new forum section. I may just have to whip up an update later on to commemorate the event.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **valcon** on **March 20, 2008, 03:43:00 am**

sweet i dont have to forumhop to bump this and guilt trip you kagus :cool:

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 20, 2008, 08:28:00 am**

Jadugarr continued down the river until finally coing to the turbulent and brackish waters of the river mouth. He shot himself out of the river and into the comparitively calm, but undeniably powerful water of the open ocean.

After swimming for some time, Jadugarr began to get a little thirsty. He bent his head down to take a gulp of the water, but spat it out as the salty water touched his tongue, remembering that a person could not drink from the sea without the proper equipment.

So, he took a swig of water from his waterskin, swirled it around to get as much of the salt out as he could, and then carried onwards. So far, nothing had come out at him from the murky depths of the sea, but that may have been because the night was in full swing and Jadugarr simply couldn't see as far when it was dark as he could when it was light. Funny, that.

Hours pass as Jadugarr keeps swimming, periodically ducking his head underwater to check for signs of anything living. The sun started to poke its head over the horizon, but Jadugarr did not look at the ocean sunrise that was extending its vibrantly coloured tendrils over the water, he was busy using the extra light to find fish. The sun rose high into the sky as the search continued. Noon came and went. Finally, as the sun began to settle itself into the eastern horizon to rest for the night, Jadugarr, with his waterskin empty and his lids drooping from exhaustion, gave up.

Not so much as a squid had shown itself to him in all the time he had spent searching. Crestfallen, he started to swim in towards shore when he spotted something unusual. There appeared to be a small wave that was moving in the direction opposite the other waves. Upon closer inspection, Jadugarr's heart leapt with joy as he spotted the fin cresting the water's surface. A shark.

Jadugarr quickened his pace as much as he could, and swam towards the creature. It noticed his movements and began to swim away from the large disturbance with amazing speed. Jadugarr realized that he would never be able to chase such a creature, and so he tried different tactics.

Balancing his weight as evenly as he could in the water, Jadugarr began slowly moving his legs to propel hsi body forward, creating not a single ripple on the surface. The shark, confused, stopped its retreat and began probing the water for vibrations. Jadugarr got just close enough to the beast, and then let out a mighty roar of fury, lashing his whip at the vicious sea-beast!

It rushed away from his attack, and began making that speedy retreat again. Jadugarr circled around it and drove it back towards shallow water, so as to make fighting it easier.

The sun dipped lower on the horizon, and the moon came out to take its place inside the palace of stars. Jadugarr continued his tactics with the shark, always circling around it and driving it back where he wanted it to go, sometimes getting a lash or two in on the beast. As night fell, Jadugarr knew that he would need to hurry his actions, as sneaking around the beast would get more and more difficult as the umbral blanket was tucked snugly around the world. Jadugarr could not see in the dark. The shark, however, could.

Stowing his whip, Jadugarr began to approach the large gillneck for what he hoped was the last time. Jadugarr lunged at the beast and reached out for its slimy head and its huge, black eyes. The beast wriggled out of his grip with little effort, but Jadugarr latched on again before it could get away. With a violent surge, it slammed its tail into Jadugarr's leg, causing it to shatter into an unrecognizable lump of flesh that trailed limply in the water. Jadugarr cried out in pain and released his grip of the shark's head again, but before it could get away he grabbed it again. This fish wasn't going *anywhere*.

But, in a senseless act of senselessness, Jadugarr had grabbed the beast with his shield hand. Charging in under the shield's protective barrier, the shark began to smash its body into Jadugarr repeatedly, breaking legs, breaking arms, breaking ribs that then punctured his heart and lungs. In his last moments before the shark finally blew what remained of his body into chunks, he was held only by a seething hatred. The watery ones had won this time, but his *soul* would haunt them for years to come. In new bodies, he would fish them from their lakes, snatch them from the rivers with nets, and carve out their eyes to drift in the ocean currents. As the massive beast's tail whipped itself around for the final blow, so much like the whip that Jadugarr had used for so long, the hulking wreck of a Kentaur parted his lips and with his few remaining teeth, grinned.



.

.

And so ends Jadugarr, hunter of fish. Not the way I would've wanted it, as I was hoping for an adventurer I could retire after having killed a shark. Perhaps he could put the jaw on his mantlepiece?

However, that was not his fate. We shall mourn his passing, but only briefly. There is much more glory to be had, and much more death to be delivered.

Make your vote for who enters the arena next, good audience.

EDIT: Oh, Smiley. Your husband of one hundred years (you were wed at age thirteen, by the way) will most likely never hear of your death, and will go mad from grief before finally comitting suicide by second party. The minotaur will then eat his brain.

[ March 20, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DoctrZombie** on **March 20, 2008, 09:38:00 am**

Yar Yar! I vote for a dwarven Hammerer who takes out his justice on the Elves! Smash the tree-huggers into the trees and blow them to bits!

Also, did any of his limbs get torn off? I could stake a claim of the pot if they did =D

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **March 20, 2008, 09:46:00 am**

I wonder if this counts as drowning? I mean sure his body was smashed into a sticky pulp, but surely his mangled lungs would fill with water has he died, thus counting as death by drowning and being mangled by a shark. Therefore, I would like my Larges, my Platinum statues and my plump helmets back, thank you.

Also, I second the dwarven hammerer who brings justice to those pansy elves.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 20, 2008, 10:01:00 am**

I vote for an elf that turns on his civilization!!! An elven spearmen, preferably with the last name "Immortalityhatred"

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **numerobis** on **March 20, 2008, 10:13:00 am**

How did Jadugarr survive having his torso body explode into gore?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 20, 2008, 10:36:00 am**

That's a byproduct of having two lower bodies. Not very realistic message-wise, because that's the equivalent of the part being mangled, but alright on the overall.

A dwarf hammerer hunting elves would get my vote if I had made any decent hammers for my mod. There's of course the bembularros, but it's more of a crossbow. As it is, I suggest an axedwarf with a dwarven waraxe. And get a tower shield. You'll need it against elven archers.

Also, I'd like to inform the voting people - my mod also has goblins, dark elves, dark outcasts (driders), and tigersmen playable, although the latter two are PlayNow-only.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 20, 2008, 10:55:00 am**

No they're not, you can get a trained and equipped outcast.

Also, no, the death does not count as drowning if you had your lower body blown into several pieces. Cause of death was explosion, not drowning.

However, due to the betting system, you still get your goods back. If nobody makes the winning bet, all goods are returned to their respective players. If someone does call the winning bet, the get everything in the pot. I collect nothing, the betting is purely casual gambling among the audience members. I simply organize it.

I may need to generate a few more worlds before I actually get one with both elves and dwarves in it. That's a bit trickier than you might think.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 20, 2008, 12:19:00 pm**

Hm, are they now? I'm starting to forget the features of my own mod. :) Been too busy improving it to actually play it. :p

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DoctrZombie** on **March 20, 2008, 01:30:00 pm**

Hmm... Larger land generated perhaps? More space = more chance for pitiful elves not to get smushed?

If we can't do precisely a dwarf mauling Elves I'd settle for a Dwarf Mauling pretty much anything other than goblins.

Not that I'm fond of the green scourge, but I figure variety is the spice of life ;)

[ March 20, 2008: Message edited by: DoctrZombie ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 21, 2008, 04:48:00 am**

Try a Medium world, that should probably get them all... though... with all the extra-civs, it might still be a pain.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 21, 2008, 05:11:00 am**

Being dead is cold and clammy. :D

You got beaten up by a shark's tale. You should hang your head in shame.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Akroma** on **March 21, 2008, 06:03:00 am**

he should rise his head in glory, silly silly Patarak

also, ym vote goes for the dwarven hammerer

smack them elves  
smack them good

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Patarak** on **March 21, 2008, 06:06:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Patarak: <STRONG>Being dead is cold and clammy. :D
You got beaten up by a shark's tail. You should hang your head in shame.</STRONG>

lol wut

[ March 21, 2008: Message edited by: Patarak ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **March 21, 2008, 09:24:00 am**

What? :confused:

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **valcon** on **March 21, 2008, 12:28:00 pm**

Haha, he got basked to death!

And what is up with that clammy business?

Anyway, my vote for the next adventurer is a Play Now! Human!

Do it!

Fight your way to the top! Try and earn some PANTS! and a backpack! DO IT!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kogan Loloklam** on **March 21, 2008, 06:44:00 pm**

My vote is for a dwarven Hammerer!

Find some random dwarves in dwarf halls and deliver 2 hammerstrikes for not creating Adamantine Pumpernickel seeds!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **March 21, 2008, 09:17:00 pm**

Elf pancakes!  
Hammer those pointy eared snobs!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lemnx** on **March 21, 2008, 09:51:00 pm**

Bring the hammer down! ON ELVES!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dark** on **March 22, 2008, 09:10:00 am**

quote:
And what is up with that clammy business?

Thats some small Fun Stuff. If you die and 'check the temperature' you get that message. There are a couple others but I shant spoil them for you.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SmileyMan** on **March 22, 2008, 09:20:00 am**

Dark elf assassin - sneak into towns, halls, temples, towers, but ONLY take out the mayor/priest/whatever.

Sadly we don't have throat-slitting yet, so can someone suggest an assassination technique? Or go for stealthbowing.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **March 22, 2008, 02:01:00 pm**

Gouge?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **GeneralValter** on **March 22, 2008, 05:49:00 pm**

I vote for elf-smashing-hammerer, but only if his name is "Maxwell" :D

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Xotes** on **March 23, 2008, 12:01:00 am**

\*Bang Bang\* Maxwell's hammer came down upon his head,  
\*Bang Bang\* Maxwell's hammer made sure that he was dead.

Yah, that song rocked.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 23, 2008, 09:11:00 am**

As weak as they are... He then needs to have a Silver Warhammer

Isn't the song about "Maxwell Silver Hammer"

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **GeneralValter** on **March 23, 2008, 01:17:00 pm**

Good point. Someone get a fortress with an artifact silver hammer, stat!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **hippiepirate** on **March 23, 2008, 11:33:00 pm**

do a human wrestler named Hulk Hogan

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **March 24, 2008, 09:57:00 am**

I vote mod in half dragons and name him Trogdor.

Won't be exact but close enough for me. ;)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Tyrving** on **March 24, 2008, 02:48:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Greiger: <STRONG>I vote mod in half dragons and name him Trogdor.
Won't be exact but close enough for me. ;)</STRONG>

I actually made a Trogdor megabeast at one point, but lost it when my computer broke.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lemnx** on **March 24, 2008, 04:10:00 pm**

Wasn't he a man? A half man? Or maybe just a dragon...  
  
But he was still Trogdor.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 25, 2008, 09:11:00 am**

Okay, Dwarven hammerer seems to be the choice. I'll generate a few worlds to see if I can get elves and dwarves, and then I'll see if I can whip up an update, seeing as how this thread's been neglected for so long.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 25, 2008, 10:07:00 am**

Turns out I already had one... And it even happens to be the world that Jadugarr came from.  
  
Oh, by the way. Mirrsen, you need to look into giant scorpions and antmen, they seem to be having some trouble. Scorpions especially.  
  
.

It was a fine day. Sibrek Smashmaster sucked in the cold mountain air through his large nose, letting it out slowly and contentedly.

Sibrek could feel the ache of adventurelust in his bones, and knew that nothing aside from stepping out from the mountainhome and into the grand world beyond would sate it.

He gave a quick glance over his shoulder at the hall's entrance behind him, and then began making his way North, out towards where the mountain range crumbled into the area known as the Glad Desert.

From the Glad Desert, which was (as per its name) gleefully void of anything more dangerous than the occasional lizard or desert hare, he worked his way North-Northeast up through the Dunes of Relief. This area was known for its soft and cushy sand, and the abundance of water gained from the river it surrounded.

Indeed, why it remained a desert has confounded scholars across the ages. It has been assumed that any plants encroaching on the area become too relaxed to bother with the exhausting affair of sprouting.

Sibrek passed through this area, and continued North along the river through the Jungle of Perishing. He had simply intended for the river to bring him to something of interest, but those plans were squashed when the river terminated into the Worthless Oceans.

Standing atop the Hill of Sourness and looking out across the crashing waves, he realized that deep within his very core, he really didn't need to go swimming for hours on end in those waters in search of a single shark. He had never been to an ocean, but he felt exactly this way nonetheless.

He decided to make camp for the night, even though it was still bright daylight. After rooting through the undergrowth for a while and hurling himself off of a few ledges, he found the perfect spot to lie down for a good nap. The river.

Sibrek jumped into the water, splattered a lamprey which had been in a disagreeable mood at having its space taken by a dwarf, and put his head down on a nearby current, using it as a pillow.

When he woke up several hours later, at the crack of midnight, he opened his mouth and sucked in some water before hopping out onto dry land and wringing his beard out to dry. He had quite a ways to go yet, even though he didn't really know which way he was going to go. Whichever way it was, it would certainly be a long way. Of that he was reasonably certain.

.  
  
Vote!  
Which way does Sibrek Tobkôn go?

- A) West.
- B) East.
- C) South.
- D)\* \_\_\_\_\_

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Akroma** on **March 25, 2008, 10:24:00 am**

west

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Snugglebear** on **March 25, 2008, 10:42:00 am**

West sounds good to me. Avoid further piscine shenanigans in favor of some good old-fashioned hammering.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DoctrZombie** on **March 25, 2008, 10:55:00 am**

D) Elves!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 25, 2008, 11:54:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Kagus: <STRONG>..It has been assumed that any plants encroaching on the area become too relaxed to bother with the exhausting affair of sprouting.</STRONG>
:)

Scorpions and antmen? What problems did they have? I've kinda uprooted the entire body structure right now, so whatever it was, it is fixed.



Oh, and I also think West should be the way to go. Preferably something like WNW. :)

[ March 25, 2008: Message edited by: Sean Mirrsen ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kogan Loloklam** on **March 25, 2008, 12:05:00 pm**

D) NORTH!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kyselina** on **March 25, 2008, 01:03:00 pm**

D: Evilness.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 25, 2008, 01:25:00 pm**

Kogan: The ocean is to the north, so that's somewhat unlikely. ;)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 25, 2008, 01:28:00 pm**

Well, giant scorpions apparently can't breath (or don't have a heart), and I think antmen don't have brains. I'm not sure what it is with antmen, I just know that the first seven lines that appeared for Mr. Smashmaster were all "The antman falls over".

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **March 25, 2008, 02:09:00 pm**

Well, they all have brains and hearts, at least in the 1.5b version. I don't know what would cause them to collapse. They don't have any lungs though, but they don't in vanilla and they're fine...

If you still have 1.5a, then the problem is their instect-like form, because one of the experiments was having the brain attach to the neck. Since spiders, scorpions, and antmen have no necks...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kaelem Gaen** on **March 25, 2008, 03:18:00 pm**

A) West to D) DESTINY er... I mean ELVES

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Vugor** on **March 25, 2008, 03:31:00 pm**

would have to say A) WEST

WAGONS HOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lemnx** on **March 25, 2008, 04:58:00 pm**

D

ELVES!!!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kogan Loloklam** on **March 25, 2008, 11:28:00 pm**

quote:
Originally posted by Sean Mirrsen: <STRONG>Kogan: The ocean is to the north, so that's somewhat unlikely. ;)</STRONG>

I am aware that the ocean is north, but I'm sure there's elf-lands even further north. He can swim to them and kill them!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **March 25, 2008, 11:35:00 pm**

Elves are Southeast. And don't even *think* about telling him to go swimming, ocean swimming is the most tedious thing this game has to offer, and he'll most likely die of thirst before he even reaches the quarter-way point.

And I figured I'd find something for him to train up on before chucking him to the elves, so that he could get massively high shield user skill and just flick their pansy arrows aside before bringing his hammer down on some pansy elf *skulls*. If I don't do that, the whole fight will last six seconds as he gets eviscerated by elven drill-arrows.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kogan Loloklam** on **March 26, 2008, 02:45:00 am**

quote:
Originally posted by Kagus: <STRONG>And don't even <i>think</i> about telling him to go swimming, ocean swimming is the most tedious thing this game has to offer, and he'll most likely die of thirst before he even reaches the quarter-way point. </STRONG>

But I did, remember?

D) NORTH!

;)

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on March 26, 2008, 03:13:00 am**

quote:

Originally posted by Kogan Loloklam:  
<STRONG>  
But I did, remember?  
  
D) NORTH!  
  
;)</STRONG>

quote:

Originally thought by Sibrek Smashmaster:  
  
<STRONG>Standing atop the Hill of Sourness and looking out across the crashing waves, he realized that deep within his very core, he really didn't need to go swimming for hours on end in those waters in search of a single shark. He had never been to an ocean, but he felt exactly this way nonetheless.  
</STRONG>

In other news, the study group is here. No DF until they leave, I can't risk it. Updates may be a while in coming.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: DoctrZombie on March 26, 2008, 08:41:00 am**

my vote is still for D)Elves.

In unrelated news, I place a bet of +Ratman skull totem+ from Nokzamoslan and two gold nuggets from Cold Palace that our hero gets shot to death by elf arrows =D

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Akroma on March 26, 2008, 08:45:00 am**

I vote a set of +Elk bone bolts+ from Nist Akath that he manages to kill at least 2 bowmen

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Sean Mirrsen on March 26, 2008, 11:16:00 am**

Kagus, can you tell us the shield-wielding skill and the agility of the contender? Because, given the circumstances regarding elves in my mod, he's as good as shot without a decent block rate...

That said, I put the same ettin bone greatsword on being decapitated by a slashing arrow.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on March 26, 2008, 12:01:00 pm**

He is a talented shield user, but all his stats are bunched up into strength, thus earning him the title of "mighty". I really did mean "splattered" when referring to that lamprey.

I'd rather wander around for a bit and get the shield skill up, as well as some wrestling to help jump away. I've seen what those arrows can do, and I have no intention of falling to the first one that gets shot.

But, this is an adventurer that aims to please the audience, not the coordinator. I tell him to do what you tell me to do.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Dark on March 26, 2008, 12:27:00 pm**

I vote D, through the fourth wall.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on March 28, 2008, 12:13:00 am**

I think I'm gonna leave the fourth wall relatively intact, at least for now... A kobold might be given the chance to look through, but this dwarf is too caught up with the absurdities of his own world to break down that barrier.

I am declaring today as my day off. I am not going to update any threads unless I really feel like it. This includes the Woodsman, Death and Glory!, Roariron, and Battle of the Gods. Otherwise, I'm just going to be sitting here and playing Conquest of Elysium II, and the UnReal World demo (goddamn ten-day time limit... Can't do anything in that time...).

Yep. Gonna relax for a bit. Why? Because I feel like it. Why am I posting this in this thread? Because this thread has the most activity on it of all the threads I listed, and I don't feel like making a new thread saying I won't be updating the other threads for today.

Well, it's not like I *won't* update them, it's just that I won't make an effort to update them. If I feel like it, then I'll do something. Otherwise, no-go.

And no, this isn't going to become a regular thing. I just want to kick back for a bit instead of worrying about four threads plus one neglected modification. You needn't mark down friday as my day of rest. Not that you'd do that anyways, but y'know... In case you would have... Best to be safe, you see...

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on March 29, 2008, 04:12:00 am**

Whee, I'm back. Westward *HO!*

.

Sibrek started to make his way West around the inland sea. More of the mountainhomes lay to the west, so he would always have a safe-ish retreat to his side.

Some distance along, Sibrek encountered a group of wolves. Without further thought he launched himself at the pack leader (who happened to be eating some grass at the time) and landed a mighty blow to the canine's chest, crushing one of its lungs underneath the flesh.

While the pack leader struggled to gag down a breath of air through one working lung and a mouthful of grass, the other members of the pack charged Sibrek, leaping at his throat with bared fangs.

Summoning all of his great strength, Sibrek mashed his hammer into the back of a second wolf, shatter the spine and causing yet another lung to be rendered unusable, this time due to bone fragments.

More wolves began to swarm about Sibrek, and one of them sank its teeth into soft flesh of Sibrek's right buttock. With a howl of pain not unlike the howls of a wolf, Sibrek managed to loosen the grip of the beast by banging it on the head repeatedly. This was Sibrek's way of dealing with most things, and it never failed to yield results. When in doubt, bang it on the head a few times.

As more wolves pile onto him, Sibrek is forced down to the ground. With a valiant heave, he propelled himself upwards and blasted the torso of one of the wolves to smithereens. As small intestinal tidbits spattered the ground, Sibrek turned to face an oncoming wolf, but did so too late. The creature leapt at his face and bit down hard, tearing Sibrek's right eye from its socket. It then adjusted its grip to hang on by Sibrek's bearded throat as the eyeball's attaching cords dangled limply from the beast's maw.

Sibrek felt the pain rising into his head and clouding his thoughts, but he would not let it overtake him! He thrust his hammer into the wolf's stomach, and the crackling noise of a myriad of small bones accompanied his efforts. The wolf, now truly gutless, immediately slackened its grip. It could do nothing else, as the pain was too great a shock for any kind of directed thought to be allowed.

With another great bellow, Sibrek brought his hammer down on one of the creature's front legs, smearing it into a vaguely leg-like puddle on the ground. A wolf tried to attack him from the side, but Sibrek turned and used the momentum of the turn to blast the creature into a nearby tree, causing it to splatter around it in a fountain of splishy-bits.

After incapacitating the rest of the pack, Sibrek turned his attention to the one that had torn out his cherished eye.

He put his hammer on the ground, and reached out towards the wolf with his hand. As he grabbed onto the creature's head, he cried out "AN EYE FOR AN EYE!" and plunged his armored fingers into the wolf's right socket, neatly plucking out the beast's right eye.



But this was not enough to satisfy the rage of Sibrek Smashmaster. He grabbed the beast by the scruff of its neck and hurled it on top of the nearest tree, which happened to be a larch. Sibrek had always liked the larch. The larch had been the third tree he had learned the name of, and he was able to identify them from quite a long ways off.

After setting the wolf firmly on top of the larch, Sibrek collected a few branches and set the tree on fire.

And so, after completing that final task of retribution, Sibrek continued on his journey one eye and quite a lot of blood lighter. He turned back to look at the burning tree with the wolf draped over the upper branched with his good eye, and spat on the ground before moving on again. The wolf's eye was tucked safely into a pocket, in case he ever needed it.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lemnx** on **March 29, 2008, 11:41:00 am**

Heh. Eye gouging: my favorite gouging!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kogan Loloklam** on **March 29, 2008, 01:08:00 pm**

too bad you can't craft an eye-patch using the wolf's eye. That would be cool, wolf's eye patch. "This Eyepatch is of exceptional quality. It menaces with spikes of Dwarf Bone"

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Draco18s** on **March 30, 2008, 06:28:00 pm**

Wild animals are so freaking dangerous. D:  
Well, at least he's alive so he can die to the hoards of Elves and their evil bows.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 01, 2008, 07:47:00 am**

Movin' right along...

After continuing on his quest for something-or-other, Sibrek took thirty-nine steps to the North when a black bear leapt out of the woods and attacked him.

Sibrek charged at the beast, and they rolled together on the ground for a bi before the bear stood up above him. Sibrek had just managed to crawl out from under the bear's feet when it lashed out at him. With a quick roll and a quicker arm, Sibrek deflected the bear's paw and used the earned time to launch a countrystrike, breaking the creature's tuft of a tail.

It howled with pain and confusion, and struck out at Sibrek once more, only to find that its rear paw had ben stomped into a paste by the dwarf's hammer.

Unable to 'bear' the pain of having its paw *and* its tail destroyed, the beast collapsed into unconsciousness.

Once it hit the ground, Sibrek walked over, grabbed the beast, and shattered its spine with a few twitches of his mighty muscles. The crippled bear simply sat there, as one might expect of something incapable of moving, while Sibrek tore its eyes out, broke its neck, and then strangled it. Just to make sure, he then hurled the corpse off a cliff.

Sibrek patted his hands together to get some of the grime off them, and then started walking North around the inland sea again.

Thirty-nine steps later, a grizzly bear popped out of the foliage and challenged him with a tree-quivering roar.

Sibrek, noting that the temperature was a little bit cool, set one of the nearby trees on fire and stood nearby, warming his rump while waiting for the bear to catch up to him.

The bear, either not knowing what fire was or just too focused to care, trudged through the burning undergrowth and stood in it while it bellowed at Sibrek again. Sibrek calmly grabbed the bear's right ear.

It growled, and then charged into Sibrek, bowling him over. Sibrek remembered his hammer at this point, ad used it to obliterate the creature's left hind leg. He then sat and entertained himself by blocking the bear's strikes at him, before having a lucky paw strike come in behind his shield and disembowl him.

He fell unconscious from the pain for a moment, and awoke some time later to see that the bear had removed his arms, lungs, and spine. He promptly died.

But, as he toppled over in death, Sibrek Smashmaster noted that the bear had been standing too close to the fire and was now burning merrily. That was some consolation, at least.

.

Well, that sure lasted long.

Should we retry the hammerdwarf, or go for something new? Perhaps we should get a run-down from Sean as to what weapons are more powerful than others. And, there's always the ever-popular wrestling.

But in the meantime, I think I'll update to the new version of the MA+ mod. Bye-bye Jadugarr world, but I think we can cook up some new stories.

And some new adventurers who last more than two updates. Maybe.

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**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Sean Mirrsen on April 01, 2008, 11:35:00 am**

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I recommend the Minerals mod in addition to the MA mod. Aluminum arbalests FTW.

As far as weapons go, power for weight, elven longblades do a 3.5 ratio, though they only do 70 damage. Flanged maces (human weapon) do 130, with a 3.25 ratio. For pure power, greatswords are teh win, with 200 damage, but they are stupendously heavy. A dwarven waraxe is the best axe around, and probably the most balanced weapon.

If you think to do ranged combat, an elf or a dwarf are probably the best. Elves have their various enchanted arrows, and dwarves have the "bembularros" omnilauncher. The omnilauncher's alright as a hammer, too. Humans have the best "hammer" of the crossbows, the giant arbalest, that hits comparably to normal weapons, and the spears it fires do considerable damage. If you feel like doing masochism, play a darkelven marksman. Their hand crossbows are second only to the stick-firing crude shortbows of the kobolds, in the "worst ranged weapon" category.

Personally I think you could do a dwarf hammerer.... wielding an omnilauncher. To do that you'll need A Proficient Marksdwarf, with Skilled Hammerdwarf, Skilled Shield user, and Novice Swimmer. Works alright.

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**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Snugglebear on April 01, 2008, 07:29:00 pm**

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I think we need a human with a gigantic crossbow, since that's an option under the current mod scheme.

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**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: SHADOWdump on April 01, 2008, 08:08:00 pm**

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I'd reroll the hammerer,that was just unlucky.

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on April 01, 2008, 10:50:00 pm**

---

Three consecutive random encounters... First a wolf pack, then a black bear, then the grizzly. Every time I moved on the travel map, I hit another ambush. Downright action-packed.

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Vugor on April 01, 2008, 11:16:00 pm**

---

i second the reroll of the hammerer  
  
better luck next time mate?  
(anyone ever play mel gibson's safari 2?)

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on April 02, 2008, 02:00:00 am**

---

Okay, I'm making an executive decision. Next guy will be a shield master, and will spend his life collecting more and more shields. They will be his only weapons and, when his armor starts to get heavy, his only protection.

I'm shooting for the shield-related awards in the Dwarf-ympics thread. Keep voting for the next character, he'll come about when shield-boy dies.

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: SHADOWdump on April 02, 2008, 02:04:00 am**

---

That'll work... this way at least there is some verity before **HAMMER ALL ELVES!!!**

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on April 02, 2008, 02:21:00 am**

---

Okay... The latest edition of the MA+ mod appears to be bugged all to hell. Trying both the mineral mod and MA+ crashes every time and has unrecognized tokens. Doing just the MA+ mod crashes every time and has *even more* unrecognized tokens.

Behold, the errorlog after generating one world (MA+, no mineral mod):

```
Unrecognized Stone Token: ANTHRACITE
Unrecognized Stone Token: PEATSTONE
Unrecognized Stone Token: PEATSTONE
Unrecognized Item Token: BONE
Unrecognized Stone Token: SKELETANITE
Unrecognized Stone Token: MOLYBDENITE
Unrecognized Stone Token: ANTHRACITE
Unrecognized Stone Token: PEATSTONE
Unrecognized Stone Token: MAGNETITESAND
Unrecognized Stone Token: RAW_INOBTANIUM
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_SHOES_BOOTS_PLATE
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_SHIELD_TOWER
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_SHIELD_SHARD
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_HELM_HELM_FULL
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_HELM_HELMET
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_HELM_CROWN
Unrecognized Stone Token: ANTHRACITE
Unrecognized Stone Token: PEATSTONE
Unrecognized Stone Token: PEATSTONE
Unrecognized Item Token: BONE
Unrecognized Stone Token: SKELETANITE
Unrecognized Stone Token: MOLYBDENITE
Unrecognized Stone Token: ANTHRACITE
Unrecognized Stone Token: PEATSTONE
Unrecognized Stone Token: MAGNETITESAND
Unrecognized Stone Token: RAW_INOBTANIUM
```

Adding the mineral mod (overwriting, actually. That might have something to do with it) generates something like this:

```
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_SHOES_BOOTS_PLATE
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_SHIELD_TOWER
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_SHIELD_SHARD
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_HELM_HELM_FULL
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_HELM_HELMET
Duplicate Object: item ITEM_HELM_CROWN
Unrecognized Item Token: BONE
Unrecognized Stone Token: RAW_INOBTANIUM
```

And the game never runs. It's the "please send a bugreport to Microsoft so that we can ignore it" kinda error. I'm going to try adding the mineral mod without overwriting anything, but I don't think that will help.

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kaelem Gaen on April 02, 2008, 02:57:00 am**

---

I also second Re-rolling the Hammerdwarf, though the Shield master could be interesting.

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on April 02, 2008, 07:05:00 am**

---

Okay, with a little tweaking I've gotten rid of the unrecognized tokens. Just a little mix-up, where the tag of raw inobtanium was changed, but the references to it weren't. Also, bones are apparently not recognized by smelter reactions. Bye-bye bone blocks.

I can't figure out the duplicate items though... I have no idea what's causing that. I'll spend a little more time fixing Sean's mod for him, and I'll see if I can get it to run well enough to spawn forth the required meat for your entertainment.

EDIT: It ain't showin' its secrets to me. I'll leave it to him to sort out the duplicate armor problem, since he's got the changelog.

[ April 02, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Sean Mirrsen on April 02, 2008, 09:40:00 am**

---

I'll ascertain the workability of the next mod's version. 'Tis strange, 1.5a worked right, and I haven't changed much in 1.5b... Meanwhile I suppose you should move back to 1.5a. I'm too deep into the next version to look back now. :| I keep getting crashes with it (the new one), during gameplay, so I guess I need to iron them out before I'm done with it...

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on April 03, 2008, 03:28:00 am**

---

Okay... Where can I get 1.5a? These past few adventurers are all from 1.4, since that was the version at the time (about twenty seconds before you updated).

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Sean Mirrsen on April 03, 2008, 10:06:00 am**

---

So, you were using 1.4? Did you delete all the stuff in the Data/Objects folder after you've installed the mod? There's a warning at the top of the first post in the mod's thread, about changed file structure.

---

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on April 03, 2008, 11:09:00 am**

---



Yes, everything was gone. I figured there would probably be some conflicts, and decided to wipe the folder, copy over the base files from a clean DF install (I've got one sitting around to test mod compatibility) and plant the MA+ files on top of that. The two reference bugs I found were in your files (RAW\_INOBTANIUM and the bone matter), and the duplicate items I can only assume are in those files as well.

I have no idea where to go with the duplicate items. It's apparently a big enough bug to prevent play, but I don't know where it originates from.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 03, 2008, 12:11:00 pm**

---

Hm. Just made a new folder with DF, and copied the latest MA and Minerals mods over it. Only two errors, none that affect adventure mode. One is an error in the Manual Selection Hack (forgot to rename raw inobtanium to inobtanite, mainly because I don't use the thing myself), the other is the aforementioned bone crafting reaction, where the only reason it doesn't work is because I typed "BONE" instead of "BONES" for item type.

Subsequently (without fixing), unsuccessfully committed suicide (twice) using a three-story keep, then tried to attack a child, missed, passed out and got strangled.

Everything works...

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 05, 2008, 04:57:00 am**

---

Well, I cleared out the clutter in data/objects, and things worked swimmingly. Now I just need to work on getting a shield guy to last long enough to build up a reasonable amount of skill.

I've had three die already. Two got ripped to shreds by wolves, the other one got a lucky hit from a disembowled panther who came out of its blackout long enough to mangle his heart.

This world has elves, dark elves and dwarves. Plus all the Play Now! options. I've been using dwarves.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 06, 2008, 07:28:00 am**

---

I have decided that things will just be easier if I keep the Dwarf-ympics character separate from the story character. And, I don't want to make two shield-specific characters, so say hello to

**Líceyi ileova**, protector of the wilds.

Yes, I made an elven druid. Hold onto you complaints for a moment though, he'll be entertaining enough for your needs, I think.

.

The very heart of the Divine Jungle had been threatened. Goblins, humans and dwarves had all taken part in the wholesale destruction of the ancient woods, causing unfathomable damage to the sacred trees and the woodland creatures that dwelt within their shade.

The elves, caretakers of the wooded realm, had attempted negotiations with the raiding creatures, but all ears had proven deaf to elven speech. The time for talk had ended, the time for action had come.

In times of dire need, the spirits of the forest would pick a champion to lead the charge against those who threatened the world-roots of the twelve sacred trees, and so they did now. Líceyi, who as a child had always been more attuned to the slightly more savage aspects of nature, was picked by the forest.

In the years between that time and his coming of age, the spirits taught him the speech of animals and the sacred knowledge of the woodwalk, allowing him to commune with beasts and traverse the exceptionally wooded pathes of the deep forests with unusual ease. Finally, at his age ceremony, he was presented with the ashen club which showed his position as wood-guardian, as well as some light armor provided by the trees with their own flesh.

Hoisting his club to the winds, he cried out vengeance against the fiends that had despoiled this land of life which had stood for ages before the lesser races had reached the age of reason. Their blood would feed the ground, and from their bodies the black vines would grow as a warning against those foolish enough to attempt the same travesty. From death, there is life. From life, death. The circle cannot be broken.

EDIT: Speaking, learning and excitement-seeking animals + [AT\_PEACE\_WITH\_WILDLIFE] = FUN.

[ April 06, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

EDIT2: Can't think of what to do right now, so I'll put up a vote.

Vote

A) Recruit followers in the forest. (here)

B) Recruit followers in the swamps. (?)

C) Recruit followers in the desert. (?)

D) Recruit followers in the hills. (E/W)

E) Attack human town (NE).

F) Attack goblin/darkelven town (E).

G)\*\_\_\_\_\_

[ April 06, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jreengus** on **April 06, 2008, 03:13:00 pm**

---

attack the humans! Once you come across a bowman slowly throw your gear at him one item at a time and see who dies first.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lemnx** on **April 06, 2008, 03:30:00 pm**

---

(G). After getting followers, rip the eyes out of every non-animal you can find.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 06, 2008, 11:45:00 pm**

---

Everybody. Always. Says. Attack.



<div>I was kinda hoping this guy could, y'know, live for a while? Long enough to build up an army of wolves and bears and cougars? And then storm a city with his army of the wild?</div> <div>But, this is a vote. As such, I must respect the tally, whatever it may be.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Sean Mirrsen</b> on <b>April 06, 2008, 11:49:00 pm</b></div>
<div>You did some modding of your own, it seems. That ain't part of the MA mod. ;) 'Tis nice, but with the side effect of being able to talk to any non-hostile animal, even for, say, a human...</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Kagus</b> on <b>April 06, 2008, 11:56:00 pm</b></div>
<div>Aye, but only if humans had non-hostile animals who could talk.</div>
<div>You see, you need to add the tags to each individual animal. Common domestic animals were of course bypassed, but I added the tag to various ambushing predators in the forests and swamps.</div>
<div>So the only time this would be coming up would be in fort mode, and only if you happened to buy one of those critters off of the elves. Which I don't know if they'll do, due to the "higher creature" tags ([CAN_LEARN][CAN_SPEAK]).</div>
<div>I think I'm safe as it is. Besides, how much fun is an elven druid if he can't actually have any animals fighting for him? Sure, mangling someone's head with a demon rat is all well and fine, but that can only take you so far. I need something bigger.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Kaelem Gaen</b> on <b>April 07, 2008, 06:27:00 am</b></div>
<div>I say B) Followers in the swamp.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>SmileyMan</b> on <b>April 07, 2008, 09:13:00 am</b></div>
<div>Another vote for followers in the swamp! The whole point of the character is to never lift a finger due to a coterie of viscious fauna.</div> <div>Having a dozen hippos and crocs as followers should clear out a human town nice and fast!</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Will Skyfall</b> on <b>April 07, 2008, 01:47:00 pm</b></div>
<div>One vote for whichever of A,B,C, or D is currently most ahead when you close the voting. I want to see this snowball roll for a while . . . :)</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Toaster</b> on <b>April 07, 2008, 05:09:00 pm</b></div>
<div>Swamp! Get some hippo pets.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Lemnx</b> on <b>April 07, 2008, 05:54:00 pm</b></div>
<div>To the swamp I change my vote! (But you need to at least finish your enemies by ripping out the right eye...)</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Vugor</b> on <b>April 07, 2008, 06:15:00 pm</b></div>
<div>i vote for the swamp</div> <div>since i have yet to ever enter one myself in adv mode, or atleast explore one</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Lord_Frodo</b> on <b>April 07, 2008, 06:19:00 pm</b></div>
<div>To the swamps I say. These humans have despoiled the forests for long enough.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Kagus</b> on <b>April 07, 2008, 10:36:00 pm</b></div>
<div>Hippos may be a bit difficult to come by, since they lack the [LARGE_PREDATOR] tag, and thus won't ambush me... I can try a bit of mucking around with the raws and see what I pop up, though. I hope it's one of those changes that can come into play post-worldgen...</div> <div>However, this doesn't change the fact that "(?)" means that I have no idea where it is, or even if there <i>is</i> one nearby. Might be a while before I find a swamp to go trudging around in.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Kagus</b> on <b>April 16, 2008, 03:17:00 am</b></div>
<div>No action in a week? You lot should be ashamed of yourselves...</div>

Also, it would appear that hippos (and alligators, for that matter) are out of the question. I can't get anything to attack me in the marshes I found, and there's no way I'm going to wander around aimlessly hoping that some "benign" critters have spawned in the area I happen to be in. Maybe at some other point, but not now.

So, it's going to be forest or desert. I found a desert (looks a bit mirthful, though...), but it's far to the Northeast. Past the human cities, in fact.

<div>In my testing, I found a couple funny things. One thing is that Sean has a problem with his body parts in this release. There appear to be two necks. One I can grab onto seperately but can't lock, and one that I find through the standard locking of the head. However, snapping that neck does not do much of anything. Breaking his "sensitive part", however, caused him to bleed to death.</div> <div>The other funny thing is that [AT_PEACE_WITH_WILDLIFE] lets you do a lot of really crazy stuff with wolves, and they won't fight back.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>Sean Mirrsen</b> on <b>April 16, 2008, 01:46:00 pm</b></div> <div>Who should be ashamed of whom? We are all here, patiently waiting for updates.</div> <div>If you like, I can give you the next MA version to betatest. Just save often. REALLY often. :P</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>Kagus</b> on <b>April 17, 2008, 02:58:00 am</b></div> <div>Nah, this version will serve its purposes just fine.</div> <div>And as for the the other matter, I left a note here in the hopes that people would continue voting while I was in Goa. Not a single post was made since I left, and the current majority (swamp) was rendered invalid due to the fact that alligators and hippos are too lazy to come to the Mobile Wilderness Defense Recruiting Station (me).</div> <div>That leaves hills/plains (wolves, some wildcats), forest (lots of wolves, bears, rare wildcats), and desert (wildcats, rare giant scorpions). Due to their prolific nature, I have a feeling wolves are going to make up the majority of the forces, with the bigger critters serving as "elites".</div> <div>Hmm.... Since all animals lack skill levels of any kind, I wonder how many of them I can recruit...</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>DoctrZombie</b> on <b>April 17, 2008, 06:44:00 am</b></div> <div>well pssh. I vote Hills then =D</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>SmileyMan</b> on <b>April 18, 2008, 05:48:00 am</b></div> <div>If you could get a giant scorpion, that would be awesome. But for the sake of getting going, I'll vote for woods and get a bunch of wolves, and maybe a bear or two.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>Greiger</b> on <b>April 18, 2008, 03:23:00 pm</b></div> <div>I vote go to the tropics and recruit elephants and lions.</div> <div>Maybe some fish if possible for a laugh or two.</div> <div>I bet a useless reject pokemon and twenty empty +aluminum Dr. Pepper cans+ on death by child.</div> <div>[ April 18, 2008: Message edited by: Greiger ]</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>SHADOWdump</b> on <b>April 18, 2008, 10:00:00 pm</b></div> <div>Remember Kagus,your running the show,so when your ready lets see some blood. :cool:</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>Kagus</b> on <b>April 19, 2008, 01:00:00 am</b></div> <div>I'm ready to see what this guy can do with a few critters trailing behind him... I'll wait until, say, ten this evening (my timezone, GMT+5:30). If there's no clear majority vote by then, I'll make an executive decision for forest-recruiting.</div> <div>Also, even though this place is called the divine "jungle", it's really just a temperate forest. I'm not sure where the real jungles are... Also, elephants are not predators, and thus do not ambush. No-go on the pachyderm patrol.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>Impending Doom</b> on <b>April 19, 2008, 01:10:00 am</b></div> <div>I say go for the forests.</div> <div>Also, in addition to your legion of wildlife, how about recruiting a few of your fellow elves?</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>Kagus</b> on <b>April 19, 2008, 01:15:00 am</b></div> <div>Wouldn't be all that interesting, since they'd just be elven peasants using their "natural weapons". It's more interesting with the MA+ mod than it is in native, but it still doesn't match the rending of flesh that a good bear claw can provide.</div> <div>Still though, if it's desired, I must comply.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>SHADOWdump</b> on <b>April 19, 2008, 01:40:00 am</b></div> <div>Hmmm the addition of a few elves wouldn't be all that good to me,stick with the beasts or succumb to the wrath of my minigun!</div> <div>As for the vote,spread your movements about,gather a varied colaberation of creatures,and if you see a monkey GET IT!!!</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: Death and Glory!</b> Post by: <b>Kagus</b> on <b>April 19, 2008, 12:26:00 pm</b></div>

Okay, it's 10:30 PM. Voting has closed. No clear majority is present, so I'm going to wander around the forest for a while.

It's been some time since I last tried my hand at writing, so it'll be interesting to see how things turn out. Also, monkeys are not predators, so they won't be showing up too much.

-----

Liceyi, champion of the wilds, left his home of Seedchanted and set off into the surrounding woodlands. He would need allies in his war against the defiling races, and the animals native to this sacred forest would be more tha willing to aid him.

He did not have to search long. From the shaded pathways of the forest, creatures came forth to join in the hunt. Bears, wolves, and even the sacred unicorns, divine guardians of the forested realm, came to Liceyi's call.

It would be a long war, and it had hardly even begun, but Liceyi was aware that although the wild denizens of the forest knew of his status as protector, they were as yet unwilling to join him in any great numbers, fearing that his inexperience would lead to more senseless bloodshed on the already soaked roots of the Divine Jungle.

And so, with the few allies he could call upon, he set off to enact a minor skirmish upon the encroaching powers. It would do little to hinder the ravaging of the sacred trees, but it would instill hope in all the creatures of the blessed woodlands, and valor in those who followed him. To climb the great tree, you must first grasp the lower branches.

-----

Okay, that was a thrilling update. Trust me, I'm itching for some action, I'm not actively *trying* to stall.

Anyways, here's the current roster:

- 1 Grizzly Bear.
- 3 Wolves.
- 3 Unicorns. They happened to be standing around in the area where the bear "ambushed" me. Talk about luck.

Okay, so we've got darkelves and humans to the Northeast, and goblins to the North. I don't know of any nearby dwarves. Goblins are most likely one of the safer choices, but they can shoot down from those towers. Same goes for darkelves, but they've got slightly weaker ranged weapons (supposedly). Humans provide lots of peasants and few guards, and they don't have as many firing platforms. Their main defense is mobbing, but my little party's got more claws and horns than their entire civilization. Probably the safest choice, as mobbing is much less effective against multiple opponents.

Please note that I've added the [CAN\_LEARN] tag to all my recruitable animals. This means that they will grow stronger and more skilled from fighting, unlike "base" animals. This will cause persistent creatures to become veeery powerful with time... Superbearly tough? Yes please.

- A) Attack humans.
- B) Attack goblins.
- C) Attack darkelves.
- D)\* \_\_\_\_\_

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 19, 2008, 12:45:00 pm**

Darkelves' ranged weapons are a sort of a gamble. They've got those semi-useful chill bolts, and the tearing darts. (minolocara - "cruel pain" they are called) The chilldarts won't do much damage, compared to elven ammo, but tearing darts tend to induce massive pain, so they won't kill you outright, but probably incapacitate.

Humans... well yeah, they've got the mobbing, but they've also got the greatswords and arbalests. An arbalest can pin a bear to the wall, especially considering that they're firing Iron ammo, unlike the wooden (though enchanted) arrows of the elves.

Goblins are safer, more predictable. At least they don't have anything outstanding at their disposal. Except their special attack. :D The demon/dragon/whatever's their ruling power could give you a good whack though.

So, for a nice melee with a big boss at the end, go for goblins.  
For a dangerous gamble, go to the darkelves.  
For a nice melee AND a good gamble against the arbalests, go to the humans.  
That's my vote. Humans.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **April 19, 2008, 02:39:00 pm**

I say go human slaying. Just be careful because none of yer followers will be able to go inside buildings with you.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 20, 2008, 08:58:00 am**

I can hold the door open for them. Be all gentlemanly-like.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 20, 2008, 01:16:00 pm**

Gentle Elfly-like?  
Whats new? :roll:

Umies

[ April 20, 2008: Message edited by: SHADOWdump ]

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 20, 2008, 01:34:00 pm**

Okay, it's 10:00 again. Voting's closed.  
  
The current majority out of 2 votes is 2. It is unanimous! The vote says A.

-----

The sun was climbing the eastern sky as Liceyi and his group crept up on the settlement. The humans had defiled the sacred lands to build their treecorpse-huts for too long, it was time to pay them back for their foul deeds.

As the party approached, a guard on partrol looked and say the group of beasts coming, and cried out in alarm. The unicorn out front lowered its head, the sacred horn in its head pointed outwards, and charged him. The guard readied his crossbow and shot a bolt and the unicorn, burying the bolt deep enough into the divine guardian's chest that it vanished from view. Dark, impossibly deep blood trickled out of the wound, painting a red gash down the creature's front. The unicorn gave a shrill cry of pain, and stumbled slightly as its legs buckled out from underneath it.

Liceyi had known there would be casualties. Had accepted that blood would have to pour from both sides of the battlefield in order to regrow the forest. But no elf can experience the death of a unicorn without feeling rending sorrow in their inner core as creatures of the forest. On this day, one of the divine protectors of the woodland had been mortally wounded. Its blood would be repaid a hundredfold.

The guard slotted another bolt into the crossbow to deal with the rest of the party, but no single bolt can hold back the full might of nature's wrath. The unicorn, although weak on its legs and not long for the world, continued its charge and crashed into the guard, throwing its body into the guard in a last effort at avenging the rampant desecration of the humans.

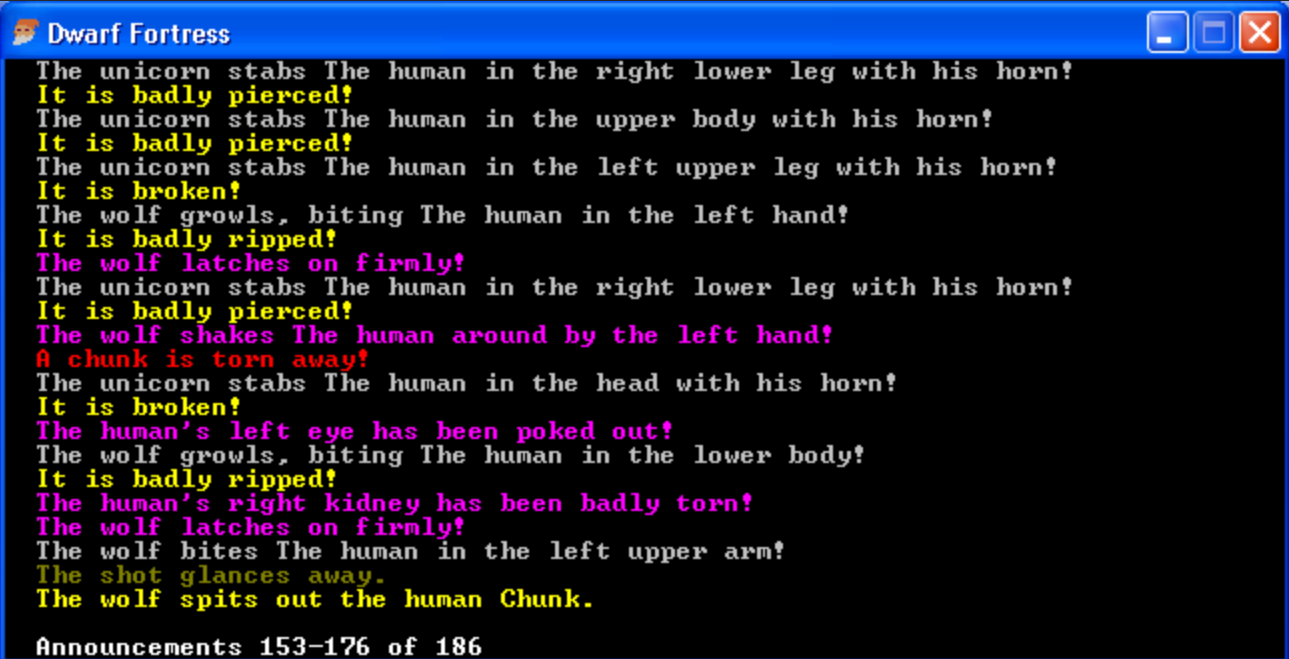
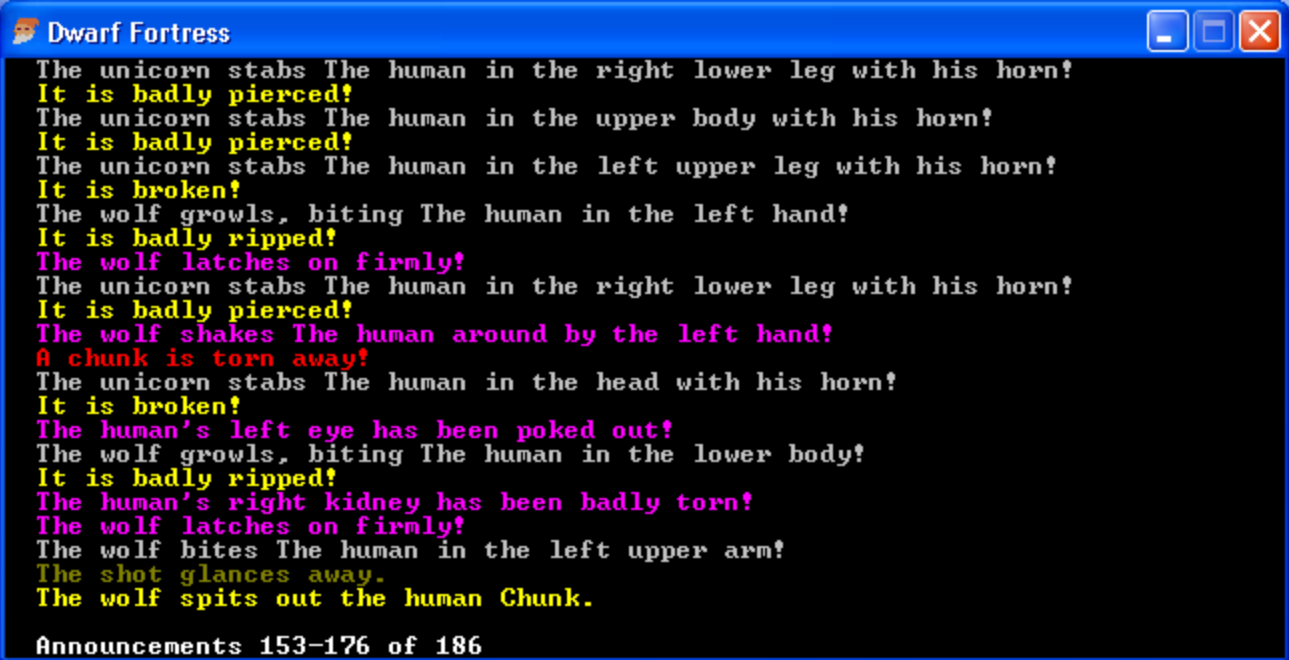
The guard convulsed, causing his crossbow to fire pointlessly into the unicorn's already-dead hoof. Blood flowed from the wound in which the unicorn's holy spiek had embedded itself, and the red water of life painted a mirror of the unicorn's own marring on the guard's armor.

Liceyi came up to the entwined foes, and recited a short prayer in the unicorn's name. The other animals gathered around him then, and Liceyi looked at his remaining allies.

"Attack. Let their blood grow the grass."

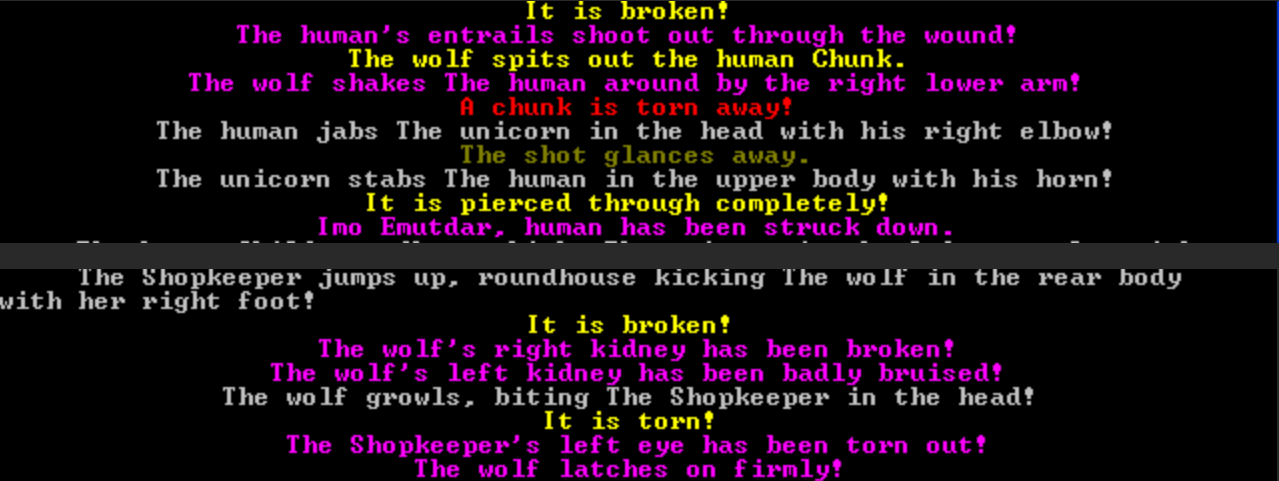
And the battle for Snakesscrubs began.

They charged the main square, striking down peasants as they came. Some fled, some stood still in shock, and others turned to fight. All these were met with fang, claw, horn, hoof, and dreadful rage. The unicorns trotted through the crowds, their horns dripping bright crimson as they plunged their horns into the peasants they passed on their charges. The wolves bit and snapped at the humans, tearing away great chunks of flesh before the bear ambled his peculiar gait along and ripped the heads straight from the necks of the townsfolk.



But there were individuals within the mindless swarm of humans that proved dangerous. A wolf's nose was broken by the kicking of one peasant, and the unicorns had already been pummeled by the humans significantly.

But the animals still held the upper hand in this attack, and the croawd was slowly dwindling as the peasants were left impaled by horns or torn ragged by snarling teeth.



The massacre continued, and the humasn fell to the pure wild might of the attackers. But, as is with most things in life, it was not without cost. A second of the unicorns was dragged down by the humans and its bones bashed by their fists and feet. Yet another item on the list of beautiful things trampled by their careless feet and senseless brutality.

The fight carried on, and Liceyi bloodied his own club with the life of the humans who struck at the unicorn. It was only after slaying one of them that Liceyi noticed a change in the behaviour of the peasants. They had stopped running.

More townsfolk came rushing out to the killing fields to battle the encroaching wilderness. Few carried anything more than the clothes on their backs, and yet they were still willing to throw themselves into the chaos of battle against far stronger foes. Liceyi had stopped fighting for long enough to attempt discerning the reason behind this unusual response. And then a white-robed figure stepped onto the field, and all was made clear.



The zeal that had been sparked inside these makeshift warriors was impressive, and the fighting continued to rage, blood spraying onto the grass to form pools and rivers of sanguine liquid. Still the forest warriors fought on, striking down the humans with an ease that seemed to be dwindling.

-----\*~\*The dream takes on an odd quality...\*~\*-----

Liceyi just got splattered by some peasants. The last save I have is from before they enter the village. It's already midnight right now, so I'm going to call it quits for now and resume tomorrow. That is, of course, if you want me to try again. I could always just start a different character, but it somehow seems to me that Liceyi wasn't quite ready to die.

I'm invoking a split in reality until the issue is resolved. Good night everybody.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lord\_Frodo** on **April 20, 2008, 05:49:00 pm**

I think you should restart from the save. this guys to good to die so soon.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 20, 2008, 06:49:00 pm**

Seconded.We don't want a repeat of the hammerer do we?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **April 21, 2008, 01:33:00 am**

I agree. Have Liceyi wake up from his dream in which that all happened, then, well I'm not sure, WWLD? (what would liceyi do?)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 21, 2008, 01:56:00 am**

It's just a paint having to walk into town from the outskirts. Sinc eLiceyi has yet to attack a human, he's still considered friendly. If I tell him to go into a town, he'll show up in the town hall. Along with all his buddies.

Eh, I'll just go with that. I'll try to explain it away somehow. Since Liceyi's so fast (extremely agile + elf), he has to lie down and sneak in order for the other animals to have a chance of keeping up with him while walking into town. Having to wait for all the animals to hurry up gets very annoying.

Anyways, *this* time I'll keep him out of combat altogether.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 21, 2008, 04:39:00 am**

Hm. Actually, you should maybe try to acquire a decent feline companion first. They have some innate speed boosts. I suggest a panther, since it's more common to forests, or so I remember. That is, if you did find the panther in the nonstandard creatures file...

Other than that, yeah, continue fighting the humans.

On the other hand, a visit to dark elves can yield you some great equipment, but I suppose they won't fit into the current story much. Maybe after you beat the humans... ;)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 21, 2008, 06:10:00 am**

Yes, I found the panther. I briefly considered correcting the "rawr", but then decided it might mess up compatibility.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 21, 2008, 08:56:00 am**

Okay, starting him over. Launching myself into the middle of town. I'm a bit pissed at having all the stuff I just wrote become non-canon, so I'm just going to briefly describe the massacre of Snakeesscrubs and then move on.

-----\*~\*The dream takes on new clarity...\*~\*-----



Liceyi broke out of his wandering thoughts, and turned back to the task at hand. He had infiltrated the human city and called the charge, and his warriors of the forest had taken up the call with unmatched fervor. The defiling blood of the humans was forcibly drained from their bodies to satiate the thirsty earth, and the visages of the wild animals truned a dark red from the blood they had spilled.

This was not hunting, nor was it a territorial dispute. This was war, and the savage strength of the animals reflected that cold fact.

There were casualties, as would be expected in any war. But the blood of beasts was washed away by the torrent of human blood. At least in the beginning...

The fight was towering in its brutality, but the animals soon wearied from the endless horde of defilers. The commotion called guards to the scene, and they brought with them the devious contraptions of death that they so specialized. The wolves were the first to fall, limping their sagging bodies away from the chaos of battle before simply lying down and succumbing to their wounds. The unicorns were struck down by iron and fist, their eerily beautiful bodies resting in the eternally perfect stillness of death.

Only the bear remained of this first force, and even its substantial might was flagging. Gaping wounds from bolts and arrows gave glimpses of the muscle and even bone beneath the bear's shaggy hide, and one of its legs had been grievously wounded in the assault.

Liceyi could hear more humans in the distance, attracted by the call to arms. He understood then that so few creatures would never be enough to topple one of the human settlements, and that this party had died the instant it entered combat.

But Liceyi still lived. He sported vicious prongs of iron in his left shoulder and wrist, but he could still walk, could still run.

The bear would give its life for the safety of the woodlands. It would have to. Only Liceyi boasted the power to unite the forces required to drive back the menace that threatened the forest, and for this his life was valued above all others. Above those of the wolves, above those of the blessed unicorns, and above that of the bear.

Liceyi heard humans nearby. He gave the bear one last parting look, a glance that conveyed the horribly silent truth that lay ahead, and then he ducked into a nearby building. Outside, he heard the bellowing cry of the bear as it attacked, a distraction unlike the humans had ever, or ever would again, witness. Under the cover of this final sacrifice, Liceyi escaped. He looked back only once, only to see the great beast raised up on its hind legs and batting away at the gathering crowd of humans. An iron bolt head appeared in the bear's midsection, and the great bear's roar turned to a shriek, then a moan, then a gurgle, and finally it fell into utter silence as the guardian crumpled to the ground.

Liceyi slipped away and disappeared into the forest. He knew that he would need a greater force to aid him, but he also understood that assembling such a force would be more difficult, considering the horrid failure that this night had been. He would need to establish himself as a hero in his own right before the necessary creatures would come to his aid, but he was well aware of his personal frailty. He was no warrior, he had not the strength nor the skill to fight off the defilers by himself. It was at this moment that Liceyi first questioned why the forest had chosen him to be its champion... Why not someone who could fight for himself, instead of some peasantchild with a stick?

The woods were silent in their answer.

-----\*~\*The dream shifts\*~\*-----

- A) Train skills ("clean")
- B) Train skills (exploitative)
- C) Raise companions
- C1) Raise companions and attack Snakesscrubs
- C2) Raise companions and attack other town
- D)\*\_\_\_\_\_

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 21, 2008, 09:30:00 am**

D that's partly C and A. Get a few followers and visit the "dark brethren". Stock up on some support munitions and armor. Raise skills. Retreat as necessary. After that get a proper squad, the more the merrier, and assault that human town again. If there's any evil plain around, get some harpies for a true JAAFU.

As an alternative to just raising a squad, pretend you found a wandering tigerman and got him to join. (meaning retire, create a playnow tigerman and resume the elf)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 21, 2008, 10:32:00 am**

I'm a little leery of using metal weapons, seeing as such items are not naturally occuring in the forests, and that they require cut wood in order to make them. Equipment upgrading isn't going to be the big thing here, skill upgrading is. Liceyi's already dodged one arrow, and he's only a competent wrestler. With some boosted wrestling skill, agility, and shield skill for the worst cases, he'll be able to live a bit longer than his previous excursions.

We'll just ignore the fact that he grabbed the harpoons out of a guard's quiver and threw a few of them at nearby peasants, shall we?

I've got an idea for the next character after this guy, something inspired by a few of the things I've seen in this mod.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 21, 2008, 11:32:00 am**

At any rate, if you're getting mobbed easily, you should refrain from attacking human settlements. Dark elves make easier targets than goblins - size seven, yet frail.

Also, if you're making a druid, lose the club and shield. Elves have some neat feats in their martial arsenal, so a druid-monk can be just as good at fighting. But yeah, you'll need a serious agility boost. And armor. You can get wearable graphite fiber clothing from DEs.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 21, 2008, 02:05:00 pm**

Neat, sure, but not necessarily powerful. Darkelves are better hand-to-hand fighters than normal elves (and only have a -1 damblock, as opposed to the normal elf -2. Ouch), and there's only one really powerful attack out of fifteen. I think I'll keep the club, at least for the time being.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SmileyMan** on **April 21, 2008, 02:17:00 pm**

C1 - this is important research into what makes effective animal-companions. Wolves are obviously no use even as fodder. Bears as expected kick righteous furry ass. Surprised the unicorns didn't dish out more horn-justice.



More bears! Try and get some giant cats.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **April 21, 2008, 04:53:00 pm**

My vote is for A, with quite a bit of C involved. Try to get an army of bears, with wolves as auxiliaries (not like you could actually command them as such, but still). I agree that giant cats would be great elite troops.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Toaster** on **April 21, 2008, 05:37:00 pm**

Wolves seem like they're best when they get a hold of someone, meaning they're probably meat against anything that knows how to fight. Bears are always great tanks, so you can't go wrong there. Unicorns seem to be glass cannons, and can't take hits. Since you can't control them, they're probably too risky to use. I'd stick with bears and cats until you can get some skilled up enough to let you pull in some flimsier troops.

I vote A and C... ok, maybe \*one\* nap in a non-freezing pond (it'd make everything else faster)

EDIT- Can you recruit a Sasquatch? Those things are pretty nasty, if you're anywhere near the tundra.

[ April 21, 2008: Message edited by: Toaster ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 21, 2008, 10:14:00 pm**

Well, I'm nowhere near the environment. If this guy survives long enough to expand the reach of his crusade, then I'll be sure to pick up a couple of them in a cold environ.

A note about the critters: the wolves still managed to take down about 4-5 people on their own, but once they get seperated from each other they're easy pickings, just like it is when you find yourself in a pack of them. A few wolves are deadly, one wolf is just dead.

The bear lasted an incredible time, and was certainly one of my better troopers. However, most of its prey was being held up by wolves or other distractions at the time, and so the bear was essentially getting free hits. when it didn't have any backup, the tank tanked.

Now, th unicorns... They were bloody amazing. They held by *far* the highest kill number, and about 60% of the corpses lying around are due to them. When you think that these guys aren't particularly tough, keep in mind that first run-through with the fringe guard.

The unicorn had a bolt shoot into its chest and destroy both lungs while it was still about four spaces away from the guard. It kept going, and proceeded to gore the bastard to death. The writing about "one last shove" was creative license, the unicorn stood there and poked the guy to death and was still standing after he died from having a core sample taken of his thoughts.

They only died when they had three or more peasants around them, and even then only when one of their important body parts (head, upper body, rear body) was already mangled and thus couldn't be damaged more without being destroyed.

But I haven't tried one of the big cats yet. I'll be sure to keep an eye and a pointy ear out for them.

EDIT: Oh, and he's already taken a quick doze in a river. That's why he's so fast.

[ April 21, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **April 22, 2008, 12:51:00 am**

I vote do a little bit more recruiting and go level. I don't know the MA mod myself but maybe some kobold(or equivalent) slaying would help with some boosting?  
Pretty easy to get kills when yer opponent is 2 sizes smaller than you and thinks that copper is "da' bomb".

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 22, 2008, 03:24:00 pm**

Okay, I've made an executive decision. I'm going to go off and train wrestling, and I won't be bringing many companions along. If I did, they'd just kill whatever I was working on and then move on. It's really late here, so don't expect much in the way of writing.

Liceyi travelled to the Southwest, where he would spend the next few weeks hounding the accursed darkelves, those who had forsaken the forest and were now aiding the rest of the despoilers.

He lived on the outskirts of their settlements and their minds, striking when the tensions was right and the victims were unsuspecting. He brought forth wolves from the forest to teach him the instinctual ways of the forest, and he became stronger and wiser for it.

His senses sharpened, his muscles tightened, and he took on an eerie speed that made several of his trained motions a blur. The wolves had made him as wild as they were going to at this point, and Liceyi could see that they respected him as a leader more now than they had when he first called upon their aid. They would go to spread his achievements among the rest of the forest dwellers, and he would get the woodland army of defenders that he needed.

His army.

- A) Recruit troops in forest. (Wolves, bears)
- B) Recruit troops in plains/hills. (Wolves, wildcats)
- C) Recruit troops in desert. (Wildcats, giant scorpions)
- D)\*\_\_\_\_\_

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 22, 2008, 03:51:00 pm**

What's the protagonist's translated name, anyway?  
There's no "Liceyi" in the elven language, so it's eiher "Licesi" - blister, or "Licei" - lie.  
The last name has a special symbol, so I can't see it from the raws. Variants include:  
ball, beast, stray, pear, vigor - singer. Beastsinger sounds right. "Lying Beastsinger", on the other hand....

Anyways. Ye should go get some feline warriors to yer side. Be wary that "giant" cats lose their speed with the size they gained. Except the cheetah. Wolves are excellent cannon fodder though, especially since they come in packs. So get some canine "basic infantry", and then go to the deserts for the big stuff.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 22, 2008, 05:02:00 pm**

B:Go plains,if you can help it pass by some forests and hope you get ambushed by bears,need some of that muscle,scorpions sound interesting though,however don't go too far out of your way for that.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **April 22, 2008, 05:06:00 pm**

Definitely B, perhaps with a little bit of A to see if you can get some bears. That is, if it isn't too far out of your way.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 22, 2008, 10:53:00 pm**

His name is Líceyi. I got tired of copying and pasting that damned "í", and so I spell it with a standard "i" instead. It sounded good at the time, but apparently it means "petal".

And the last name's beastsong, not beastsinger.

I'm not entirely sure where this "out of the way" thing came from. This guy's already been wandering around quite a bit, so going that extra trek to a semi-distant land isn't that bad. By the way, if you feel it would be okay with the rest of the story, I saved the game at a point where I'm looking right at a giant scorpion, ready for recruitment. I don't think the tundra's going to be giving us anything interesting though, so that won't do it.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 23, 2008, 12:03:00 am**

Well then,focus on dem dere cats make sure you get enough bears for shocktroops and for the scorpions,what are the capabilities of those,tried looking them up but I either missed them or,something.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 23, 2008, 12:14:00 am**

It's a GCS without the webbing. GDS instead of GCS (Giant Desert Scorpion, the full name).

They're the same size as giant cave spiders, have the same immunities (nostun, nopain, nofear, extravision, paralyzeimmune etc.), and they have one stinger that can poison and two pincers that can latch. All attacks are 1:6 damage, the same as a GCS bite.

Needless to say, they're pretty damn cool.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 23, 2008, 01:11:00 am**

"Beastsong" doesn't sound as good as a title as "Beastsinger" does. The only reason we can't have the latter is because the language files don't seem to like different entries of one type for one word.

I wonder if you could make a GPS - Giant Panther Squad. Speaking of which... I forgot to add giant panthers... :|

You can still make a Giant Eagle Squadron, but you'd need to go into the mountains for that. :)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 23, 2008, 01:15:00 am**

Yeah, I set up giant eagles with the recruitment specs. The only problem is that you can't use overland travel on a mountain tile, so I'd have to scour the mountains by myself, without any aid from the ambush generator.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 23, 2008, 01:34:00 am**

You could, if you find a cave or a site in the mountain. I think it'd still take quite the amount of effort.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 23, 2008, 03:04:00 pm**

Well get some GDS's too. :roll:

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 24, 2008, 02:45:00 pm**

Kagus, I can confirm that it is absolutely possible to get a giant eagle to ambush you. Just find a cave in a mountain, and start "hypertreading" it. I was ambushed by two giant eagles consecutively when I did testing for the new MA version just now.

Though they probably won't avail to much, but at least it'll be cool. Heh, airforce. Harpies are probably better in that regard.

By the way, do you think giant eagles could use a speed boost? They *are* flying, after all..

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dwarfaholic** on **April 25, 2008, 12:34:00 pm**

I support this thread.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 26, 2008, 03:18:00 am**

So do I.

-----\*~\*The dream shifts\*~\*-----

Liceyi had gained new understanding of the natural world, and became aware of creatures far to the Southeast that would aid him. These were the drylands, areas where no trees grew and water was scarce, but they held the same wild force as the deepest recesses of the Divine jungle.

Liceyi had been drawn to this place by the wild's call for vengeance, and although it was not a part of the woodlands, the natural world would always lend allies to its own.

Liceyi stood in astonishment of the creatures standing before him. Great bronze plates of armor rippling down their unspeakably alien backs and the lengths of their curled tails, massive bulbous stingers nestled comfortably inside the tight coils.

They stood there, watching Liceyi with their small dark eyes and contemplating him from over their horrifyingly massive pincers. Although communicating with these beasts was somewhat difficult due to their nature, Liceyi found that he could do so just fine. They had been summoned, all three, by the ancient powers of the wild. They had been called forth to aid him.

Liceyi graciously accepted the offer of alliance from the creatures, and hurried back to his home within the forests, the shining carapaces of three of the desert's grand guardians in tow.

Liceyi was surprised at not only how well the scorpions adapted to the cooler and moister climate of the forest, but also to how well the animals reacted to them. Liceyi believed that they could not communicate with his new allies any better than he could, but he thought the other animals could respect their palpable aura of strength and give them their own space.

Liceyi called forth more warriors from the forest to aid him. Unicorns beckoned to his call, along with the ever-present wolves. Once he felt that he had garnered enough troops to aid him for his next assault, he marched off to the small village of Galzega. Snakesscrubs could wait for another time, Lacey would deal with them later. For now, they would strike at the weaker fringe settlements to build up morale and experience for his followers.

They attacked in broad daylight, charging the inn at the edge of town witht he armored scorpions leading the assault. The leader of this village had just stepped out after hearing the shouts when the scorpions came to him. With mighty pincers they proceeded to dismember him, taking him apart like a child will do to its doll. The leader screamed for only as long as his head remained attached to his neck, which was not long at all.

A guard rushing to his aid gained the attention of the fully-raised tails of the mighty desert warriors. With a blur of movement, the scorpion shot his poison-laced stinger straight into the guard's skull, injecting a slightly redundant poison into the human's brain.

The beasts flew into the chaos of battle with the calm efficiency of the incredibly alien world of the arachnid mind. They tore apart human after human after human, be they guard or merchant, peasant or priest. The other followers Liceyi had brought along were slow to keep up with the massive creatures, but they held their own nonetheless.

Liceyi was aware that his forces has spread out again, their minds clouded by the revelry of combat. He caught sight of a unicorn being brought down by a group of peasants and then a pikeman viciously plunging his wicked weapon into the unicorn's head, stilling it.

The hunt carried on, as the sleepy village was harshly awakened. The fighting carried on long into the night, but neither side showed signs of tiring. The scorpions continued to tear apart the villagers into piecemeal, and the villagers still attempted to fight back with whatever weapons they could find.

As the sun rose, Galzega fell. The last few stragglers were found and slaughtered, and Liceyi stormed the buildings to find those who had hidden themselves away in hopes of survival. When he was finished, not a soul stirred in the rough dirt streets.

Liceyi took stock of his remaining forces. The wolves had been struck down, their souls joined now in the great hunt, and there was the unicorn that had been slain by the pikeman. One scorpion was unaccounted for, although Liceyi doubted that the mighty creature had actually been killed.

A smile began to play upon Liceyi's lips. There was power within them now. Power enough to do mighty things, mighty enough to give a fight that the despoilers would never in their graves forget.

-----\*~\*The dream fades\*~\*-----

Starting group:  
6 Unicorns  
3 Giant scorpions  
3 Wolves

Ending group:  
5 Unicorns  
2 Giant scorpions (I'm almost certain he just got trapped in a building somewhere)  
0 Wolves.

Villager casualties:  
22 Killed by beasts  
5-7 Killed by Liceyi

I'm going to be making another recruiting run. I think I'll stick with forest creatures this tie, as trying to tie in critters from other lands is a bit strange. Why would scorpions care about the forest? Anything that dwells in or nearby areas of massive plant growth is okay though.

Now, here's another thing. I can currently recruit 12 or so animals (got a little extra XP in this last fight, so the level's gone up a little). However, using Dwarf Companion, I can give myself several conversation skills and max them out to legendary. Theoretically, I should then be able to recruit even more animals. Should I do this?

Also, what about that last scorpion? Leave him there to lay claim to his own little town, or go back and try to find him?

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 26, 2008, 04:14:00 am**

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Unless he's got so lost he left the site, he should be with you when you travel out.

And yeah, stick to the creatures of the forests and the plains surrounding the human towns. I'll just ask to you to try and get a feline in your next attack pack, simply because I'm used to dispatching them as an adventurer, but I almost never see them fighting commonfolk.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 26, 2008, 04:55:00 am**

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I did travel out, that's how I found out about who all was still around. They got so spread out, I was just walking arund by myself until I travelled out of there using the overland map. I didn't know *any* of the unicorns were stil alive until I found five of them clustered around me, along with two of the three scorps.

There may be other stragglers that are just wandering around... It's even possible that they got teleported to a random cave somewhere. Who knows?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 26, 2008, 08:34:00 am**

Well, you could try to go back to the town, it would probably give you an option to go to a "creature" if there are any lost teammates around the site.

If you can't find the scorp, leave him be. While definetly worth having as teammates (or so you make it seem), just one won't make much of a difference.

Oh, and don't use divine interventions. Having an ultrapowerful druid made through memhacking is one thing, seeing one rise to power through your effort is another.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 26, 2008, 08:49:00 am**

But I'd be using DC to give me legendary levels in *conversation* skills. Last I checked, it is in fact impossible to talk someone's ear off in adventure mode. It would affect nothing but the amount of creatures I would be able to have following me (in theory).

These are skills I can't train normally, so it's not like I'm taking a shortcut. I'm accessing something that I normally wouldn't be able to access.

That sounded like a better argument before I wrote it out...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 26, 2008, 09:48:00 am**

Well for example your parameters such as strength and agility will rise with the skills. Also, would it be THAT much more fun to be able to bring an overpowering armada of followers that can easily take over a human capital?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 26, 2008, 09:53:00 am**

Actually, if you edit a skill with DC the stats don't rise. And if they did, you could edit them back down again. You can make a legendary mason/engraver/axedwarf/shield user/planter/cheese maker that wasn't even "tough".

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 26, 2008, 03:34:00 pm**

You think you could grab a few shovels/axes to use as makeshift tomahawks?  
Reason I mention shovels is,well thats kinda wonky but interesting non-the-less :D .You could just use them when a situation is dire or you face a particularly tough opponent.

[ April 26, 2008: Message edited by: SHADOWdump ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 27, 2008, 02:18:00 am**

He'd need to start a fort for that. Shovels are not weapons for sale. Though in all seriousness, I see no reason why... I mean, knives are for sale, even though you can't spawn with them...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 27, 2008, 11:08:00 am**

hmmm I thought you had something involving elves and a adamantium shovel(best use of HFS ever :D ).

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 27, 2008, 12:28:00 pm**

Yeah, the issue remains as of 1.5b, but I've fixed it in 1.6. It's interfering with the new metals in the minerals mod.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 27, 2008, 05:58:00 pm**

Well I'll settle for anything else thats kinda kwerky besides throwing stones and bugs.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 28, 2008, 02:41:00 am**

Hrmm... Hadn't thought of anything "kwerky", particularly not for this guy. I had three candidates for the next character, and none of them were particularly oddball.

I would also like to reiterate that this guy ain't pickin' up anything metal, at least not so far as the story is concerned.

So, verdict on the legendary conversationalist hacking? Currently it's one vote against, zero votes for.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **April 28, 2008, 02:57:00 am**

Well, perhaps a competent conversationalist would be alright, though legendary means that suddenly he's spouting off grand speeches to crowds who are inspired to great deeds by his words (at least that's my vision of a legendary talker). But competent or even proficient would be fine. Just put it off to him "getting more in tune with the natural world." or other such elvish nonsense.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 28, 2008, 09:15:00 am**

It won't occur in the story, it's just there to provide a larger companion group. The more skilled a character is in any skill, the more followers he can have in his party. Conversational skills have absolutely no bearing on adventure mode.

EDIT: Woohoo, 300th post!

[ April 28, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lord\_Frodo** on **April 29, 2008, 04:18:00 pm**

I agree with Frelock, we should be able to bring along a few more but not to many.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 29, 2008, 05:21:00 pm**

If things work towards this,try and get some things with [EXTRAVISION](that is the tag right?)And attack some place at night.But after this run,no need to change plans as we're at them.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 30, 2008, 01:39:00 am**

So far as I can tell, I'm the only creature in the group that has reduced vision at night. Everybody else can see just fine.

And besides, creatures with [EXTRAVISION] can't see any better at night than creatures without it. It does, however, let them see without eyes. The scorpions have it, as a matter of fact.

I think I just trimmed off one of the options for the next adventurer. "Coming to my senses", you might say.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 30, 2008, 09:56:00 am**

You might want to try LIGHT\_GEN and VIEWRANGE tags to get a creature with perfect night vision.

In fact, I think I want to try it and add it to the MA mod...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 30, 2008, 03:49:00 pm**

Well, this is moving right along... If the voting doesn't clarify itself by tomorrow evening, I'll just make an executive decision and buff myself with a silver tongue. The more wolves the merrier, I always say.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **April 30, 2008, 03:58:00 pm**

Alright, I'll vote for allowing interventions. :)  
But you'll have get a stray tigerman with a few felines into your next group....

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **April 30, 2008, 04:03:00 pm**

'greed

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **April 30, 2008, 04:04:00 pm**

Hmm...

One quick question: Does the [AT\_PEACE\_WITH\_WILDLIFE] tag extend to cave creatures?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **April 30, 2008, 04:13:00 pm**

Yep, it does. I'm buggedger if I want to find a cave though, I'd need to find another human settlement and get a quest from the mayor before he gets torn to shreds. No other way of finding the things, unless you want me to wander around in the wilderness looking for one.

Are companions recorded through retirement? There might be some problems arising from Liceyi's short stint as a retiree. As for the tigerman, gonna have to say that that's a no-can-do. There's the issue of that one tiny little peace tag being vacant from the tigerman's entity. Maybe I'll do some tribal warfare at some other point, but as for now it'll just be woodland creatures. Except for those two scorpions, that is...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Impending Doom** on **May 01, 2008, 12:34:00 pm**

You don't necessarily have to get a quest. You could ask some peasants on the outskirts of town about the local area, or even ask some elves back at the forest retreat. Eventually, someone will tell you about a cave somewhere.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 01, 2008, 12:52:00 pm**

I suppose I could ask around one of the forest retreats. Hadn't thought of that.

I'll do it if folks want me to, same as anything else.

However, the time has now come for me to hack his skills and grant him a gift of gab rarely seen outside dwarven dining rooms. Updates in a bit.



With Galzega in ruins, and guarded over by the might of a giant scorpion, Liceyi turned his sights on a town just downstream from Snakesscrubs. A quiet town by the name of Ithrosdotep

They struck fast, and they struck hard. They infiltrated the great inn that stood as the town's meeting point, and had stormed inside before the mayor could even realize what was happening.

Mayor Athrab Gukizobsha, who had been planning his re-election campaign for some weeks now, was "fed to the wolves" in a manner he had not at all expected.

Liceyi took his body and threw it outside at the nearby townsfolk who had come to see what the screaming was about. A man who had been pleasantly eating a piece of cow flesh was stunned to such an extent that his meal fell limply from his hands and thudded onto the ground.



Wolves, unicorns and scorpions fought with fang and claw, hoof and sting. The soft humans stood not a chance in fair combat against these creatures. Their contraptions, however. Those handheld ballistae with their vicious bolts and gruesome twangs, they could bring death to the woodland creatures with unnatural swiftness. Although the humans themselves were inferior, they were capable of crafting things much greater than themselves.

Liceyi danced among the fur and chitin in a blur of swift footwork and vindictive strength. He brought the ceremonial club of ironwood down upon the bones of many a human, snapping bones and mashing skin to aid his forest companions. A guard came at him in an attempt to rid the snake of its head, but Liceyi had grown to fast for such blunt tactics. With but a whisper of sound, he sidestepped the guard's rushes with an uncanny grace, causing the guard to become even more blinded by his rage and his determination to bring the elf down.

Liceyi positioned himself carefully, and when the guard came at him again he sidestepped to reveal the giant scorpion behind, tail raised and pincers gleaming with blood. A scream managed to make its way out of the guard's mouth before it was silenced permanently by the lightning-fast movement of the scorpion's stinger plunging itself into the guard's abdomen.

As the wickedly curved stinger entered the guard's guts, the guard gave an unsettling "\*glurk\*", and drifted down onto the ground where his face remained in that almost comical expression of astonishment until the carrion birds ate it off.

More guards came to the call, a pikeman and a hammerman, brandishing their weapons in a desperate attempt at scaring the invaders away. Such was, of course, not the case.

Four of the unicorns charged them with heads lowered and horns pointed. One had the sense to step out of the way of the charge, the other had no such tactic. With a popping sound, the horn of the closest creature drove itself throguh the guard's breastplate and sank deep into the flesh beneath, breaking apart ribs in its questing for the guard's lifeblood.

The pikeman leveled his weapon against the unicorns, only to find his grip broken by the insistent maw of a wolf, one of many that now circled around the guard. As the pikeman saw the pack closing around him and spreading to enclose him in their ring of death, he saw his fate. As utter, crushing revelation dawned in his eyes, the wolf behind him leapt onto his back and sank its teeth into the nape of the guard's neck.

Again the wild forces of nature triumphed over the weakling forces of men. Blood ran in the gutters as water after a storm, and the dead paved the streets with their bodies. As day began to give way to an eerie twilight, Liceyi rummaged around in his pack for a small pouch crafted of spider's silk. From this he took a single reddish-black seed, its shape reminiscent of a sickle moon, and placed it inside the chest cavity of a peasant who had had his life ended by a unicorn's intervention.

The black vine seed took root almost instantly in the still-warm flesh of the dead man, its tendrils spreading through the musculature like veins of black blood. Within days the town would look as though it had grown a full head of black, twisted hair as the creeper took in every drop of blood that had been spilled.

Liceyi stood back for a moment, watching the vine growing with its unusual speed. Once he was satisfied that the job had been done, he called his companions to him and left the ghost town. It was best to not stay nearby, lest the vines grow too hungry...

-----\*~\*The dream clouds over\*~\*-----

Egh, this is getting hard to write for. Most of the fighting I just described never happened, since things just don't work out in a heroic fashion when you've got a bunch of wind-up wolves and stuffed unicorns banging themselves into walls while the scorpions, brandishing stolen garments of clothing instead of their far more dangerous natural weaponry, proceed to flap about around equally inept guards. I did, however, throw the mayor's body out into the street.

Well, this might be a slightly difficult question, but I've got to ask it. Should I carry on with this character? *Playing* as a beastlord is tons of fun, but trying to convey the experience into words is like trying to play the fiddle with a pocket wrench. I won't be doing another summoner character, that's for sure. I need to have someone who can take a bit of the glory for themselves.

I promise to write up a nice ending to Liceyi if he gets trashed, but I'll also try as hard as I can to write something interesting if the vote says he lives. I'm afraid the battles aren't going to get much spicier than what's already happened, since most of the time I can't even see what's going on.

I hate delaying updates like this and assigning all these little votes, but this is a difficult character to work with. Again, like I said, if you feel there's still some life in this nutty elf then I will give my all in writing about him.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to get back to browsing the "zombie" section of Armor Games.

I think it is about time he took on a demon lord then. (or whatever the nearest goblin group's equivalent is in the MA mod, I'm not familiar with it.)

Sure humans are tree cutting fools who worship imaginary(?) gods, but goblins are tree cutting, demon worshiping, earth raping, pedophiles.

Make sure you attack a high population one.



**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Sean Mirrsen on May 01, 2008, 05:40:00 pm**

Goblins.. yeah, he could try. There's dark elves, too. Dark elves can put up a nice resistance if half of their guard isn't asleep as I usually find them. They really are frail though.

Kagus, did you explore the locations of goblin and d.elven settlements beforehand? There's a good chance the goblins have settled on top of a chasm... if it's the bad kind of chasm, with the golems in it, you'll be in for one hell of a battle.

I tried to train up a hydra and take on a chasmful of stone golems. Eventually I survived purely by the sheer size. They couldn't make a dint or get any sort of grip, so I just crawled around over-exerted and took occasional pot shots at them, while them golems (some dozen or so) were whacking away and periodically dodging into the chasm.... There was this great goblin macelord guy that was cracking them buggers up like waffles, but I never got to meet him. Some spearman stabbed me in one of the necks and twisted the spear until I bled to death.

So, yeah, uh, the vote. As much as I want to see you battle the dark brethren of Liceyi, maybe you should try to go enforce some justice on the goblins? If you really want to end the character, get killed by the High priest or the chief badguy, and write a nice story for it.

Oh, and you could try to get those clothing items from the animals by wrestling them away. If you do it right, you'll still keep the animal under your control... or so I think..

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: SHADOWdump on May 01, 2008, 07:24:00 pm**

hmmm sure why not,this character is really interesting but by now we'd probably find it better to mod the game ourselves and have fun with it.So go send him into a REAL battle.Gather anything in your path but not so much actually search for them.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on May 01, 2008, 11:13:00 pm**

The image of a giant scorpion smacking people around with a polar bear leather skirt clutuched in one of its massive pincers keeps coming back to me...

I forget what the other one picked up. Might be a shoe.

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: SHADOWdump on May 03, 2008, 07:07:00 pm**

Starting to sink...  
Quick talk about socks!

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Greiger on May 03, 2008, 10:27:00 pm**

uhm...  
  
If made into an entity would desert scorpions wear socks?

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: SHADOWdump on May 03, 2008, 11:23:00 pm**

:p

**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on May 04, 2008, 02:17:00 am**

Alright, let's finish this. And yes, scorpions would wear socks. Along with gloves, thongs, and hats.

-----\*~\*The dream becomes clear\*~\*-----

Liceyi looked out over the settlement of Ngabsuslem, with its crowned obsidian towers rising into the sky like fingers pointing in accusation of the sunlight. Greasy black smoke billowed up from burning trashpiles that littered the ground and the base of the towers.

Liceyi had destroyed the human towns that bordered the forested lands. Those who fled for the inner plains had survived, but they were of no concern to Liceyi. What concerned him now were the goblins that lay before him.

With his destruction of the human power in the area, Liceyi had risen to a kind of godhood among the forestdwellers, and they followed him with the kind of devotion that can only come from following such a being. He stood flanked by the golden-bronze armor of the scorpions, and behind him lay an army to rival that of any "civilized" race. Wolves formed packs numbering in the hundreds, scores of bears dotted the mass of grey-white fur, and the unicorns stood sentinel in a tightly-packed group of the wild land's cavalry.

Liceyi looked back over the goblins, and took a few moments to collect his thoughts.

Finally, with a great breath of the only clear air this close to the goblin settlement, he called the charge.

The ground vibrated with the pounding of paw and hoof as they attacked, Liceyi running down the hill with the scorpions scuttling along beside him. As they neared, a goblin watchman saw them and raised the alarm, sending goblins dashing away to find weapons and armor of their own.

The wolves struck first, piling onto those goblins not quite fast enough and sinking their fangs into scrawny goblin necks. The bears came after, shattering their frail bodies with mighty swipes of the paw. Prepared goblins, both formal guards and bloodthirsty peasants, began to flood out of the towers to meet the attacking animals.

With this, the unicorns arrived, charging with heads lowered into the goblin troops and crushing those who were not impaled upon the pearl-white horns.

Finally, with battle in full swing, Liceyi leapt into the melee. The scorpion bodyguards took on whole squads of goblins, their pincers slicing goblins in half and their stingers pumping poison into the warty hides. Liceyi swung his club with brutal strength and impossible aim, shattering the skulls of all the goblins who came within range, paving a path for himself with their lifeless corpses.

Blood flew and bodies fell as the goblins fought their spears and axes against the animals' teeth and claws. The line was slowly moving its way back into the center of the towers when another wave of goblins arrived. They stormed out of the towers that had already been passed by the animals, and so struck directly into their flanks. Liceyi and his forces were surrounded.

The carnage took on an almost surreal level as the animals in the back fought against new fronts, the bodycount rising to such a level that the rows of warriors on both sides had to climb over their beaten fellows to fight against the others in a seemingly endless contest over the blackened ground.

The battle seemed to have come to a standstill when there was a sudden, echoing blast as a roaring ball of fire crashed into the animals, setting fur alight as the animals panicked from the explosion. A visage of terror landed in the cleared zone and began tearing the beasts limb from limb with his coal-black claws.

The demon stood fourteen feet, and its leathery wings seemed to extend to twice that length again. Wickedly twisted horns seemed to provide an unholy crown atop its skin, the color of which could only be likened to burned flesh.

Within moments the demon had added new splatterings of blood to his body as it was forcibly taken from that of the animals that were too close to make an escape. One after another, the demon batted away the bears and unicorns as they came at him. Liceyi stared in horrid awe of the otherworldly fiend, and one of the scorpions turned to combat it. With its stinger raised, it crawled with a speed that would not be expected of a beast proportioned in such a way. It neared the demon, and evaded one swipe from the behemoth before coming within range of the stinger. Just as the scorpion's tail drove forward, the demon's foot came downward, stomping on the armored back of the arachnid. The stinger entered the demon's leg just as the scorpion's entrails exited the sides of its body.

The battle was not going well, but retreat was not an option. Even if the way were clear, Liceyi could not risk such a defeat. He focused his mind, and ran towards the demon.

Liceyi had become abnormally fast, even for an elf, and he could dodge the demon's reaching blows with ease. He muttered wild prayers taught to him by the forest spirits as he ran, and his club took on some of the woodland's power. Just enough so that he might damage the beast on his own terms.

He reached the demon and began to dance around its legs, slamming his club into the ankles and knees of the fiend. He evaded the stomping feet and seeking claws while always searching for a weak point in the demon's build.

With an especially hard blow, he crashed the embued wood of his club into a spot on the inside of the demon's knee, and it shattered with a sound like the crackling of a flame. The demon roared and let out a resounding curse in its native tongue, the words of which were of such an alien quality that they made Liceyi's head throb with pain. His concentration lost for the time being, Liceyi was struck by the enraged demon's fist, sending him flying several feet away.

Liceyi lay there, staring into the charred dirt as he coughed it from his mouth. In his dazed mind the world had shrunk to just that small patch of ground. His head throbbed, his breath trailed out of his mouth in thin wheezes, and he heard and saw nothing outside of that small patch of dirt. Time slowed, sound dulled, and he could do naught but stare at the tainted earth underneath him.

His senses slowly came back to him, and with some effort he brought himself up into a supported position. He took a gasp of air for strength, and propelled himself upwards into a stand. He turned back to face the demon- and stopped.

Liceyi stood aghast. He looked at the kneeling demon's yellow eyes, crinkled in a malicious smile of victory. At the demon's side lay the battered corpse of a goblin pikeman, one that had fallen earlier in the battle.

One whose pike was no longer clutched in its dead hands.

Liceyi's eyes slowly sank down as his knees began to lose strength. He looked at the pike with its wickedly barbed iron head set atop a fire-hardened shaft of wood. He looked at it as it quivered slightly in its new resting place in his chest.

Liceyi, chosen of the forest, sank to his own knees in front of the demon. Two lords sitting in mock respect of one another across a crater of the dead.

His eyes closed, and he drifted into slumber.

The goblins slaughtered the rest of the woodland creatures in a fashion that only goblin minds are wicked enough to concieve of. The bodies from such an occasion would normally be piked and set around the settlement, but there were simply too many corpses, both goblin and animal, to leave enough room for efficient movement.

So they hauled all the bodies off of the makeshift streets and rolled them off the slope at the other end of the settlement. The bodies tumbled down and away from the obsidian fingers in their eternal condemnation of the heavens, and settled into a massive heap of crumpled flesh and bone at the bottom.

Liceyi's body was inside this heap, and his flesh kept its warmth only through the insulation of so many fur-covered beasts that were piled atop him. The pike had since been torn out of his chest, and something else had been torn with it. As the barbs shredded the chest as they were pulled out by gleefully grinning goblins, a small woven pouch was ripped along its side, and a handful of dark seeds spilled into the gaping wound.

Deep inside the flesh mound, something started to grow. Something spread its tendrils into once-living flesh. Something wove itself throughout a mind and body that had died serving an act of retribution.

Something opened his eyes.

-----\*~\*The dream fades\*~\*-----

Hmm, not quite as elegantly put as I would've hoped, but it will serve its purpose. Anyways, time to start planning the new guy.

I was thinking along the lines of a human monk. No, not the kind that has a bad haircut and brews beer, the fighting kind. This *is* after all a martial arts modification. I would, of course, have to mod humans to enter martial trances, but I hope that can be accomplished without the need for a new world.

Other than that, I'm at a loss. There's always the chance for a Greek-esque warrior, but I'd need some time to outfit him the way I want him to be. Or, possibly a human or dwarven crossbowman. Make a suggestion, just *please* don't ask me for another troop leader. I can handle two or three companions at the most, but anything more than that and things just start to unravel.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 04, 2008, 12:17:00 pm**

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Personally I don't know,whatever rocks your boat.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 04, 2008, 03:17:00 pm**

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Go on, make a "troop leader". Did you know "troop" in russian means "corpse"? :)

I wish we had necromancy in places other than the forum...

Aanyways. I don't know if you should keep the world you're playing in. Though maybe to kill the demon that arises to power from the consumed souls of the fallen... or something. Then again, there's the new MA mod to try out...

A human monk ("Arrowproof monk :)) could travel with a good skilled partner. Since you seem to like hacking at times, recruit a drunk, custom name him and give him wrestling skills. I'm afraid you'll have him wielding a rope reed thong in no time, but I guess you can "storytell" that bit away. :D

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sparksol** on **May 04, 2008, 08:42:00 pm**

I recommend a professional-wrestler type of character. It'll nicely explain any kind of outfit or lack thereof you feel like wearing, and give you a reason to find loose chairs with which to hit opponents every so often.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 04, 2008, 10:11:00 pm**

Professional wrestler who likes to wear all kinds of junk.(get creative here)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 05, 2008, 07:39:00 am**

Okaaay.... Is the next character going to be a "serious" character or a "silly" character?

Serious list:

Human warrior-monk. Possible throwing of bolts ("darts") and small stones.  
Human squire. Companion of a heavily-armored arrogant knight.  
Dwarven berserker. An axe in either hand. No helmet. Throwing axes probable.  
Human "Greek" hoplite. Bronze sword, shield, spear, greaves and helmet. No other armor/weapons.

Silly list:

Kobold bug-tosser.  
Dwarven tank. Shields, shields, and more shields. Who needs weapons?  
Human badass. Giant arbalest. No armor. Medieval Duke Nukem.

That's the current list of what I could come up with. Pick from the list or add another to it.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dwarfaholic** on **May 05, 2008, 08:28:00 am**

Mah vote is for a combination silly adventurer: Kobold with lots o' shields.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **AlmostEverywhere** on **May 05, 2008, 09:07:00 am**

Nglorgalorkis?

(Translation: Kobold bug-tosser is the esteemed receipient of my vote!)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 05, 2008, 11:06:00 am**

How about a kobold warrior monk? A kobold can be a serious character too.

Actually, all of the mentioned "serious" characters look nice to me. I'd like to see some deviation this time though. We've been through elves, dwarves, humans, kentaurs, maybe try a dark elf this time? Darkelven rogue with a hand x-bow. Maybe steal a nice knife from the human town (in v1.61t of my mod). Kill any site or civ leader you come across. Use stealth. Steal any valuables that aren't bolted down. Call him Garrett. :)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 05, 2008, 11:14:00 am**

Garrett is, was, and will always be a human. Darkelven assassins are things entirely unto themselves. They're just different, simple as that.

The darkelven assassin is up for voting, however. Sounds interesting enough. However, isn't your latest version still in the testing phase? I'm not sure how much I'd like to work with a version that hasn't had the bughunt running for that long...

But then again, in this version you can slice off someone's neck without them dying. The head stays in place, too. I'm assuming that you have since fixed that with your recent body updates.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 05, 2008, 11:54:00 am**

Er, yeah, among other things. I'm currently considering drastic measures regarding the crash problem, because it's the only thing that's holding the new release back. It's still pretty straightforward, and if you absolutely don't want the crash to happen, it probably won't - every time I tried to replicate the crash by saving and reloading right after an ambush has happened, the crash never appeared.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lord\_Frodo** on **May 05, 2008, 04:02:00 pm**

I like the kobold bug-tosser personally.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **May 05, 2008, 04:08:00 pm**

I don't know, the darkelf assassin sound like a cool idea to me. After all, there haven't really been any "stealthy" types as of yet.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Lemnx** on **May 05, 2008, 08:14:00 pm**

I vote for the bug-tosser. The possibilities seem hilarious.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 05, 2008, 10:50:00 pm**

My vote goes either:  
Serious:Monk.  
Silly:BUGS,and seriously in a silly way,make his(MUST be a he) greatest quest to wear a thong.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 07, 2008, 12:08:00 am**

Right. Looks like a kobold bugflinger gets the vote. Enter, Glibitikusree!

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It was a hot day on the forth of Timber, but for Glibitikusree it was just a hot day. Having no knowledge of the standardized dwarven calendar, Glib was unaware that it was officially late autumn, when the weather should've been cooling down to more reasonable levels.

Glib scratched his hide and took a drink from the nearby stream. He had decided a few days previously to conquer the world, but he was as of yet unsure of what all that entailed or where he should start. He noticed a beetle crawling around on one of the river-smoothed rocks and picked it up out of habit. The creature squirmed inagitation at first, and then settled down contentedly on the kobold's forearm.

Glib sighed wistfully. This harmless insect wasn't anything like the bugs that lived in his cave. Great, oozing things with spiny protrusions and pores that seeped the most vile of poisons, creatures that scared the townsfolk away.

He sat down and stuck his feet into the stream, letting the cold water counteract the effects of the senselessly hot sun. While he sat, a worm crawled out of the ground and up his arm, eventually settling itself inside Glib's armpit. Kobolds are innately connected with bugs in ways that have baffled researchers for some time. Kobolds view all things crawling and creeping as kindred, and the bugs feel the same way about kobolds.

Eventually, Glib picked himself up from his sitting position and began walking downstream. He didn't know where he was going, but he knew that he wasn't going to get there by just sitting around.

He had been walking along the stream's bank, sometimes stepping in to cool himself off, when he heard a loud rumbling noise. He ducked underneath the nearest rock he could find, a decision made by the kobold instinct to hide at every possible opportunity.

The sound, however, did not come closer. Nor did it go away. Glib waited for a few moments and then stuck his head out to see what was going on. Eventually, he clambered out of his hiding place and went of to investigate, a decision made by the kobold trait of irrepressible curiosity.

The sound came from farther downstream, and when he finally came to its source he was slightly crestfallen. The stream, for all its gentle trickling nature, was plummeting downwards off a very high cliff.

The area ahead was a maze of plateaus, large outcroppings of rock, and generally unsafe-looking crags. Unsafe-looking, that is, to a person acquainted with the outdoors. Glib thought nothing of the potential hazards, and bravely traversed the precarious spires and unstable shelves through sheer force of ignorance.

As night fell, he made his way across the treacherous terrain and plopped himself down on the floor of the canyon, where the stream had grown from various other trickling water sources and had grown into a full river. Glib went over to continue walking alongside it when he noticed something. Underneath the water's surface a shiny form was lazily trailing about.

Glib wasn't exactly knowledgeable in the field of water-dwelling creatures, but he had been told of nasty things coming out of cave water and eating young kobolds. He backed away slowly and settled for following the river's path from a greater distance, always wary should something jump out and try to gobble him up.

He carried along like that for some time, until his attention wandered and he lost track of the river. Once he noticed that he was nowhere near any source of water, let alone a flowing river, he shrugged his bony shoulders and kept on in what he assumed was the direction the river had been going.

The turned out to be a roughly East-Northeast direction. The river had been flowing due North until it turned West, but Glib had wandered off in what only madmen would consider a straight line, and even after he had set himself to a specific direction he was incapable of following it exactly.

He continued in this psuedo-direction for some time until his sensitive nose picked up a particularly pungent odor. He crouched down and began skittering around under what little cover he could find, and eventually came across the source of the smell.

A jaguar, unnaturally large, lay on the hard-packed ground ahead of him. For a moment, Glib was overcome with fear at such a large creature and could do nothing but sit and look at it. His initial response was the generic kobold reaction; when in doubt, run away.

However, Glib steadied himself and remembered that he had come out into the world to do something amazing, not run away from something amazingly huge. He began plotting methods of dealing with the large feline ahead of him, but he found it difficult with the worm in his armpit squirming around as it was.

The worm. Glib's amber eyes lit up and his small teeth gleamed in a mischievous grin as his impish nature took over from the more cowardly -and the more dangerous- aspects.

The great cat slept soundly, utterly unaware of the highly embarrassing events to follow...

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This shall be continued shortly. It's 10:36, and it's time for me to have some breakfast. Back in a bit.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 07, 2008, 01:02:00 am**

This is looking promising. :cool:

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 07, 2008, 02:23:00 am**

\*SPLAT\*

The great cat leapt up in surprise and let out a yowl of indignance. It spun around looking for the source of its annoyance, but in its newly-awakened state it was in no position to notice the kobold concealed in the nearby rocks.

The worm, slick with kobold ooze, squirmed around on the jaguar's flank in an attempt to find a slightly more comfortable location. The wet, tickling sensation caused the great cat to spin about wildly in its confusion, and it was all Glib could do to keep from giggling out loud.



He plucked the beetle which had since settled on his shoulder and looked at it briefly. Then, pulling his scrawny arm back, he hurled it onto the whirling cat with uncanny precision. The beetle struck the jaguar's ear as it spun about, and the new source of annoyance caused the great feline to perform an unusual acrobatic maneuver which was apparently an attempt at a backflip while still spinning.

Not even the agility and reflexes of a cat such as this could pull it off however, and the jaguar collapsed onto the ground in a spitting, yowling, writhingly angry and confused lump of yellow fur.

The cat got up, shook itself vigorously, and trotted off to find a slightly less bug-infested locale, holding itself in the appearance of nonchalance that only a recently embarrassed cat can affect.

When the cat had gone, Glib allowed himself a quick giggle before picking up a few more beetles from the surrounding area and following after the jaguar. Mischief had taken over his better judgement, a rather frequent scenario among kobolds.

Glib hefted one of the uncommonly heavy beetles from the area by its shiny carapace and tossed it at the jaguar. When the beetle hit it, however...

\*PAF!\*

The beetle exploded with a sharp noise and sent shards of its armor into the cat's hide. The jaguar roared in pain and dashed off, leaving Glib a few moments to sit with his jaw hanging low as he recounted the events. He hastily picked up a few more and hurried after the cat, dreadfully eager to see how many of the beetles were of the exploding kind.

Glib followed after the cat for some distance, pelting the confused creature with the uncommonly volatile beetles that lived in the area. After a time, the minor wounds inflicted by their blasting hides started to add up, and the jaguar's fur was caked with dried blood from a myriad of small cuts and gashes. Glibitikusree threw beetle after beetle, and although not all of them blew up, there were quite enough to satisfy Glib's sense of humor.

He picked up another of the countless beetles and cackled madly as he threw it at the jaguar.

The great feline turned around instantly and glared at Glibitikusree, who had not only laughed aloud, but had also stepped out of the rock cover in order to make that last shot.

For a few moments, they stood there like that. Glib's eyes were incredibly huge in the dawning realization that he was in plain view of the jaguar that he'd been taunting with thrown beetles for the better part of the past day.

His throat made a dry plunking sound as he tried to swallow. He then opened his mouth and shrieked in the high-pitched kobold tone reserved for mortal danger, and then ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was only after quite some distance that he noticed not only had he not been pounced upon and eaten, he also wasn't being chased. He stopped running, looked around... And saw nothing. No giant jaguar. He couldn't even smell it from here.

Glib scratched his head in wonderment for a bit, and then started walking again. Best not to question good luck.

-----

If you're wondering, the giant jaguar ran away from him. I guess it'd had just about enough of those bomber beetles, so when I threw the last one from just two spaces behind the jaguar, it saw me and skedaddled. I saw a giant scorpion wandering around nearby, so I don't think I'll be trying such close-range tactics again...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dwarfaholic** on **May 07, 2008, 03:36:00 am**

I approve of this first post.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SmileyMan** on **May 07, 2008, 11:10:00 am**

Yay! Go Glib!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Cantona\_7** on **May 07, 2008, 11:49:00 am**

Cantona\_7 likes kobolds for their irrepressible curiosity.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 07, 2008, 03:48:00 pm**

:D  
Need I say more?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 07, 2008, 04:09:00 pm**

I often wonder what vermin could do with a higher value in the [PENETRATION] tag...  
Nice story so far. Poor little puddy tat. :)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 08, 2008, 02:13:00 am**

Glib walked North for several days, eventually finding another river that he decided to follow. After a few more days of travel, the terrain changed from the hot and rocky wasteland he had come from, to a verdant forest with crystalline springs.

For some time, all Glib could do was walk around in amazement at all the green plants that filled the area, and watch the pixies flittering between the trees in their intricate dances.

He acquired a lively skip to his step, and rarely was there a moment when he did not boast a wide grin of merry enjoyment on his face. After a while of wandering about, Glib came across a tight-knit group of unicorns in a small clearing. Their silky silver-white manes cascading down their flawless necks as they nuzzled one another in the soft sunlight. Glib was entranced, and let out a small "Ooooooh...." as he watched them.

The herd leader's head snapped up and turned towards the source of the noise. Glib, who had assumed that everything that could live in this forest must be friendly, was not hiding. The kobold stood flanked by two trees at the edge of the clearing, his small arms hanging limply at his sides as he observed the now-aware equines.

The lead unicorn snorted. Glibitikusree gulped.

"BWAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Glib howled in fear and ran as fast as he could, arms now flailing above his head as though to ward of insects. The unicorns charged en masse, their hooves pounding the forest ground beneath them as they chased after the kobold.

Glib pumped his little legs with as much speed as he could possibly muster, charging blindly through the undergrowth.

The unicorns, although very well adapted to the forest terrain, were simply not small enough to fit into the same places that the kobold could -and did-. Glib managed to keep a fair distance between him and the charging unicorns, although he was too preoccupied with running away to notice such.

He did glance around at one point during the chase, but before he could see much he slammed into a tree. Glib screamed in terror at the tree for slowing him down at such an inopportune moment, and then dashed around it.

He was in no state to notice, but the pounding of hooves had grown distant and slightly less rapid. The unicorns, for all their speed and grace, simply could not keep up with the madcap run of a terror-stricken kobold.

Glib ran until it felt as though his lungs would burst, and he stopped by one of the many available trees to lean against it and steady himself. After a couple gasping breaths, he looked back around, fully expecting to see the unicorns coming after him.

He didn't. He cocked his head to one side and listened. Nothing.

Glib took a cautious step forward to see if he could determine what had happened to the unicorns. This was his curiosity creeping back up on him, but he was fortunate enough to step on a small twig with that cautious step, giving off a loud crack that re-activated his survival instinct of natural fear, and sent him flying into the bushes for cover.

An active day, to say the least.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 08, 2008, 02:48:00 am**

Hehe. "Stampede! Stampede, Earl! Run away! Run away!" :)

I wonder how many know where that's from...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 08, 2008, 02:14:00 pm**

First thing that came to mind was Gary Larson, but I couldn't remember any of his cartoons having that particular quote. Other than that, I'm stumped.

Hmm... Blackwood isn't moving along as well as I'd hoped, both from a writing perspective and the responses (or, rather, the lack thereof). Glib, on the other hand, is doing just fine. He's actually remarkably good at avoiding danger, and I've been trying to train up his throwing arm a bit so his signature missiles can actually do a bit of damage. A few levels of strength would be nice, but the only thing that changes is his agility...

He's just getting better and better at running away. That's actually not a good thing, since he can outpace anything that would chase after him in an interesting fashion. I'll have to see what I can cook up for him tomorrow...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 08, 2008, 02:27:00 pm**

Don't worry about lack of responses too much,we may well be just watching... waiting...

Thats what I'm doing.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 08, 2008, 04:45:00 pm**

Kagus, if your adventurer ever has a deathwish, make him infiltrate a dark outcast cave.

I don't think even a party of 7 legendary battledwarves could take them on. They would have a chance in the new version, because I removed the webbing abilities. Even now, you'd have a hundred spider-legged poison-biting steel-using elf-faced freaks charging at you the moment you near their cave...

(And the quote's from a movie, not a cartoon. A 1990 movie, to be exact.)  
(Hmm, it seems I was wrong. The quote's actually "Stampede! Stampede, Earl! **Get out of the way, get out of the way!**". I had to listen through russian dubbing though, so no wonder I got it wrong. :))

[ May 08, 2008: Message edited by: Sean Mirrsen ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **May 08, 2008, 07:46:00 pm**

Don't worry I'm still here. Just quietly listening.

You could always bump all the wildlife's speed up a few notches to make running away harder.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 09, 2008, 03:54:00 am**

Glib traveled North, even if he wasn't aware of that. For weeks he wandered around randomly, driven by his intense curiosity, his quest for world domination (whatever that meant), and his short attention span.

He eventually happened upon a small coastal town called Aspaura, and the as he approached it the lively sounds of the townsfolk slowed his pace and made him duck into the shrubbery.

He sat in some bushes at the outskirts of town, occasionally picking up a bug that happened to be crawling by, and watcing the citizens going about their business.

This simple observance, however, simply would not suffice. The sneaky grin spread across Glib's face once again and he began stalking his way into the village, making sure to stay out of sight.

He noticed a human carrying something large -and thus innately interesting- into a building that was larger than the surrounding human-burrows.



Glib waited a few moments, and the human came back out again, this time without carrying anything. Using his kobold powers of deductive reasoning, Glib suspected that the human must have left the large -and thus innately interesting- object inside the building!

After looking around to see if anyone was watching, Glib crept over to the door and let himself in. What he saw inside made his already-rapid heartrate flutter. There were tables upon tables of *stuff* lining the walls. There was red stuff and brown stuff and green stuff and flowing stuff and scrunchy stuff and lots of other stuff, and all of it was just sitting there!

Glib could scarcely believe his eyes, and he started rolling around in the merchant's wares, delighting in the pure joy that only comes from rolling around in someone else's loot pile. At least for kobolds.

He would have kept this up for some time, had not a particular item caught his attention. Glib stared in amazement, his eyes going absurdly wide as he looked at the absolute treasure that lay in front of him.

A *sack*.

It was the most beautiful thing Glibitikus had ever seen, the tough and wiry cords of rope reed colored a bright, pleasing red with redroot dye. It had smooth-yet-scratchy leather decorating it in swirls and zigzags, and it had bands made from the bones of a very large creature encircling it at regular intervals. Along the outer edge of the bag ran a line of birch wood spikes, and even Glib, with his limited knowledge of trees, could tell that this was superior quality birch.

With tentative claws, Glib first simply touched, and then lifted the magnificent thing up. He stood on the pile of random clothing and goods and held the sack above his head and let out a triumphant battlecry, shaking the thing at the heavens in his victory.

When the shopkeeper opened the door to his shop again, he found a small creature with light brown skin standing on one of his goods displays, holding up a backpack (one of the junk items he had been meaning to clear out of his store since he couldn't even hope to sell such ugly things) and yelling.

For a moment, he could only stand there in the doorway and stare at the kobold howling at the backpack over its head. Then his shopowner instincts kicked in and he shouted at the kobold.

"HEY! Hey you! Drop that!"

There was really no point in telling the kobold to drop the foul bag, he was going to throw it out anyways. However, he couldn't let some random kobold come into his shop and steal something, even if it *was* worthless.

Glib's battlecry stuck in his throat with an odd \*GUCK\* sound. Slowly, he looked down from the bag and turned his head towards the open door, and the angry-looking human standing in it.

"EEP!"

Glib almost leapt into the sack's strap as he put it on. The shopkeeper let out another "HEY!", but it was too late. Glib was in full flight, and a cloud of miscellaneous items went flying into the air as he scrambled across the counter away from the human.

The shopkeeper charged after him, running through the kobold's rooster-tail of debris as he chased him around the shop.

Kobolds, already quite nimble, gain an almost supernatural agility when frightened. Glib dashed across piles of clothing, crawled underneath chairs and tables, and even scrambled along one of the walls as the angry shopkeeper came after him.

In a desperate attempt to get more time, Glib started picking up some of the things he was running over and throwing them back at the human behind him. Far more accurate than the wild spray kicked up by his feet, the flopping projectiles smacked dead center into the shopkeeper's bright red face.

"HEY! I SAID STO- \*FWAP\* -OOF! CUT THAT OU- \*FWAP\* -RRMPH! I'M GOING TO CALL THE GU- \*FWAP\* -MMR!"

Glib, who wouldn't have been able to understand the shopkeeper's shouting even if it wasn't cut short by random articles of clothing, paid no heed to his threats. Instead, he just ran faster.

After making a few laps around the shop in this manner, Glib's panic had cooled to the point where he could start looking for an actual escape route. The door was too heavy for him to open quickly enough, and so he started looking for something, anything, that could get him away from this screaming human.

He spotted the window and made a mad dash for it, leaping out and onto the street outside. The shopkeeper stuck his head out and bellowed into the street that most ancient of commands.

"*STOP! THIEF!*"

The townsfolk, stunned somewhat by the appearance of a kobold wearing a backpack, were kicked into action by the word "thief".

Glib gulped. Glib ran. The town ran after him.

The nearby guardsmen gathered together and chased after the kobold, clanking after him in their armor. Waving their weapons and bellowing like men on a fox hunt, they ran through the streets after the bag-thief.

A watchman armed with a bow woke up in the comotion and fired an arrow into a nearby tree in his confusion. After getting his wits about him, he looked at the approaching parade. A stream of townsfolk ran behind the three guards, and the guards ran behind a kobold carrying the strangest backpack he had ever seen. Taking careful aim, he fired at the kobold, landing an arrow into its left bicep.

Glib cried out in pain as the arrow struck him, but he kept running as quickly as he could manage. At least his legs still worked.

The watchman, the guards, the shopkeeper, the mayor, the local schoolchildren, a small dog that yipped as it pranced along, all chased after the thief. Down dusty streets, around corners, up slopes and down drops, they chased him.

But Glib was simply too fast. Too fast, and too intent on keeping his life and his newly-acquired loot sack. He continually added to the ground behind him, and dashed off into the falling darkness as the sun settled in for a night's rest.

Some distance away from the town, once he'd convinced himself that he had evaded the guards, he sat down heavily and rested his legs. He looked over at the arrow still sticking out of his arm, and with a pitiful expression of dread he grabbed it and began tugging it out of the wound.

Luckily for him, the shot was as close to a graze as it could get while still sticking into his skin. The few muscle fibers that had been cut would heal in short order. None of this made much difference for Glib, however, since he still had to pull an iron-headed arrow out of his arm. As he pulled it free from the flesh, possibly doing more damage than the initial insertion of the thing, he gabbled and gibbered in the kobold language's equivalent of swearing.

His short attention span came in handy. Soon after he pulled it out the pain in his arm was forgotten in lieu of admiring the shiny arrow. He had raided a town and come out with a sack and a shiny arrow. A bright smile spread across his face.

Life was good.

This might be the best in the series yet. :D  
Still think he'd be the perfect candidate for a thong. :p

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dwarfaholic** on **May 10, 2008, 05:43:00 am**

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Glib has been ecstatic lately. He admire own fine Iron arrow lately. He was lightly wounded lately.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 10, 2008, 05:54:00 am**

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Well, you lot have certainly taken a liking to the little mischief-maker. It's fun to write for him, because of his koboldly ways of dealing with things. He's not expected to take down giant scorpions, rip the eyes out of every person in town, or rip the entrails out of the local unicorn population. No, he's expected to grab pointless objects, throw bugs at people, and run away at the first sign of danger.

I'm afraid updates won't be as speedy as you might hope, as I'm currently brewing up something else that's going to take some setting up. I'll try to lay out another chapter in the Chronicles of Glibitikusree (CoG) by tonight. Mind you, that's tonight *my time*.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 10, 2008, 10:12:00 am**

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After his shining success at the last human town, Glibitikusree decided to look for another, slightly smaller, human settlement to play with. He spent several days wandering the wilderness, running from unicorns, throwing giant fleas at wolf packs, chasing down and eating groundhogs, and generally enjoying himself before coming upon the peaceful hamlet of Xembengel.

It had been some time since Glib had last eaten, and so he decided to take a look inside some of the smaller buildings which he assumed were personal burrows of some sort.

Inside one such building, he found a barrel full of salted meat, some of which came from creatures that Glib had never seen before in his life.

He ate greedily, stuffing his mouth with the tasty meat. Once he was full, his mind was able to consider more devious uses for the remaining food. He pried off the barrel's lid entirely, and began dumping the meat out onto the floor. He stuff a few lumps into his sack for safe keeping, and then set to his solemn duty as a kobold.

He began throwing slabs of meat in all directions, the salted meat thudding off the walls and bouncing off the furniture in the small house. He stacked it in piles on the bed, ripped off small strips and stuck them into small cracks in the walls and floor, took out the feathers from the pillow-sack and stuffed meat into it instead. When he finally stood back to survey his handiwork, there was not a single place that had been left untouched by either salted meat or feathers. Glib nodded his head approvingly, and then walked out the door, still clutching a piece of meat in one hand.

Encouraged, he entered one of the larger buildings nearby. He didn't have any idea as to what it was, but decided it was worth at least looking at. He smeared his chunk of meat on the doorhandle before pushing it open all the way and stepping inside.

He took a couple steps into the building, staring fixedly up at the high ceiling that seemed to tower above him. Not looking where he was going, he tripped over something on the floor.

"What in the hells..."

Glib scrambled to his feet and looked at what he had stepped on. The human propped herself up on her elbows and glared blearily in the direction of Glib.

It took her a few moments for her sleepy and more-than-simply-tired bloodshoot eyes to make out the form in front of her. When she did, her eyes flew open and she let out a yell of alarm.

"KOBOLD! There's a feckin' kobold in 'ere! Kill it!"

Glib heard sounds from up above and looked up. On the level above, several people got groggily up from the bunks, chairs, or puddles of stale beer that they had been sleeping in. One, an archer employed as local defense, looked down at Glib and began hastily searching underneath the nearby tables for his bow.

Glib screamed, and the high-pitched sound of his yelping struck nails into the ears of the drunkards who were still in the process of waking up. Glib dashed around the large woman that he had tripped over, ducking under her meaty arms as she swung them at him in groggy punches. There was a dischordant thundering from above as the drunkards on the second level started tumbling over chairs and tables as they made their way to the stairs.

He danced around another drunkard that had risen from his sleeping spot near the door, dodged yet another swinging blow from the woman, and shot out the still-open door.

As Glib made a hasty retreat, he realized that he still held the hunk of salted meat. Taking a quick glance for aiming purposes, Glib hurled the meat at the drunkards that were piling out of the door and coming after him.

The fleshy slab flopped limply in the air before falling short. Glib was at first disappointed, but he soon felt his spirits rise as the lead drunkard stepped on the briny meat and slipped, falling backwards into the person behind him.

The drunkards, not known for their agility or balance, quickly collapsed into a swearing and belching pile as one drunkard fell backward into the next, setting off a chain reaction that brought every last one of them to the ground.

Grinning from ear to ear, Glibitikusree pranced away into the darkness at the edge of town. Time for someplace new.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Greiger** on **May 10, 2008, 10:33:00 am**

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Awesome. I would hate to be the owner of that particular house.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 10, 2008, 11:12:00 am**

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MEAT PILLOW!!!

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 12, 2008, 07:09:00 am**

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I've been doing some more work on project Codename: Amithulthush, so the next update will probably come sometime tomorrow. Feel free to excersize the DnG! freedom to vote, and decide where Glub should go next and what he should do.

By the way... Before you lot start voting on it, there's not a single thong in the world that can fit him. Got it?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 12, 2008, 10:46:00 am**

AW darn...

Well it was a good idea non-the-less. :p

Anyways what to vote on?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 12, 2008, 10:59:00 am**

Ehh... Was kinda hoping you'd just come up with something. Hang on, lemme take a look at the map again.

Okay... We've got elves to the East, Southeast, and far to the South. Dwarves far to the South. Goblins far to the South-Southwest. Humans to the Northwest and Southeast (The two villages that have already been visited. There are probably more lurking around in the unrevealed territory).

He's sitting on a hill, one of many. The nearby terrain includes steppes to the Southwest, forests to the East, wastelands to the North and a sea to the South/Southeast, with a river going back West and then South.

Like I said, there are probably a few more human settlements sitting around here. He's sitting in a great big blob of blackness as far as the eye can't see. No formal list this time, since I can't think of much to do at the moment.

Oh, by the way, his pack is currently stuffed full of beetles, and he's holding the arrow in his right hand. He also has some elk meat, and some inventory bloating caused by staying out in the cold too long (severe cold causes bleeding of the eyes, dontcha know).

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jools** on **May 12, 2008, 03:28:00 pm**

I vote elves to the southeast. Bothering the pointy-eared gits sounds like fun, if a bit more of a challenge when spotted...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 12, 2008, 03:57:00 pm**

Agreed bug the elves!  
Make sure they're covered in bug guts!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 14, 2008, 03:37:00 pm**

I do say this topic cannot be pushed off to the second page, it's too good to die young!

Kagus, do something with Blackwood and get back here! We need more of Glib's adventures! Or someone else's...

Right now you can go, uh, bug the elves. Just remember that when you can throw a bug at an archer, he can do much worse!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 14, 2008, 09:29:00 pm**

Yeah The sudden influx of stories and community games are pushing awesomeness down quickly,KEEP IT ALIVE EVERYONE!!!

[ May 14, 2008: Message edited by: SHADOWdump ]

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 14, 2008, 11:34:00 pm**

Okay... I guess I'm just going to have to get used to making an update the *instant* a vote majority appears. Apparently, waiting for a larger number of voters is not appreciated...

.

Glib approached the grove warily, keeping his ears pricked and his eyes darting around at the nearby terrain.

Naturally, in such a state of concentrated observance, he was utterly oblivious to the kentaur until he was only sixty or so feet away. Glib froze in his tracks, but the kentaur was facing the other way, leaning against a tree and observing the frolicking farther in.

Glib crept up silently behind the kentaur with the intent of tying something foul into the creature's tail hair, but then had a better idea.

The coming of winter had dried the local trees as they sucked themselves down into their roots to wait out the cold. The branches of the tree the kentaur was leaning against were almost brittle for lack of moisture.

Glib made his way around slowly, and squatted down close to the tree. With his claws, a good rock, and a little bit of kobold mischief, Glib soon had a rather pleasant flame lighting its way around the tree's bark.

The kentaur remained leaning against the tree, utterly absorbed in the festival bonfire in front of him rather than the festive bunfire behind him.

The flame soon spread, and the kentaur's tail was soon on fire. Then his rear loincloth. Then his shirt. Finally, the kentaur was aware of the unusual heat and looked around at the flames wreathing his body.

With a winny of surprise and belated pain, the kentaur leapt away from the tree and began chargin through the rest of the grove, causing widespread chaos in his wake as other kentaurs panicked at the sight of the newly-immolated version of their race.

Glib cackled with glee, and then clamped his hands over his mouth to stop the sound. There was no one to hear him however, as the other kentaurs were still to preoccupied with attempting to put out the flames or simply get away from them.

Glib was about to turn around and go on his way when he noticed something else. Several of the kentaurs that had dashed away from the flaming effigy that was their kinsman were huddled around or hiding behind trees. Dry, winter-season trees.

Glib grinned.

Utter, blinding, bewildering chaos. The honed intelligence of the kentauri minds was overshadowed by their base instincts as fires started appearing for no apparent reason. More and more of the kentauri were running around with their manes on fire, flailing arms wildly as though they could shoo away the flames riding on their backs.

Several jumped in the lakes, others attempted to roll their oddly-shaped bodies in dirt or wet grass, the rest simply ran around in the hopes that someone would put them out.

Glib dashed around the glowing grove with the white gleam of his teeth showing in an almost perpetual grin. He ran around, picking up whatever interesting items the kentaur's dropped in their current confused state and putting it all into his new sack.

Eventually, the heat and smoke from the flames made his throat rather parched, so he wandered off to find a river to drink from. Behind him, the whoops and yowls of the kentaur grove continued as they hastily beat each others' flames off their backs.

.

I would just like to point out that this grove is named "Canyonmurdered", the first kentaur was named "Goto Fruityseers", and the tree he was leaning against was named "The Color of Peaches". Also, Glib found an iron spear. It was dropped by a human guard. What a human guard was doing out there, I have no idea. I guess he was just tired of the city life and wanted to get away from it all. I suppose that constitutes an idea as to what happened, so I can't really say that I have no idea.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 15, 2008, 06:32:00 am**

---

Waiting isn't exactly "not appreciated", but such as it is, few people seem to post. I suggest you have a certain fixed wait time, after which you use whatever vote majority there is. This will keep you in the right spirit for the adventure (as in, you won't forget where you last were) and keep the thread going. I'll be sure to post here from time to time. ;)

Also, I sense a problem within this one. Glib is surely a fun character, but the options we can have for him are rather limited. We're used to "Trog bash!" and probably can't think up any decent activities for someone who's only seeking opportunity for mischief. It would've never occurred to me that you can make this kind of fun of sleeping kentaur's (though I suspect you made half of it up), for example.

For now, I think Glib might tackle a more materialistic problem. Go on a shiny-collecting rampage through the nearest dark fort.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 15, 2008, 06:39:00 am**

---

Actually, the latest post contained the least amount of fabricated content of the story. I just left out all the charred flesh and burning corpses, since I didn't feel it was very fitting. The place was a smoking wreck when I left.

And I'm aware that Glib may not have a very clear future ahead of him... However, I've got a rather unusual destination planned for him. I'll do a couple more updates, and then drop him off in a completely unexpected fashion before starting in on another adventurer that I've been brewing for a bit, and who's been itching to get his gore fix.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jools** on **May 15, 2008, 09:35:00 am**

---

Awww, and I was just getting to like Glib!

He reminds me of a chap I knew once by the name of Glyn... though slightly more destructive...

Kudos for the kentaur pyromania episode. That was funny. I must try it myself with a sneaky character.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 15, 2008, 07:22:00 pm**

---

HAHA,this guy is awesome,he throws bugs,steals crap,lines the walls with meat,and he is a freaking pyromaniac!I was right,he is the best character in the series yet!

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 16, 2008, 02:49:00 am**

---

Glib went to the North, where he came across another small town that was ripe for his trickery.

Glib, now well-accustomed to the human settlements, was able to sneak around easily as he tied the hair of sleeping children to fenceposts, stuffed beetles inside of pies cooling on windowsills, carved a hole in the bottom of the well bucket, and generally caused widespread annoyance.

He had contented himself with teasing the outer reaches of the town, fearing the more heavily-patrolled inner sections, but he was incapable of holding to this resolution for long.

He crept inside a general equipment store, and found two more sacks lying on the orderly counters! Glib could hardly believe his luck, and he quickly strapped them on. He now had an unusually lumpy profile, since the three bags (complete with hanging rings, spikes, and various other decorations) piled on top of each other. He also now made a rather peculiar \*fwumf\* \*fwumf\* \*fwumf\* sound as the bags lifted up and fell into each other again with his gait.

None of this bothered Glib, or even entered his mind. He now had three sacks, which was three more than anyone else from his cave, and he quickly began to make use of this fact by cramming various bugs inside them for safe keeping.

Inspired, he proudly trotted outside and opened the door to one of the smaller houses, intent on snatching a bite to eat.

The man turned away from the conversation he had been having with his wife and looked towards the door. Glib had left out one very important aspect of his plan to go inside the house for some food, and that was the fact that there might actually be someone inside.

**You've been spotted!**

Glib turned and ran, still surprisingly fast even with his unwieldy burden. The man from inside the house chased after him, apparently filled with visions of glory for saving his town from the, eh, "dangerous beast".

He was in for more than he had expected. Glib skittered away from him, reaching into his pack and tossing bugs and the man. Most simply bounced off, but some clung on and bit the man in several painful areas. Glib realized that there was no way the human could ever catch up to him, so he slowed his pace a little and continued throwing bugs at his would-be slayer. The man had begun a comical dance of sorts, as he was attempting to shake off or otherwise remove the bugs while still pursuing Glib. Glib danced in return, mimicking the man's movements with experienced mockery.

Glib paraded his way around a tree and the man danced after him, hopping from foot to foot as the beetles and carapace-worms crawled into uncomfortable crevices on his body. Glib took on the prancing walk of a child dancing around a maypole, leading the ever more furious human behind him. He then split off from the tree, causing the man to stumble slightly at the abrupt change in course, and led him around yet another tree.



A man should never attempt to run, hop on one leg, reach behind him to pluck a giant tick off his back, and swear at the same time. The brain simply cannot handle so many tasks at once. He tripped.

Glib pranced over to kick the man in his shins, but before he could do so another human hand reached out and grabbed Glib's wrist, twisting viciously. Glib howled with pain and flipped onto the human in an attempt to loosen the grip. Not expected a kobold to jump upside-down onto her face, the woman faltered and let go long enough for Glib to get his now-crooked hand back from her and dash away. Glib didn't particularly like getting hurt, and decided to show this human just who was the hurter-person around here.

He ran off, trailing the woman behind him as he went, and then pulled out a large beetle with a shiny pitch-black shell that had bright yellow patterns along its back. Glib had plucked this particular beetle up some time ago, and had carried it with him should he ever need its help. He took a glance over his shoulder as he ran, and then sped up a little as to gain some distance.

After he felt there was enough room, Glib stopped abruptly and turned around on his foot, raising his still-good left hand behind him with the beetle clutched in it, its dagger-like proboscis searching the air.

Glib hurled the moon beetle, scourge of worlds, at the approaching human. The beetle hit legs first, and sank the small claws of its feet into the woman's dress. The proboscis stiffened, and then with a powerful thrust sank through the cloth and into the woman's chest. She gave a small shriek as she felt the pain, but it trailed off almost lazily as she dropped to the ground. The moon beetle's poison, having hit such an important circulatory area, had taken immediate effect. The woman was now completely unconscious.

Glib walked over and took out the shiny arrow he had acquired from the archer in that town so long ago. With his teeth bared now in a threatening glare rather than an impish grin, he plunged the arrow downward with his left hand.

**You stab The human in the neck with your Iron arrow!**  
**It is badly pierced!**  
**The Iron arrow has lodged firmly in the wound!**

Glib yanked and pulled at the arrow to get it free, opening up the wound even more. He started to get a little scared, as there was a massive amount of blood coming out from the woman's neck and it only seemed to get worse as he tried to retrieve his prized arrow. He heard the clanking of guards nearby, and gave one last mighty tug on the arrow. He got it out, but the woman's neck was now a bleeding mass, and there looked to be no hope for her recovery. As the flow started to slow down, Glib ran out into the woods. He could never go back to that village again, and would need to find new places to work his mischief. Pranks and harmful trickeries were one thing, but Glib was now a murderer, and people would go to great lengths to stop a murderer.

Glib had started to get bored with the area anyway. Time for someplace a little less... Dangerous.

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**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on May 16, 2008, 04:23:00 am**

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Far to the South he travelled, wandering through the thickly wooded forests. He had never actually intended to kill the woman, at least he didn't think so, but that's the way that things had turned out for him.

He brooded on how likely it was that more people would have to die in order for someone to conquer the world... To attempt such a thing would most likely put you in conflict with many different people, and conflict often led to someone's death.

He was thinking about the moral ramifications of total domination when he heard a deep and rumbling sound to his left. Glib looked up and went momentarily bug-eyed as he stared up at the heavily muscled torso of the kentaurl, wearing on its upper body only the shining bow that was carried in the standard archer's fashion.

The kentaurl cleared his throat again and spoke to Glibitikusree.

"Kobold, you are not welcome here. I would see you dead on the ground but I am honor-bound to offer you your life. However, I cannot allow you to leave with your ill-gotten goods. Hand over the rucksacks."

Glib could understand the kentaurl's speech, as it was deemed prudent by certain kobolds to learn the language of the wild beasts in the event they got into just such a situation. However, Glib could not reproduce the sounds, and so started babbling his protest in his native tongue. Before he could blurt out much, the kentaurl raised a hand to stop him.

"I will hear nothing against this from you. You will either let your taint be scoured from the forests or you will give up your stolen goods that we may return them to their rightful owners."

Glib clapped his mouth shut and stared at the kentaurl, thinking things over. Finally, he narrowed his eyes and spoke a single word.

"GLIBITIKUSREE!"

He charged off, running as fast as he had ever run before in his life. The kentaurl behind him started after him, taking the bow off his back and calling out a warcry into the woods.

From all around him, Glib could see more and more kentaursl joining in the pursuit. He scrambled, dodged, jumped and skittered to avoid them as they attempted to capture him. Pausing in his gallop for just a moment, the kentaurl shot an arrow at Glib, plunging deep into Glib's left arm. Glib yelped but didn't slow down, *couldn't* slow down. He was no longer in control of his own movements, his instincts had taken over and were propelling his small frame at speeds that not even the kentaursl could fully match.

More kentaursl began coming out of the trees to join in the hunt, and Glibitikusree ran in zig-zags to keep them away from him. He was far faster and agile than most of them could manage, but the big archer was stronger than any of the rest. Glib could hear him pounding away at the ground behind him, so dangerously close he could swear he felt the kentaurl's hot breath on his back. Glib ran around trees and through bushes, ran as fast as he could but the kentaurl never fell far behind.

Glib took a weaving course through the trees and managed to get some time, as no matter how fast the big kentaurl was, Glib was always going to be able to fit into smaller places. However, it was not enough time or enough distance for Glib to consider himself safe, as he could always glance over his shoulder and see him charging around another tree or jumping over a log.

Glib noticed that the trees were getting thinner, and before he could think through what that meant in his panicked mind the ground dropped away. Glib barely managed to skid to a stop before going over the edge of the cliff, and he sent a small amount of dirt out into the air in his place. At first, Glib could only stand there in consideration of how close he had come to simply falling off, when thunderous galloping behind him woke him up.

He turned around and saw him, the big kentaurl, closing in. There was a look of sheer triumph on the kentaurl's face as he slowed down somewhat, savoring the moment before the kill.

Glib looked at that smirking face, that look of complete assurance. That conqueror's smile.

Glib's face softened from the panicked look it had adopted during the chase, and fell into a visage of grim acceptance. That conqueror's smile had told him what the next step would be, the next strand to be plucked in fate's web.

The kentaurl closed in on him, and he tensed his arms in anticipation of wringing the koboldsl neck.

Glib pulled his lips back in a pointed smile, his amber eyes showing a look of both victory and regret. The kentaurl was puzzled and then looked on in dawning rage as he realized the kobold's plan an instant before it was enacted.

Glibitikusree stepped backwards, his mouth opening not in a scream, but a chattering laugh as he watched the kentaurl's face contort with frustration. Glib looked upwards at that leering face as he plummeted backwards down the cliff face.

With a great crash that sent brambles flying in all directions, Glibitikusree slammed into the ground below. There was a sickeningly wet crunch when he hit, and he felt fluids pooling up around him as he lay on the ground, still staring up at the kentaur above.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

After a few moments, Glib realized that although he was certainly hurting, it wasn't as bad as one might expect from having taking a fall from such a great height. He tested his limbs experimentally. Everything worked, with the tolerable exception of his left arm with still had the arrow wedged in it.

Glib rocked himself forward, and pushed himself off the ground. A great oozing, smacking sound came from behind him and he saw a veritable pool of yellowish goo where he had landed. It took him a few moments to understand what had happened, but when it did his eyes lit up with joy and he began prancing around with glee.

The sacks. The sacks that he had been stuffing full of beetles and worms and centipedes and random articles of clothing, the sacks that he had been asked to give up. They were so full of padding from the clothes and the insect hordes that they had cushioned his fall.

Glib shouted in irrepressible happiness as he danced around at the bottom of the cliff, the bags still soggy with bug-guts slapping around him as he went.

He turned around and barked laughter up at the kentaur at the top, and began to make every offensive gesture he knew at the thing.

The kentaur pulled the bow from his back and began to take aim but Glib had already dashed off, a distant shape prancing along in the distance. The kentaur put down his bow and swore mightily, looking out at that dancing speck as it bounced farther and farther away from him.

[ May 16, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 16, 2008, 04:35:00 am**

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\_---Epilogue---\_

Glibitikusree went West this time, making his way into the mountains. He had heard of a mighty mountain hall dug into the rock itself. Glib eventually found it, and approached the dwarves who were busy hauling rocks out of the new shafts. There was the standard reaction of fear and distrust, but one dwarf, dressed in purple, greeted Glib in his native tongue. With some negotiation, Glib requested a meeting with the hall's leader and told him of his travels, using the scholar as a translator.

And so, after much discussion, Glibitikusree became the first kobold to join the mountain fortress of Uzollakish, and his incredible agility earned him work enough to afford a comfortable house and the respect of the local dwarves. Glibitikusree would spend the evenings, what evening there were underground, sitting in his soft, warm chair and thinking about the time he had spent conquering the world. His prized sack, the first one he ever stole, hung from the wall where he displayed remnants from his adventuring days.

He still hadn't cleaned the bug guts off of it.

~-The End-~

.

And so ends the tale of Glibitikusree, at least for now. A new figure is emerging from the mists and is ready to strike out into the world, for the gaining of glory and the mocking of death.

EDIT: Oh yeah, should I update to the new version of the MA+ mod for the next dude? That'd leave out the possibility for Glib to make another appearance, but a lot of issues will be fixed and there are some fun new things to kill stuff with (and get killed by).

[ May 16, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 16, 2008, 03:33:00 pm**

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Definitely make sure you still have glib on that harddrive,I'd be a shame to lose him.

It is your call.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 17, 2008, 01:16:00 am**

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I'm a little bit stumped right now. I *thought* the next adventurer was a clear choice, but I just recently got a wonderful opportunity I hadn't seen before... So now we've got two choices, and I'm having the darnedest time picking between the two.

I think I'll just have to go with the first one, however. The second choice would almost *require* a particular tweak to be made, and I don't know how to make that particular tweak... So, I'll send a PM to Cap'n Mayday about it and start with the first dude in the meantime.

I'll be doing it in the new version. Glib, and his version, will be stashed away somewhere. Your patience is appreciated at this point, because this dude's gonna take a little while to buff up to a survivable level.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 17, 2008, 10:16:00 am**

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Test the Mod Base while you're at it. Should be a breeze, but you never know...

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 17, 2008, 10:26:00 am**

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The mod's already installed, what would I use it for? Naw, I'm gonna try and keep your mod from crashing after several training enemies worth of skill since the last save.

It was another ambush crash... Speaking of which, I got ambushed by a giant red-back spider before, and as son as I saw it the game informed me "You have spotted a giant red-back spider!". I'm assuming it has something to do with one of the unique tags brought along from the GCS profile.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 17, 2008, 11:16:00 am**

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So it crashes again huh...

Alrighty then, I'll continue "searching for a black cat in a dark room"...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 17, 2008, 02:11:00 pm**

Well considering that it is gonna take a while,what are we gonna do to make sure the thing doesn't seep down?

Still say socks are a good bumper topic...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 18, 2008, 01:34:00 am**

Gee, I don't know.

I can't speak for everyone, but I myself don't have anything near the creativity or writing prowess of Kagus, so we probably can't have another adventurer "in the meantime"...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 18, 2008, 03:58:00 am**

I just need a few more strangled throats and broken ankles before this guy has a passable wrestling skill. Since he won't be using much in the way of armor, he's gonna need all the reflexes he can get.

Wrestling is the only skill he really needs now, so things shouldn't take that long. The only real delay comes from the occasional crash, which always seems to come long after the last save...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 18, 2008, 01:55:00 pm**

The tall man sat in a chair with his feet propped up on the table in front of him. While he sat there, with his bored expression and high metal boots -the only armor he apparently wore-, he toyed with a small hand crossbow that was almost certainly the work of dark elves.

The mayor continued pacing nervously. He started talking while he paced, his comments directed at the sitting man.

"I'm very glad that you've offered your help, very glad indeed. You see, I'm speaking for the Society of Church, a very prominent organization in these parts, and we've had trouble as of late."

The man continued to wind up and fire the empty hand crossbow, hardly seeming to notice the mayor at all.

"There's this giant, you understand, who has been raiding the chapels set up in the more rural areas of the county.

"He calls himself Mudung Rublanguished, and he has taken up residence in a cave a short distance to the north. The locals call the cave 'the Helmed Abysses'. I cannot fathom why..."

The mayor continued pacing, and the man continued winding the crossbow and pulling the trigger.

"Look... The guards are busy with the upcoming faire, and the count hung up his armor years ago. You're our only ho-eeEAAGH!"

The crossbow wasn't empty that time. The mayor stood as stiff as a board, quivering in a fashion similar to the wickedly barbed dart sticking out of the ground right where the mayor was about to put his foot.

"Stop that damned pacing before my head gets strung too tightly and explodes."

The man stood up, his steel boots knocking the wood loudly as they touched the floor. He raised himself up to his impressive height, and walked over to stand in front of the mayor.

The mayor stood frozen, still quivering, waiting to feel a bolt sinking into his soft skin.

"Alright. I'll do it."

The man walked out of the meeting hall, leaving the mayor still stunned by the recent turn of events. After a few moments had passed and the mayor had reassured himself that the man was *not* coming back in to kill him as an afterthought, he let out the deep breath he had been holding, causing his frame to deflate comically.

"Well, that went smoothly." He said to himself, and walked outside to find Gren, the innkeeper. He needed a drink, and after that he would go and pray to Esmin Zenithdrove, thanking him for providing the courage to deal with that mercenary.

At the north gate, Baron Ballista'em, clad in his favorite shirt and boots, walked out to deal with the giant, Dungmud or whatever it was called. He really didn't care what it called itself, and neither would it once it was dead.

The Baron neared the cave, and thought about just how messy reclaiming an empire could get at times. The "cave", as the mayor had called it, was a sinkhole in the wet silty clay of the landscape. The Baron's boots squelched with great smacking pops as he trudged through the clay and dropped himself into the hole, trying not to get silt on his new shirt. It was a futile effort, of course.

He made his way through the cave for a short distance, and he was just about to curse the mayor when he heard a rumbling from farther down the tunnel he was in.

"I AM MUDUNG THE MIGHTY, SLAYER OF HUMANS! COWER BEFORE MY MIGHT, PUNY ONE!"

Baron Ballista'em cocked his bigger crossbow. Bigger enemy, bigger crossbow. Good reasoning.

He was just putting a bolt into the slot when the cave walls trembled, and Mudung began charging down the corridor. Without so much as blinking, the Baron brought the crossbow up and fired straight into the giant's lower arm. The giant bellowed, and the steelhead bolt pumped up and down as the giant flexed his impressive musculature.

Seeing that the creature was too close to get another shot off, Ballista'em instead threw his crossbow at the giant and then leapt at the great beast.

They wrestled with each other for some time, neither one doing much damage to the other. Mudung yelled at the Baron in his anger;

"Stop dancing around, pixie! I want to pop you eyes between my fingers!"

To which the Baron calmly replied,  
"I'm gonna hurt you so bad you'll wish I'd never been born."

And they continued to throw punches at each other and swing kicks that didn't connect with anything. The giant finally roared with anger and charged with a full-on charge with his head lowered and his feet stamping the ground as he ran. The Baron stepped aside and allowed he creature to run head-first into the cave wall.

There was a loud \*THUMP\*, and small chunks of clay dropped down from the roof of the tunnel as the giant collided. Stunned, the giant staggered for a few moments and fell onto his back, panting heavily and trying to clear the bursts of light from his vision.

This provided the Baron with more than enough time to pull out the smaller hand crossbow and load a bolt. He aimed at the creature, and sank a darkelf-made bolt of tearing into the giant's stomach.

The giant started to scream, but was cut off by a gurgle as a mixture of vomit and blood coughed its way up his throat. Ballista'em loaded and fired another bolt, this one into the beast's arm.

Gasping, gurgling, and now with an arm lying with the skin flayed open and the muscles underneath displayed for open viewing, the giant was in no position to defend itself as the Baron stepped behind the creature, lifted its massive head up with a grunt of exertion, and then swing his full body behind snapping the giant's neck.

The satisfying crackle of shredded vertebrae marking the completion of the Baron's task. With another grunt, the Baron pulled off the creature's head as proof of the deed, and then set about picking his stuff up from around the cave.

With the collection part of the job done, it was time for the delivery. And after that, it was payday. As soon as he got that paycheck he could move on to the next town down the line... Something that he wanted very, very much.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **May 18, 2008, 02:37:00 pm**

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So this guy uses crossbows...

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 18, 2008, 04:01:00 pm**

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Dude. Giant arbalests shooting steel harpoons. He's not called "Baron Balista'em" for no reason.

He's got the arbalest now... He just doesn't have any harpoons for it. And you can't buy ammo. And only humans use arbalests. And I kept generating worlds until I found one with more than one human civilization.

You work out the details, I'm going to bed. It's 2:30 AM.

This guy needs more taunts... I already used up the "I'll make you wish I'd never been born", and this whole character is based around taunts. Better sleep on it.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 18, 2008, 04:45:00 pm**

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So he's a mortal enemy of one human civ, while doing rounds as a mercenary for the other?

Kagus, you do realize you could have started a human fort and just supply the guy with ammo for the next 10 years? To make absolutely sure nothing's lost, start the "fort" right next to a city, and make the area really small. Then trade all initial booze and half the axes and picks for copper, zinc, and tin, 7-2-1 ratio (I presume you do use the minerals mod) and make bundles of masterwork red brass harpoons until you're bored. Red brass is as good as iron. If you don't have MM, you'll have to settle for bronze.

Anyways, an interesting character this one is. "Shoot first, roundhouse kick second, ask questions later". Though actually, he'd be better off with a hammer skill - an arbalest is a surprisingly good melee weapon. I suggest he carry a ballista bolt as a good luck charm. :)

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 19, 2008, 06:22:00 am**

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Hadn't occured to me to start a fortress... Hmph.

In any case, this way means more bloodshed. And although I considered training up the hammer skill a bit more, I figured punching stuff would be more thematic. And yes, I'm using the minderals mod, since unless you've changed things from last time the MA+ mod can't function without it. Patterned steel, by the way, is rather powerful considering how much of it is going around. Can be quite fun.

Oh, and this guy *had* two hand crossbows, but the newer one was better. Did I mention that both of them came from darkelf elite marksmen?

Heh heh... You should've seen this guy fighting the giant. When he *did* get lucky and landed a hit, it wouldn't do anything. The giant *never* got a hit in, however, and the two of them kept dodging up and down the tunnel. Eventually the giant just keeled over from over-exertion. My guy hadn't even gotten tired yet. Superhuman toughness is fun...

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 21, 2008, 03:35:00 am**

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Kagus, are you just waiting again, or are there some kind of options as to what the character will do next?

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 21, 2008, 01:08:00 pm**

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No, I was on a plane for 37 hours. And now I need to move all the information from the laptop I've been working on to my main rig before I can keep going.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 21, 2008, 02:10:00 pm**

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Ah, the "India fortress" event? Alright then, take your time.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 25, 2008, 12:34:00 pm**

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Okay, this is going slower than expected...

In other words, I haven't gotten around to transferring the data yet. I'm (trying to get myself) practicing guitar from breakfast to 8:00 PM, so even after transferring the files I won't have a whole lot of time to work on stuff. I've also got an appointment of sorts set up for this evening, where someone is going to show me the ropes for playing effectively in this one HL2 mod I've been playing.

I'll see what I can do... Hopefully there won't be too much time passed before the next update.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 30, 2008, 12:57:00 am**

Bumpity-bump.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 30, 2008, 02:01:00 am**

Why you twit, I was just about to update... You ruined my awesome re-entry.

Now, where were we...

.

"What do you mean 'no longer in office'?!?"

The Baron was standing to the fullest of his rather impressive height in front of the woman who was wearing the symbols of office the previous mayor had been wearing not long ago.

"That old man was no longer fit for office. The people needed a new leader, and they chose me. I humbly accepted the offer of responsibility of-"

"Where's my reward for killing this thing?"  
The Baron nudged the leering giant's head as it sat on the floor between them. It gave a peculiar squelch at the touch of his hard boot.

"I'm sorry, but you were tasked with slaying that 'thing' by the previous mayor. I have no reason to pay you for any tasks he may have given you."

"So can I get my money from him? Where is he?"

"Nithros Ilpiuse lost all his possessions when his house burned down in 1043. His election to the mayoral office provided him with a home. Now that he is no longer the mayor, he's back on the street."  
"The mayor's a bum? I'm guessing he doesn't have a rich uncle hidden somewhere..."  
"He died last year. Goblins."

"And the will?"

"He left everything to his lover."

"The lover?"

In response, the woman pointed at the head lying between them, its tongue lolling out from between yellowed teeth that bore hideous black splotches at random intervals.

The Baron looked down at the head, grumbled something along the lines of "Aw, shit...", and then punted the head across the room, its tongue still flapping out of the mouth as it bounced off of tables and chairs in its journey across the tavern. He looked back up at the woman and said  
"I was gone for two days! You mean to tell me that you people held an election while I was gone? What, were you waiting for me to pass out of sight before you brought out the goddamn podiums? Geez..."

"Well... You do seem to have a reasonable amount of competence, what with the way you dealt with that beast. I have no need of you, what with the giant's death-"

"Which you're not gonna pay me for."

"-but I do have a most helpful acquaintance in a small town to the South. Perhaps he might have some possible employment for you?"

"They're not going to be holding any surprise elections down there?"

"He entered his term just recently. Just after I entered office here, in fact. What a coincidence."

"I'm sure. Alright, I'll go talk to him."  
The newly-elected mayor told Ballista'em where the village was, and where he could expect to find her acquaintance. She started to tell him the directions to get there in the fastest time, but he had already started walking towards the door and there was little point trying to shout them to him. He'd find it eventually.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 01, 2008, 02:52:00 am**

Another day, another tavern.

Baron Ballista'em walked through the door into the Twirling Pig tavern, and found who he was looking for almost immediately.

Tunem Umpigarin had settled his substantial girth into one of the chairs near the fireplace and was comfortably dozing, his ribbons of status fluttering atop his extensive midsection.

Baron Ballista'em moved over and cleared his throat. Tunem snored in response. The Baron cleared his throat again, this time eliciting a gargling cough as a ball of phlegm became frightened from all the noise and darted into the mayor's windpipe for safety. He still slept soundly, in a meaning of the word that was most likely not originally intended.

Ballista'em kicked the leg of the chair the man was sitting on. Instead of simply rousing the politician, the strain of holding the large man became too much for the kicked leg and it snapped, causing the chair to tip over and fling him into the fireplace.

In a yodeling howl not unlike a startled moose, Tunem bolted up from the embers of the fireplace and charged towards the bar at the other end of the tavern's main room.

He tripped over the extended leg of a sleeping drunkard and began flailing around on the ground as he attempted to maneuver his bulk into standing. The drunk, badly frightened from the ordeal and not yet fully awake, simply stared in wide-eyed horror while his head teetered on a sleep-loosened neck. Eventually, he overbalanced and toppled over backwards in his chair.

Calmly, Baron Ballista'em walked over to the prone politician and pulled him onto his feet. After brushing some of the ashes off of his clothes and pinching out the last cinders, Tunem presented a bright and cheery smile to the Baron.

"Why hello there! I am Tunem Umpigarin, the mayor of this fine town, how can I help you?"

Rather than inquire as to why he was showing not even the recollection of having been on fire not long ago, Baron Ballista'em simply described his current lack of funding, and how he had come to the town seeking employment.

"You got a job for me?"

The mayor thought for a moment, humming a little to aid in his concentration. Finally he looked up and said "Yes, I think I might have something for you. there's a group of Darkelven bandits to the northwest of here, led by the bladedancer Finele 'Spatteredlizards'. Kill the head of the snake and you kill the body, if you get my meaning..."

The mayor grinned maliciously, and the Baron responded that he understood quite well.

"Yeah."

With that, Baron Ballista'em walked out of yet another house of ale, setting out once more on the road to uncertain fortune and certain bloodshed.

.

That's all for tonight, it's almost 1:00AM. Sorry about the unimpressiveness of the story so far, but it's what I can come up with in my after-midnight writing sessions.

EDIT: "When you arrive at your destination, heed my words and give yourself to gambling"

[ June 01, 2008: Message edited by: Kagus ]

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 06, 2008, 02:25:00 am**

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The tents were adorned with the tusks and horns of numerous animals slain by the bandits, either for sustenance or for sport. The jawbones of strange predators hung over the entranceways of the tents, serving as gruesome trophies of the inhabitant's hunting prowess.

Roots snapped underneath the heavy footfalls of the Baron's steel boots, providing a crunching funereal march for the bladedancer 'Spatteredlizards'.

The unnaturally heightened senses of the darkelves picked up on this blatant approach, and the bandits began coming out of tents and from behind trees in the hopes of adding a human jawbone to their tent.

A rather formidable jawbone at that.

A hunter carrying a large curved weapon that looked more like a torture implement than an actual weapon and began shouting a glorious war cry as he flew out from the shadows and leapt at the human, barbed weapon held high.

The darkelf's air travel was cut short by a large steel bolt thudding squarely into his chest. The force of the blow cause the bandit's chest to hang almost comically in mid-air as his legs continued on their journey unabated. Eventually, word of the torso's halt reached the legs, who then started a very brief but very violent argument with the upper reaches of the darkelf's body. The end result was the body of a darkelf with his legs splayed wide in front of him and a rather startled expression frozen on his face.

The Baron deftly re-cocked the crossbow and fitted another bolt into the slot, almost immediately firing it into the next corpse-to-be in line. Ballista'em made his way through the camp in similar fashion, leaving behind him a path that, although completely untouched except for the boot markings, was lined by dead or dying darkelves, most of them in some advanced state of perforation.

The Baron made his way to the big tent in the center of the encampment, noting of how it seemed palatial in size when compared to those surrounding it, and also of the fact that it was decorated with far more animal remnants than any of the others. A sure sign of the occupant's status.

"When looking for the leader of a bunch of thugs, always look for what's biggest and horniest..." Ballista'em muttered to himself.

Planting another steel flower in the stomach of a bandit, the Baron ducked under the entrance flap and looked around.

Dirt. Apparently, being the 'big boss' of a group of raiders didn't automatically entitle you to an actual floor. You do get a lifetime supply of jawbone windchimes, however. There was no sign of the bladedancer.

The Baron stepped back outside in a state that would normally be termed "mildly annoyed", but in the Baron's case meant a painful death for some sapient creature in his vicinity.

Two guards, apparently attempting to overwhelm the Baron using superior numbers, charged out of a nearby tent and rushed Ballista'em. Taking only the most obligatory aim, the Baron opened and then plugged a hole in the intestines of the darkelf to the right. In the momentary hesitation of the darkelf on the left, he threw his crossbow and knocked the second darkelf to the ground.

As the second darkelf started to regain his consciousness, Ballista'em walked over and put one heavy boot on the darkelf's ribcage. He grunted in pain and squirmed a little, but the steel boot, and its steel treads, kept the darkelf in one place.

"Where's Finele."

The question was spoken like a statement, as though it were merely some comment a person might make at some social gathering, complete with its own acceptable responses.

"Who?"

Not an acceptable response.

The Baron leaned closer to the prone darkelf, resting his arms his knee as he applied more pressure to the boot on top of the darkelf's infrastructure.

"I asked you a question, maggotloaf. You wanna try answering it again?"

"I'll make sure to give your mother a visit when I get to Hell."

The boot pressed down harder.

"One last chance, mudbrain. Where's the bladedancer?"

"Screw you."

"No, screw you."

And with that, the Baron stomped his boot into the darkelf's innards, squishing the heart and lungs together into a squishy mass that clung in a rather disgusting fashion to the bottom of the Baron's boot.

In an attempt to clean off the filth from his boot, the Baron broke several mediocre bolts by firing them into his boot. After numerous attempts and few successes, Ballista'em resorted to using the darkelf's cloak as a cloth to clean his boot. He also took the opportunity to polish them a little bit, as the shine had started to dull somewhat.

"Well Finele, that just leaves you and me... You can run, you can hide, but I'm gonna be pretty damn pissed when I finally catch up if you do."



Setting another bolt into place and scrubbing the last pieces of lung off his clothes, Baron Ballista'em walked off into the woods in search of the bladedancer, Finele Spatteredlizards..

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **June 06, 2008, 11:09:00 pm**

Elf vs. Harpoon. . .  
:D

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **umiman** on **June 07, 2008, 02:42:00 am**

Haha, this is pretty awesome. I finally got around to reading it.  
But I personally think the first few ones were more interesting...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 07, 2008, 05:34:00 pm**

Yeah, the Baron was more impressive when he was running around in my head with his massive harpoon-shooting arbalest slinging colorful insults and various beasties. He didn't translate very well into writing.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **June 11, 2008, 10:46:00 pm**

I LIKE to Baron, thank you very much. Although I will admit that D&G seems to have lost a bit of its sparkle and interest lately.  
I'll bet naming rights to my next fort that Bastilla'em dies to the bladedancer.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 11, 2008, 11:05:00 pm**

I haven't had a lot of time for updating, sadly... And right now I'm in a bit of a jam because I can't even FIND that damned darkelf... I think he might have migrated to a different tower.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 12, 2008, 02:58:00 am**

Baron Ballista'em made his way around the tree roots as he ventured into the forest, swearing heavily whenever one of his boots caught on something.

He was just reaching down to pull his boot free from the umpteenth snarl of roots when he noticed a fast movement in the corner of his eye.

It wasn't much of a warning, but it was enough for the Baron. With lightning speed the Baron jerked his head back, just in time to miss the arrow that flew past his face and into the bushes beyond.

Turning, he saw the darkelf bandit pulling another arrow from his quiver, and looking very smug while he did it.

"You move fast, human. But let's see if it's only your head that moves like that."

The darkelf leisurely nocked the next arrow into place and pulled the string back. Once fully drawn, he took the same calm pace in aiming at the Baron's trapped foot. With a dull \*twang\*, the arrow shot forward at the immobilized appendage, and with a sharp \*ping\* it bounced right off.

The darkelf lost some of his composure, and the sneering grin he had been wearing drooped slightly.

"Don't make me laugh, pansy. My aim goes screwy when I laugh"

And with that, the baron shot one of the darkelf-made shredder bolts from his hand crossbow, and the many-barbed projectile tore a gaping wound far larger than would be expected from such a small weapon. Rolls of the darkelf's intestines began to ooze their way out of the wound and form a gruesome sash at his side.

The darkelf lost all that remained of his calm demeanor as he vomited from the pain. The Baron took this fine opportunity to fully extricate his boot from its place of imprisonment, and used the newly-released extremity to saunter over to the darkelf, who had since fallen to a kneeling position so that his puke would have a shorter travel from his lips to the ground. As the contents of his innards emptied themselves on the ground, the innards themselves continued to seep out from the wound. This elf was really quite efficient.

Ballista'em poked the tip of a new bolt into the darkelf's forehead, and used it to raise his face up to the Baron's.

"Where's the bladedancer Finele Spatteredlizards? Let your tongue do the betraying, I can always rip it out later so you feel better."

In response the darkelf vomited once more, this time onto the Baron's boots. Small droplets of stomach fluid pinged merrily off the smooth surface of the steel boots.

"Dammit! I *just* cleaned those!"

And so the darkelf's brain was carried out of its former resting place by virtue of a darkelven shredder bolt, without having given up its knowledge of the bladedancer's whereabouts.

The Baron continued on his grumbling path, scraping his boots along the foliage in an attempt to get the darkelf's past meal off of them. Such behavior naturally increased the likelihood of entangling said boots in said vegetation, and it wasn't long before the Baron's oaths gained volume again as he pulled free of yet another leafy trap.

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Alright, here's a tricky one... I have another character that could take the Baron's place, but I'll only use him if he is needed. I'm afraid Ballista'em will flounder and become less interesting, but I can't think of any way of dealing with him yet. So, again, it's up to the community to decide... Fresh meat, or shoot through?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Willfor** on **June 12, 2008, 11:52:00 am**

Voting you stick with the Baron. This Baron has mandated hammerings that are quite enjoyable compared to your average Baron.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Demonic Gophers** on **June 12, 2008, 04:58:00 pm**

I say the Baron still makes good reading.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 14, 2008, 03:00:00 am**

Just popping in to bid everyone a final goodnight on this forum. After this, the story shall continue in new territory!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 17, 2008, 03:38:35 am**

The Baron, after long hours of crashing his way through the forest, finally made his way into a small clearing. A rock, warmed by the sun and smoothed by uncountable years, sat to one side in the most inviting way Ballista'em had ever seen.

He was just sitting down when a sultry, evilly playful voice came to him from across the clearing.

"Well hello there big man... Did you walk all the way here to get poor, little old me? Awww, how sweet. It took you long enough."

The Baron grunted and stood up again, wiping sweat off his brow. A tall, graceful and painfully beautiful darkelf woman walked out from the woods opposite him and strode into the middle with as much poise and elegance as a noble. Her incredibly fine features and smooth skin also hinted towards a more regal background, but the long needle-like swords and muscular limbs belied a more warriorlike profession.

Ballista'em squeezed a crack out of his back, grunting as he did so.

"Nnngh... Alright princess, time for you to die and me to get paid. It's pretty gals like you who make me hate my work, so let's get this over with quickly."

The darkelf pouted and struck an almost comically unhappy pose, her arms crossed tightly over her chest in an ancient sign of malcontent.

"Oh, you're no fun. I wanted to have fun with you..."

Her eyes gained a malicious spark and her pout turned into a wide grin that made her teeth look like those of some large predator.

"I guess I'll just have to *make* you fun."

The bladedancer, Finele Spatteredlizards, uncrossed her arms and brought the two thin blades with them. Her former pose of indignation changed into a warrior's stance as she brandished both of her blades. A nimble warrior's stance.

This was gonna be tough.

Baron Ballista'em cranked the string back on his hand crossbow and was just reaching for a dart when Finele pounced on him. Retaining the gracefulness and elegance she had exhibited while walking, she now moved at and almost unreal speed that made her movements hard to follow.

She thrust one blade into the meat of his left thigh, and although it was not a deep wound it distracted the Baron long enough for her to pivot her body and sink her second blade into Ballista'em right shoulder.

She then leapt up and planted a foot on the Baron's expansive chest, allowing her to both propel herself backwards and pull her swords out with one push.

Ballista'em was just steadying himself from the imbalance caused when she jumped off him when she lunged forward again. The Baron saw it coming and moved to the side just in time for the blade to leave a cut across his side rather than a hole in his lung. He struck out at the bladedancer but by the time his fist reached the point where she had been, she had already gone back to her stalking distance.

They circled around each other slowly, the Baron and the bladedancer, in the intricate waltz of coming death.

Seeing an opportunity, Finele darted forward with her left blade reaching for Ballista'ems gut. Before the cold metal could investigate the inner workings of the Baron's impressive intestinal tract, her needle sword was caught by the Baron's hand crossbow, neatly snagged by the bow and string.

As she was processing this, the Baron surged forward and connected a thudding blow with his head to the darkelf's royal features. Her nose crunched sharply as the cartilage crumpled from the force, and a smear of dark blood was left on the Baron's forehead.

Finele was propelled backwards from the force, and her sword freed itself by snapping the tensed string of the Baron's hand crossbow. She staggered dazedly, desperately trying to regain her footing.

"Not every woman can handle a kiss from the Baron, darkelf. Don't feel bad about it, we can always try again in a couple minutes when you're ready ag-UGGH!"

More dangerous than she looked, faster than she appeared, Finele had spun on her heel and thrown one of her needle swords at the Baron, sinking the blade deep into his abdomen and just barely missing his stomach.

The Baron stood that way for a while, his body hunched slightly over and his hands belatedly reaching to stop the blade from piercing his skin. With a grimace of pain, he stood up with the sword still sticking out of him. Slowly, he reached his hands over his shoulders and grasped something behind him.

"Oh... That's, just, not *NICE!* Nice little girls gotta play nice!"

From the custom-made holster on his back, the Baron brought forth a monstrous arbalest, the bulk of which was made from the same steel as his boots. The Baron planted the massive machine of destruction on the ground, its smooth surface marred only by the engraved initials of its owner.

He cranked the string all the way back, his movements swift and practiced. He then reached his right hand down and pulled the needle blade from his body, sending a river of pain up his body and causing another grimace.

He took the sword and slotted it into the arbalest, the still-bloody tip now pointed back at the bladedancer.

"Say hello to the B.B. bow, bitch."

The arbalest's string released with a twang that sounded like thunder and the sword shot across the clearing at ridiculous speed. Finele's sword plunged halfway up its blade into her right eye, neatly skewering the once-beautiful darkelf's head.

Silently, her taunts smothered by the thick blanket of death, the bladedancer fell backwards onto the grass, all of the elegance lost as her limp body flopped to the grass.



Ballista'em holstered his arbalest and walked over to the body, its head elevated slightly by the sword sticking out the back.

"Bet you didn't see that one coming, did ya?" The Baron asked the corpse, giving it a slight kick to emphasize his point.

He took the other blade and sliced through the soft flesh of her neck. That done, he picked up the first sword by its handle and propped it onto his shoulder, the head sitting on it like a vagrant's pack.

And so Baron Ballista'em walked away from the headless body of Finele Spatteredlizards as it lay in their battling grounds and began his return journey to the Twirling Pig, where he would get his reward for killing the bandit leader. No longer cursing as he trudged through the wooded area, but whistling.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 18, 2008, 03:36:04 am**

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The door to the Twirling Pig banged open, and in the doorway stood the imposing figure of Baron Ballista'em, wronged by his court and banished to the life of a mercenary, constantly seeking the funds required to take back the land that was rightfully his. Upon his shoulder rested the head of Finele Spatteredlizards, impaled on one of her own swords.

Ballista'em scanned the room and picked out Tunem, who was looking slightly shaken from the loud noise the door had made when the Baron opened it. Ballista'em clomped over to his table, and then shifted his grip on the needle blade and jammed it into the wooden planks of the table.

It stood upright in the wood as Finele's head began slowly sliding down the blade until it finally came to rest on the table with a small thump.

The Baron looked up expectantly at the political official. Tunem Umpigarin stared in disbelief at the head before a happy smile spread across his face and he began clapping his hands in a congratulatory fashion.

"Well done, well done! You have proven yourself to be the most righteous and powerful warrior to ever grace these parts, and you have removed a dreadful presence from the world while doing it, well done! I shall speak with the high priests immediately to secure your reward."

"What, the priests have all the money in town? That figures."

"Money...? Oh, no no poor boy, I'm not getting you \*money\*. I'm giving you something *far* more valuable than mere money."

The mayor scoffed indignantly before continuing.

"I'm getting you salvation. I spoke with the high priests earlier, and they agreed to absolve all your past sins if you were to return, and you have! You needn't thank me, it's the least I can do i return for you services, and the high priests have assured me that-"

"Hold the damned messenger... You're saying that I went out, risked my life, got a sword buried in me-

Ballista'em pointed to the hole in his shirt for emphasis.

-killed this hot darkelf, and in return you're going to *absolve* me?"

The mayor looked a little nervous at this, wetting his lips and tapping the table lightly.

"Errm... Errm... Well, err, yes. Praise gambling!" The mayor said, smiling hopefully.

His smile, along with the rest of his face, exploded out the back of his head as another ripper dart tore through what brains the mayor actually had.

The entire tavern seemed to reel back at this, and there was a stunned silence for a few moments. Then a voice near the back spoke up.

"Heathen! He refused absolution!"

This was joined by several other voices, as the ale-fortified peasantry began to regain their lack of senses and, thus, their courage.

"Kill the heathen!"

"Burn him!"

"Our odds are one in one hundred and seventy-three!"

"Praise gambling!"

And with that, a score of tables toppled to the ground as the patrons surged forward at the assassin.

"Aw hell no..." The Baron said as he began frantically reloading his hand crossbow.

The patrons began to fall to the Baron's shots, but even as their comrades had their faces ripped off and their arms torn to shreds, they still charged on and placed bets on how long it would take the Baron to die.

A few came close enough to warrant a quick fist to the jaw or stomach before the Baron continued reloading, but most were destroyed before they could reach the Baron's personal space.

The door slammed open again, this time framing a guard who had come to see what the ruckus was about. His eyes widened and his mouth opened to cry out in alarm but the baron turned suddenly and shot one of the darts at him.

The thing hit the guard squarely in the stomach, spraying his innards on the doorstep and propelling the guard out into the street.

Ballista'em shot a final dart at one of the tavern patrons before charging out the door, his steel boots squelching on the spilled entrails as he ran. Once outside, he was met with the puzzled stares of a throng of people who had come to see what was causing the noise.

The Baron hesitated for a moment, and as he did so a blood-soaked patron shot out the door and yelled to the crowd.

"Kill the heathen! The pot's up to seven ales and a gold tooth!"

some one in the crowd shouted back "Praise gambling!", and the Baron found himself in the middle of a second wave of attackers.

Thinking quickly, he focused his shots at one section of the encroaching ring of people, blowing out a gore-and-vomit-streaked opening for him to slip through.

Ballista'em dashed across town, occasionally firing a dart back at the mob that was following him, sometimes shooting ahead to take out a would-be interceptor. The streets were festooned with entrails as the Baron shot dart after dart at the odds-crazed citizens.

After quite some time and distance had passed, Baron Ballista'em stopped to regain his breath from the long sprint he had just taken. He looked back at the city, but it was too far away to see clearly now. The peasants had been incapable of keeping up with the Baron's stamina, and had simply fallen behind and gone about the chore of cleaning up all th dead bodies.

"Yeah, you sick little idiots chased me away, congratulations. But I'm coming back, and when I do I'll repaint every goddamn hovel with blood. Hell, I'll even paint the dog house."

The Baron grinned slyly.

"You bet I will."

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Got a special bonus for ya; the "real" story.

As you can probably tell, the fight between the Baron and the bladedancer is entirely fictitious. This is because I couldn't *find* the real bladedancer.

Under normal circumstances, I would have just written the update, gone back to the village and called it a day. But as it turns out, I had forgotten where the village was. I'd need the objective pointer. The objective pointer from killing the darkelf.

So I started up DC and pulled up the unit list... Two darkelves left, one swordmaster aand one peasant. I zoom to the location of the swordmaster and it's...

Blank space. I try zooming in again, and same deal. Just grass.

So I use the "hurt" command on the swordmaster (and the peasant, for good measure) and then I wait. Nothing happens. I zoom to the spot, and it's moved. Apparently, I'm dealing with ghosts.

After several ineffective attempts at kiilling that which does not exist, I used Tweak to teleport the swordmaster to a more accessible location. Ah, that's better.

The following battle kinda surprised me. Not only was she in fact female, she also carried a "fair sword", which I imagine to be rather thin and delicate. After blocking a couple (but not all) of the bolts I shot at her, she came over to me and stabbed me in the lower body (!) with her sword. It got stuck.

Then there was some charging going on and we both ended up tangled on the ground (hey baby...). She lost her grip on the sword. My gut had just stolen a sword from a darkelf.

I didn't take it out and throw it at her (I probably should have, just to make it more fun), but I did slowly beat her to death with my crossbow. I was then able to make my way back to the tavern, where I finally pulled out the sword (I later threw it at a peasant, it's till lying on the ground in the village).

So she was female, had a delicate sword, and got it stuck in my lower body. Pretty neat, considering this all happened *after* I wrote the battle sequence.

Anyways, good night. It's taken me far longer to write this thing than it should have, so the time now reads 1:34 AM. I happen to like sleeping, so I'm only going to browse the forums for a couple more minutes. At most. Really.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **June 18, 2008, 12:54:30 pm**

Crud, I was wrong. If anyone guesses the baron's death correctly, you'll get naming rights . . .

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 18, 2008, 01:00:58 pm**

Sorry, but it's not the Baron's time to die yet... I'm keeping him alive for a little bit longer.

Funny thing is, the first time I met the "real" bladedancer, she did kill him. She managed to stop vomiting long enough to hack off his head.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 21, 2008, 03:07:29 am**

Revenge would have to take a horse in the back however, as the Baron's monetary needs were still just as pressing as ever.

The Baron trekked North in search of other villages that had yet to receive his services. The Baron felt confident that it would not take him long before he found another employer, as there was always something that needed to die.

some days later, Ballista'em entered into the quaint town of Nurturesuitors. Ballista'em picked his way through the streets until he came across a building that, although unmarked, bore a smell that could only mean a tavern.

Or a Town Hall. It's often difficult to tell the difference between the two.

The Baron made his normal loud and impossible-to-ignore entrance into the building, and stood impressively in the doorway for a moment, backlit by the afternoon sun rays streaming in behind him. He then puffed out his chest and barked into the spacious room.

"Any of you piss stains need something dead?"

After a few moments had passed, a man wearing an absolutely ridiculous wig stood up near the back and called in response.

"Why, yes of course! Please, come closer and... Ask me again..."

The Baron clomped over to the man, who sat back down at his table as the Baron approached.

Ballista'em stood a few feet away from the table, observing the man who had requested he come over. He was wearing a pyramid-shaped wig full of curly white hair. It looked slightly worn in places, and there was covered-over evidence of what looked like a small nest. He also appeared to have a leftover speck of his last meal on his upper lip.

The Baron started to open his mouth to ask what the peculiar man wanted, when the man looked around the room cautiously and then motioned the Baron towards him with his hand.

"Please, come closer and ask me again."

The Baron pulled one of the chairs out and sat down across from the man. The man leaned forward conspiratorially, and Ballista'em followed suit. The man appeared to be wearing rouge. And what the Baron had previously thought was some fleck of meat or wine-soaked bread was a beauty spot.

*Fruitcake...* the Baron thought as he sat with his face close enough to the other man so that he could smell a slightly sweet aroma. He was also wearing what appeared to be women's lip color.

The man glanced around again, and then stretched himself forward towards the Baron. He parted his too-red lips slightly, and spoke in a lusty whisper.

"Please.... Come closer, and ask again..."

Ballista'em pulled back and slammed his fist squarely into the side of the man's jaw, providing a fleeting but humorous image as the man's jaw flew out to his right and his head belatedly followed after it. The Baron stood up, crashing over not only his chair but the table as well.

Expecting another event like the last town, Ballista'em tightened his grip on the hand crossbow that he had loaded before entering the tavern. However, when he looked back towards the other patrons, none of them seemed to be paying him even the slightest attention.

Two men were sitting at the table closest to the Baron, one of them lying asleep next to his drink on the table and the other one not too far off from a similar position.

Someone in the back began to belch but was interrupted by a coughing fit, causing a discordant "brrRE-HRUUCKRergl" noise that caused the sleeping man to shoot upright in his seat, spilling what was left of his ale on his drinking partner. Neither seemed to noticed this last development.

After the man spent a few minutes twirling around in his seat like a child's top, the drunkard finally reached a state that could be considered "awake". He stared dazedly at the man Ballista'em had punched, who was still picking himself -and his wig- off the floor.

The drunkard's eyes widened in comprehension, and he swayed back a bit in his seat as he filled his lungs with the stale air. The Baron's finger tightened on the crossbow's trigger.

"FIGHT!" the drunkard bellowed, and then swung his fist into the face of his drinking partner. The man fell back off his chair, the states of asleep and awake now swapped between the two men.

More drunks began to rise up from their seats and start attacking people at random. Soon, chair legs and ale steins were whizzing through the air as the chaos reached new heights.

The baron's trigger finger relaxed slightly, if only out of utter confusion. Finally, he relaxed it all the way and crossed his hands over his chest as he watched the fray get even more out of hand than it had been before.

Blood and spittle began accompanying the ale steins and the chair legs were no longer being detached from chairs before getting thrown. The Baron ducked under a soaring soup bowl and walked outside. As the door was closing behind him, a large floppy thing struck Ballista'em in the back.

The Baron recoiled and turned around to see what projectile had hit him, and saw the first man's wig lying on the ground. The source of the wig's state of disarray had been made clear, and the man's own state of disarray was apparently being proven inside as a girlish howl echoed out into the streets.

The Baron turned on his heel and started walking out of town. There must be another town that had some work for the Baron. Any town.

Had to be.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 21, 2008, 08:24:42 pm**

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Flagleopard was the name of the next town in the long line of small hamlets and villages that marked the borderlands of human civilization.

The streets were relatively busy with townsfolk as they went about their daily business, but they quickly cleared as the peasants moved away from the big stranger walking into town. "Skittish" would probably best describe these villagers, as they watched the stranger warily and darted into their houses when he glanced at them.

Skittish. Skittish was good. Skittish meant nervous people, and nervous people meant more jobs for the Baron.

This town, unlike those before it, actually had an official Town Hall. The building wasn't much to look at, but it gave off a sense of authority that the surrounding houses lacked. Baron Ballista'em walked in through the door and immediately picked out the mayor. He was standing over a scribe who appeared to be taking dictations.

The mayor had a large, almost ovoid body shape. He wore a dark blue coat and on top of that a mayoral sash with some sort of badge or medallion pinned onto it.

Ballista'em walked towards the mayor, his steel boots clomping heavily on the wood floor and announcing his presence. The mayor looked up from his pacing and the scribe trailed off in his writing as he too looked at the large man who had just entered.

The mayor looked evenly at Ballista'em, his eyes giving off not the slightest hint that he was intimidated by the Baron's excessively muscular frame.

"And you would be...?"

"Ballista'em. Baron Ballista'em."

"Very well then, 'Baron'. I suppose there's some reason you walked in here unannounced?"

"Yeah, there is. I figured you would have use of my services, and I would have use of your gold."

"And what exactly *are* your services?"

"I'm a delivery boy."

"Delivery boy...?"

"Yeah. People give me deaths, and I deliver them to whoever the recipient is."

"Ah, I see... Perhaps we should speak in my private office, come with me."

The mayor led Ballista'em away towards the back of the building while the scribe packed up his scribing kit and returned to his own

quarters to rest his hand.

Once inside the office, the mayor sat down behind an impressive wooden desk and motioned for the Baron to take one of the other chairs. The mayor rested his arms on the desk and leaned forward slightly to speak with Ballista'em.

"As it turns out, mercenary, I do need your services. the townspeople have been plagued with a certain matter that I believe would fall neatly into your area of expertise."

The mayor leaned back again and let out a deep breath before continuing.

"There's a place, not far from here. How it came to be I do not know, all that I know is that ever since the day it formed our village has been under attack by hideous monsters drawn up from the darkest corners of the abyss. I sent a party of twelve men from the town watch down into that hellhole once, and only two of them returned. One had been driven mad by what he had seen and had to be dragged home by the second, who would not open his mouth for three days.

"When he did, he told us of the horrors that lie inside that place. Twisted fiends from the oozing darkness at the bottom of the world, creatures that were called forth to serve a monster called 'Azstrog'. This thing, Azstrog, is something that poor boy simply would not say more about.

"The next day, one of the watch sergeants found him dead by his own sword in the barracks. The boy simply couldn't live with the memory of his fellow watchmen dying in that pit."

The mayor raised himself up and looked directly into the Baron's eyes.

"I have no particular love for mercenaries like you. I consider them to be little more than brigands. But, if you can successfully kill this Azstrog, I will gladly pay you with every damned coin in our coffers."

They sat silently for a few moments, the Baron contemplating the mayor's speech and offer of extravagant payment.

Finally, the Baron repositioned himself more comfortably in the chair and said

"Yeah, alright. Sounds good. Where can I find the place?"

And so, the mayor pulled out a map of the local area and began making notations...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Mulch Diggums** on **June 21, 2008, 08:44:34 pm**

I stoped reading this after the second page and now I regret it after reading the above post. I'll have to read this whole topic now. Good story craze

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Heavy Flak** on **June 21, 2008, 08:49:51 pm**

Quote  
"Please.... Come closer, and ask again..."

I choked on my bourbon trying to keep from laughing, damn you. Well played Kagus. Well played.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 21, 2008, 09:13:29 pm**

Heh, that came about after I got rather annoyed with this one mayor... A few drunks were piled up on the stairs and were refusing to budge, so I couldn't go up to talk with the mayor.

While I was waiting for the drunks to sort themselves out, I noticed that the mayor had moved over to the edge of that little elevated platform. I walked over until I was standing just underneath him (well, as close as I could get without actually walking underneath the floor he was standing on) and then I tried talking to him. He gave me the age-old line of closing distance and repeating inquiry, which got me a bit ticked off with the blighter who couldn't bother himself enough to lean over the railing and talk with me while his buddies played an impromptu game of twister on the stairs.

And so I decided to submit him to poetic torture by giving a new meaning to "Please, come closer and ask again". And then I zombified him using DC.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 22, 2008, 03:31:22 am**

Ballista'em stood at the entrance to the abyss, a towering basalt entryway supporting an equally massive door that seemed rather plain in comparison to the structure that held it up, its unfinished wood exterior was adorned only with two hanging bronze rings that were beginning to turn green with corrosion.

The Baron felt a slight twinge in the back of his neck as he stepped forward to open the doors. Was it fear? No, not fear... Apprehension? Seemed strange, but that was closer. Whatever it was, it troubled the Baron. He'd seen some rather nasty things in his life, hell, had *caused* most of them, but there was something about this place that troubled him.

The Baron grunted and reached for the bronze rings. The doors, large as they were, took relatively little force to open. Inside, the ground sloped down to a tight passage that was covered in an off-white sand that piled up on the sides of the passage. The Baron could see no distinct footprints in the sand, but there were numerous indentations that indicated some sort of disturbance.

Ballista'em jumped down into the passage, his boots sending up plumes of sand as they landed on the floor. As his boots touched the sand, he heard the door swinging shut behind him. Although the light from the door had been cut off, the passage was still light enough to see in. It seemed to have some sort of light streaming down from the ceiling, although no source could be found.

The Baron trudged back up the slope and gave the door a testing push. It swung open easily, revealing the rather dull countryside he had just come from. Satisfied, the Baron turned around and immediately stopped again. A squat, shadowy figure had emerged at the end of the passage. The two stood motionless, observing each other silently.

Then the squat figure gibbered something incomprehensible and dashed out of sight. The Baron pulled out his hand crossbow and ran down the passage after the thing, but he was stopped by two shining humanoids stepping out of the gloom and towards him. They stood roughly seven feet tall, their forms utterly symmetrical and exquisitely detailed, bronze muscles bulging out from their bare chests and arms.

The two living statues marched in unison towards the Baron, and Ballista'em got the feeling that they probably weren't friendly. The baron raised his hand crossbow and fired into one of the bronze men, but the shot deflected off the bronze skin and did little more than chip away at the statue.

In response, the bronze man batted at the Baron's hand with considerable force, causing his hand crossbow to fly off into the darkness. This was accompanied by a tinkling, scraping sound as the delicate darkelves mechanisms met the wall. It was a fleeting acquaintance, but destructive by its nature.

"Alright, I guess we do this the old-fashioned way..." The Baron said, raising his fists towards the statues. One of the bronze men swung his hand at the Baron's own, and as he did the Baron leaned back and thrust his left foot into the statue's midsection, lunging forward with his right foot.

Sparks flew as steel met bronze, and the bronze man was knocked back and onto the sandy floor, his shiny bronze skin soon covered in the fine sand that was kicked up from his fall.

The second statue swung at the Baron's head, and the Baron felt the power behind that swing as he ducked under it. Ballista'em was just standing up again from that swing when the bronze man hit him square in the chest with the backhand from his previous miss. The Baron went sailing through the air before slamming into the slope he had just walked down.

*Well, better than hitting the wall...* The Baron thought as he recovered his breath. As he sucked in air, he could feel a nagging pain in his chest. He'd probably snapped a couple ribs, but that was okay. That's what they were there for, after all.

The living statue trudged slowly towards the prone Baron, moving at a plodding pace that a one-legged mule could probably outrun. As the statue neared, the Baron shifted his weight a bit and moved over so that he could reach something in his pack. He began winding it furiously.

The bronze man neared the Baron, and just as it was stooping over to reach the reclining royalty, Ballista'em jumped up and planted the steel bolt's tip right in the statue's eye before firing his crossbow.

This wasn't the massive arbalest, his treasured "B.B. Bow", he didn't have any ammo for that beast. This was a slightly smaller version, but it was dwarven-made and packed arguably as much power as its big brother. It was decorated with images that were standardly dwarven... Dwarves having grand parties, dwarves lifting up great treasures, dwarves drinking huge tankards of ale, dwarves with mushrooms on their heads, and an image of a potato, for some reason.

The Baron fired, and there was a dull grinding noise as the steel bolt was shoved into the statue's head by the full force of the dwarven crossbow. The statue seemed to emit a low groan from its entire body, and an ochre goo began seeping out around the bolt's shaft. The Baron stepped away and the bronze man collapsed to the ground, still stooped over like an old maid.

The Baron administered a similar treatment to the second statue as it laboriously attempted to raise itself off the ground and come after him.

Ballista'em looked around at his handiwork... He could easily have just stepped around the things and outrun them, but this was much more satisfying. The Baron winced slightly as his ribs reminded him of their disagreement.

A dull sucking sound was coming from down the passage, and the Baron turned around to see something else coming towards him, and this one only marginally faster than the statues. What appeared to be the melted form of a human was crawling towards him, its body below the chest reduced to a large bag of flesh that was simply being dragged along by the front. The features of the thing's face had drooped considerably, and the head now appeared to be the top of a flesh pyramid, dotted with small patches of stringy hair and adorned with drifting eye sockets and a large flap that seemed to be a rudimentary mouth. No nose could be determined, although it did have a hole that seemed to serve a breathing function, although it was closer to the hairline than most noses should be.

The thing plodded towards him, its flesh forming into air pockets over the floor that caused the sucking sounds as it made its way towards the Baron. It opened its mouth and gabbled something unintelligible, flapping its lips, lip, for punctuation. While it was open, the Baron could see that it was filled with tiny needle-like teeth that quivered slightly as the thing attempted to communicate.

"Doing you a favor, ugly" Ballista'em said to the thing, and then planted a bolt into the fleshy form. It collapsed with the bolt sticking out of its head, making a sighing "Uuuuggh..." as it died.

The Baron picked his way around the creature's extensive lower body and made his way farther into the tunnel complex. As he ventured deeper, sounds began to drift to his ears from the recesses of the place. Sometimes they were animal-like howls, other times they were singing voices of unearthly beauty, sometimes the echoed gibberish of the complex's other inhabitants.

After an indeterminate time spent trudging through the sandy corridors, the Baron came to a staircase made from midnight-black stone descending deeper into the ground. More noises drifted up from below, the sound ringing oddly off the perfectly smooth stone. The sand stopped at this point, with only small drifts of it extending towards the stairs. The Baron walked off the sand and onto the first step, his steel boot letting out a loud clang as his foot came down. Instantly, the grunting gibberish from below ceased. Not a good sign.

The Baron stood still for a moment, waiting for more sounds to give him a hint as to what the creatures that made them were doing. Pure silence met his ears.

Ballista'em began clanging his way down the rest of the staircase, generating his own sounds to fill the silence. At the bottom, he found more passages made from the black stone, but these lacked the comforting light that the above passages held. Several torches burned conveniently on the wall however, and the Baron appropriated one for his own use.

Keeping his light source in front of him, Ballista'em ventured down the first passage until he came to a large chamber that extended in every direction, although how far was unknown due to the fact that everything was concealed by pure darkness. The Baron started making his way through what now appeared to be a lightless night aboveground, with the only difference being the black stone floor beneath him.

The Baron stopped suddenly, listening into the darkness... A scraping noise in the distance. Then, something closer... Sounded almost like pebbles falling on the stone, but no, it was....

Chittering.

"Shit." The Baron uttered as he shoved the butt of the torch into his mouth and swung around to fire a bolt into the stomach of the stunted fiend that had just leapt out of the darkness at him. It fell back screeching, its dark claws scratching at the bolt that was now firmly embedded in the creature's inner workings. Another came sprinting out of the shadows and met the end of one of the Baron's boots head-on, the body skidding back into the impenetrable cloak of darkness.

A third came at him and met the Baron's second bolt, just as a fourth clambered up his back and began tearing into him with its claws, uttering its high-pitched ramblings. The Baron jumped up and landed flat on the stone floor, crushing the beast on his back. He was able to get to his feet just as two more cretins charged into the torchlight, one tasting steel as the Baron's third bolt ripped through its throat and the other tasting teeth as the Baron punched it full in the face.

More of them were coming, and the Baron resorted to flailing around with his legs and fists, sometimes picking up one of the beasts and throwing it deep into the mob. He felt pain as claws raked across his chest and dug into his arms, lost part of his vision as a particularly nasty slash scratched his eye and caused the lid to fold protectively over it. In his blind rage, he grabbed the torch out of his mouth and rammed it into the chest of the closest beast he could find. There was a sizzling, shrieking moment as the creature had most of its chest burned away, and then everything went black. The chittering increased in volume, and the Baron felt more claws biting into his skin. He expected them to just get it over with and slash his throat open, but they didn't. In fact, they seemed to be pulling him... Dragging him. And then his functioning eye closed and his mind knew a blackness similar to that which he was being dragged through.

His eye fluttered open from time to time, seeing either nothing or the flash of a large yellow eye looking back at him when one of the creatures got curious. Eventually, his sleep was interrupted by what felt like needles pricking into his already-sore back. He opened his working eye and looked around.



The room he was in was not quite as expansive as the one where he had first encountered the runtlings that now pranced about the room excitedly, but this one was at least lit. Nightmarish runes along the walls gave off a bright red glow strong enough to illuminate the room, at least somewhat.

The ground shook slightly, and a gargantuan being strode into view. The Baron looked up at Azstrog, god of the depths, and felt that twinge again.

His body was that of a human male, or at least it might have been once. One foot was simply a fleshy club that pounded the ground with each step, and the leg had far too many knees to be entirely human. Azstrog's entire left side, starting at mid-stomach and continuing up to his shoulder, was a mass of flesh-colored tentacles, writhing around each other ceaselessly. Azstrog's mouth was a hideous sight, the jaw seeming to hang by the cheeks at a point just below his navel. A long, snakelike tongue protruded from the center of the mouth and coiled into strange shapes in the air. Azstrog's eyes, set beneath a hairless and symmetrical cranium that seemed out of place with the rest of his horror, were empty sockets that poured out darkness as thick as smoke into serpentine patterns.

Azstrog stood, allowing the Baron to take in his gruesome magnificence, and then he spoke. As he did so, he swung his head from side to side so that his mouth waggled on its long connection, creating an image of a panicked scream of almost comic proportions, rather than calm discourse. His voice emanated not from his mouth, but seemed to come straight out from his eyes.

"So, dayling... The overground does pamper you weakfools too much, methinks... You forgets your survival *inkekt*, and becomes weakfool for sakes of overgods...

"Overground was once MY kingdom, weakfool... Overgods struck me down for sit in MY throne, and for rule over MY kingdom... Sssth... Puny thing, you think you can fights a *KING?!'*"

Ballista'em bent forward, grabbing hold of his boots to help pull himself up to a standing position. Grabbing something else, too.

Ballista'em looked up at the horrific creature before him, and allowed himself a small smile. He felt the thing from his boot throbbing against his hand. It felt warm against the fear-cold skin of his palm.

"Well, if anyone's going to do it..." He shouted back at the grotesque fiend.

"... then it might as well be a *baron!'*"

And with that, Baron Ballista'em threw the dwarven bolt at the monster. Not steel, not bronze, not even that adamantine those damn beardies favored so much. This was just a wood shaft, and a little bit of dwarven magic packed tightly into the egg-shaped head.

As the small projectile twirled through the air, Ballista'em thought back over his life. He had slain darkelves, giant spiders, kentaurs, bandits, giants, and even a dragon with his faithful crossbow. But now, without his darkelven hand crossbow, without his dwarven-made compact bow, without his giant arbalest, he was going to take down his biggest quarry yet.

The dwarven bomb-ball struck Azstrog high on the chest, ricocheting off into a tight spin. Although the ball spun around quickly, time had slowed down enough to count each and every rotation.

One spin... Two spins... Three spins... Four...

Light. Brilliant, blinding light. Followed by deafening sound, followed by pain...

Followed by blackness.

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And so ends the tale of Baron Ballista'em, may his legacy live on to take place in a time and place far away from the crumbled tomb where his broken body now rests, buried underneath countless tons of rubble and strange stonework.

Alright folks, that's the end of the show for tonight. That thing took me three and a half hours to write, for some reason, and it's now quite late/early. I'll get to work on your next contender tomorrow evening, when I get some time.

Good night everybody. Hope I managed to end him alright.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 23, 2008, 02:34:43 am**

Edward stood in the field, the wind rushing through his shaggy and somewhat dirty hair. "Eddie", as he was affectionately know by his late friends, looked out over the peaceful village from his hilltop vantage point and sucked in some of the warm spring air.

After swelling his chest with the pristine air, he let it back out again in a long, rasping sigh that spewed out a few flecks of his lungs as well. Eddie smacked his lips appreciatively and smiled happily as he surveyed the countryside again.

Yes, today was a gorgeous day, and Eddie felt absolutely wonderful.

...for a dead man.

The late Edward Licopibo, 941-989, stood atop the graveyard hill and looked out over his previous home of Irneguki 'Dipbite'. He was stark naked but for the dirt and grime that covered his body, his clothes having rotted away years previously. Evidence of the stiffening effects of rigor mortis stood proudly in the breeze as the reanimated corpse, remarkably well preserved considering how long he had been interred, took in all of the changes that had occurred in the sixty-some years since his death.

Eager to sooth the aching throb in his gut, Eddie trotted down the hill and towards the village.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **June 23, 2008, 01:42:33 pm**

You know Kagus, the latest story about Baron Ballista'em (you sure you didn't make the name from a Big Bertha backronym?) was all well and good, but I think you kinda forgot you were going to make a community adventurer, and let the readers decide what goes on. Personally, I don't think I ever saw any manner of "choice of action" in the Baron's story. Normal stories belong in their own threads, not in Death and Glory.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 23, 2008, 01:50:07 pm**

Yeah, I know... But the Baron never really clicked anyways, and it's damn hard to kill something that's superhumanly tough, even if he isn't wearing armor. I actually *tried* to get him killed before ending the story I lay down in front of a giant and just waited for him to pummel me to death.

Nothing happened. I eventually got bored and shoved a bolt into his heart, and then I just got the Baron to starve himself.

Eddie, on the other hand, is going to be an attempt to get back on track. He's pretty damn hard to kill though, so his death is probably going to come as a surprise.

Hell, I fiddled around with the body files until the only important part of his body is the head. Everything else can go.

But he's not invulnerable, so although he can resist a Giant Cave Spider's venom, he probably won't survive too many bites. And the eternally popular zombie headshots are still a risk.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **June 23, 2008, 03:43:51 pm**

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Alright, neat. Btw, an elven fairblade *is* supposed to be thin and delicate. Think a rapier/katana crossbreed.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **June 23, 2008, 11:41:45 pm**

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Even if the Baron strayed somewhat from the original Death and Glory ideal, your writing is still as glorious as ever, Kagus.

My vote: try to get someone to cut off Eddie's arm or leg, and then use that to beat people to death with. Or some other random person's arm or leg would do.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 24, 2008, 12:26:30 am**

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I was personally hoping for his left arm to be lopped off. But it would be rather interesting in the event he has his upper body "lopped off" (I did a little body tweaking) so that he ends up as just a bouncing, rolling zombie head that attacks people...

But, come what will. I may even get an update in tonight, playing as a zombie should prove to be exciting. But don't get your hopes up, updates take a long time and I've got a slightly busy schedule.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 24, 2008, 03:40:24 am**

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Eddie trundled into the village, his putrid blue-green skin sporting the heads of numerous worms that had popped out to see what the fuss was. The first order of business would be to get some new clothes for Eddie, as his current snazz was, well... Nonexistent.

After walking through the mostly deserted streets for a while, Eddie noticed a man walking past in an absolutely exquisite silk vest. It had that soft touch-me sheen that only silk can have, and the lines were perfectly designed to emphasize the frame of the wearer.

Eddie hobbled up to the man and respectfully inquired as to whether or not the man would lend him his clothing articles.

"eyeeerAAAGH!?!"

"By the gods, a zombie!"

"Mrh?"

"AAAIIEE!"

"Blargh!"

Having failed negotiations, Eddie went to plan B. Namely, thrusting his hand into the man's throat, ripping out his Adam's apple, and eating it.

The man gurgled feebly as his blood gushed out of the gaping hole in his throat in massive torrents while Eddie stood above crunching thoughtfully. After a few seconds, the zombie tossed what remained of the Adam's apple over his shoulder and dug into the main course.

**You bite The Shopkeeper in the head!**  
**It is broken!**  
**You latch on firmly!**

The man's brains were not particularly fresh, but they tasted good and satisfied Eddie's death-induced hunger.

Brains. Part of this nutritious breakfast!

Eddie then took the man's vest, now crimson in the front, and draped it over one arm for safe keeping (it simply wouldn't do to wear a vest without a shirt underneath). As he was doing so, Eddie looked down and noticed that one of the man's boots had come off. On the man's foot was a beautiful silk sock with little dancing dwarves sewn into it. Eddie was standing on one leg and putting on the sock when a massive harpoon blasted its way through Eddie's leg before thudding into a nearby wall. Eddie fell over.

As he was picking himself up, he looked back and saw a shiny guard pulling another shooting-spear out of his pack, a wide grin spreading from underneath a bushy black moustache. Eddie quickly got to his feet and shambled like his unlife depended on it, which it quite likely did.

More harpoons shot past Eddie as he made his way out of town, spearing fence posts, young saplings, the neighbor's cat, a small but very artistic rendition of a mountain (made using only sand), and one pie that was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Eddie skilfully ignored the harpoons as they whizzed past his head and various other important extremities, when he heard a rhythmic thudding noise behind him. Looking around, Eddie saw the resident fat brothers of the town chasing after him at an only slightly slower speed than Eddie himself.

Theodore and Dietrik, known to themselves as Teddo and Ricky, were known to others as Dodo and Ditto due to the fact that the elder, Theodore, came up with more hair-brained schemes than would normally be possible for a sane man, and the fact that the younger, Ricky, always agreed with what his big brother said by giving an emphatic 'Yeah!'.

Theodore, having been tired with the ridicule that the duo suffered on a daily basis, had been plotting ways of attaining the kind of heroism that transcended mortal waistlines when the zombie, wearing one silk sock, hobbled past them on stiff legs.

It had taken the brothers a small amount of time to extricate themselves from their chairs, but they eventually made it out and began chasing after the highly dangerous undead person. The two blubbery forms had managed to position themselves between Eddie and the guard, and the guard found that he now not only didn't have a clean shot, he couldn't even see the zombie anymore. Better just to head

down to the pub and grab an ale. Maybe grab a bit of that cute barmaid while he was at it...

Teddo and Ricky, meanwhile, were still chugging along after the zombie. As the sun set and cast its rosy hue across the sky, three silhouettes dashed their way awkwardly across the dry prairie surrounding Dipbite.

After a full half minute of jogging, the brothers were too exhausted to continue after the tireless form of the undead sock-wearer hobbling off into the distance. They fell to the ground with great thuds, catching their breath as they rested on the soft padding their extensive guts provided.

As night fell, the two would-be zombie hunters were fast asleep and drooling onto the prairie, and Eddie was far away, tending to his wounded leg which was already beginning to patch itself up with his newly-acquired brain juice.

Okay lads, need something for Eddie to do. Does he:

- A) Go north, to the goblins
- B) Go southeast, to the elves
- C) Go east, to some humans
- D) Go west, to some other humans
- E) Find a cave
- F) Find a river
- G)\*\_\_\_\_\_

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **June 24, 2008, 03:50:09 am**

A zombie?*Brilliant!*

Either C or D,cuz thats what zombies do!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jools** on **June 24, 2008, 06:51:41 am**

Great new character!

My normal instincts would lead me to suggest bothering the elves, but their bows and accuracy might be a bit dangerous initially... how about starting with C, and then once the humans are no fun, going for the pointy-eared hippies?

Ideally I'd suggest going back and eating the two fat bastards who chased Eddie out of the town, but that's not on the list...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **June 24, 2008, 10:46:21 am**

Normal elven arrows won't do much against a zombie, though some of the more specialized ones may cripple him. I think humans are safest in the "ranged death" regard, of the readily available races at least. They do have the surpassing numbers and lots of neat weaponry though.

Anyway, I think the best course of action (from a zombie's point of view) is go to look for humans, anywhere but the place he was just chased out of. I think Eddie won't use weapons, but get him a helmet at least.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Daniel Charms** on **June 24, 2008, 12:09:46 pm**

Go East, find humans, eat their brains.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Mulch Diggums** on **June 25, 2008, 12:42:21 am**

G Have eddie sneak back to town and steal the best clothes in the city. If the temptation to eat brains happens to come over him when hes busy stealing socks off merchants he should be inclinded to sucumb to it.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Demonic Gophers** on **June 25, 2008, 08:58:58 pm**

I vote D.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **June 26, 2008, 03:12:49 am**

East wins by one vote, and I'm in the mood for updating so it will have to do. Now, to put my zombie cap on and get cracking...

Eddie, on a whim, traveled east along the river towards what looked increasingly like a human settlement.

Eagerness rising in his slightly decayed bones, Eddie shambled his way into town, expecting a grand welcome full of tasty walking snacks. His zombie stomach grumbled in anticipation and zombie spittle began welling up in his mouth at the prospect of those exceptionally tasty brains people often had...

However, his happiness was dented as he realized that the town was, in fact, a ghost town. No angry mob coming to greet him this time, their brains waggling around on their necks like scrumptious balloons...

Eddie contented himself with a half-mangy pile of lamprey fillets as he chatted with some of the local spirits, who were quite happy at having someone come to visit them after so many long years.

"Rraagh..."

"OooOO!"

"Mrh?"

"UuuhWAAaoo..."

"BLARGH!"

The conversation continued as Eddie left the house of his most gracious hosts who had offered the rotting fish and went in search of some dead bodies he could loot for their clothes. The ghosts informed him that all of them had either been buried or had their clothes stolen, but there was a very nice shop down the way that held some other items Eddie might be interested.

And so, Eddie went shopping. The genereal store was a ramshackle affair, or at least it was now after many years of neglect. The proprietor, a portly wraith with a charming smile that you had to squint slightly in order to see, showed Eddie around and helped him pick out a few of the more interesting items.

Eddie managed to find an absolutely exquisite silk cloak that fit his form perfectly and swirled about him in a most dashing manner. This, combined with the white bronze earring and bracelet and the zinc ring he had picked up in the jewelery section, made for quite an imposing figure. ...If still somewhat naked.

Eddie was just adjusting the giant panther bone crown on his head when he recalled that he was not carrying any ectoplasm with which to pay the ghost. However, upon bring the subject up the shopkeeper hastily shushed Eddie and told him not to worry, it was so fine to talk with a new chap that Eddie could have whatever he wanted for free.

Eddie, being quite delighted by this, promptly snatched up a magnificent sword that would have shone brilliantly had it not been for the fact that it was covered in dust. The rapier, made from resilient arsenic bronze and crafted with excellent skill only added to Eddie's dashing good looks. The ones that hadn't fallen off, in any event.

Giving it a few swings, the bejeweled-but-naked zombie gave his very best duelist impression, swinging the sword up in front of his face and affecting an expression of regal boredom. His spectral audience soundlessly clapped in approval.

Eddie strode out, wearing his silk cloak, his bone crown, and his various baubles as he thrust his sword into the approaching night and cried out "be ready, world, for I am coming!".

At least it sounded like that... It's very hard to understand someone whose tongue is half rotten.

~` `~,,<^>,,~` `~

Okay, turns out my modding did a little something interesting... He can't actually *wear* any clothes. Turns out, clothing is (surprisingly) assigned to body parts that have the specific [LOWERBODY], [UPPERBODY] and [HEAD] tags. Well, I removed the upper/lower body tags so that it would be impossible to kill Eddie by attacking those parts.

The only thing that remains is the [HEAD] tag, which has been reassigned to his brain (makes him much harder to kill without a piercing weapon). Because of this, he has somehow managed to shove the bone crown through his skull and placed it directly on his brain.

Also, I'm holding a little competition... Anyone who comes up with a fitting ASCII breaker (like the Baron's ballista bolt and Liceyi's dream-barrier) will... Eh... Have their breaker used.

Maximum three lines, but I'd prefer something that's either one or two lines. Thank you for allowing me to be even lazier than usual.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 04, 2008, 12:45:38 am**

So, um, yeah... I haven't had a heck of a lot of time to update this recently, but things should be coming in soon. In the meantime however, I would like to state that Eddie is sitting in the middle of a weapons shop in an abandoned town, and he doesn't know what to do. We've still got goblins to the north, elves to the south and humans to the east, but I was wondering if Eddie should just head straight into the mayhem or should he get a little zom-buff before fighting the big boys.

So, yeah... Essentially just the earlier voting menu, with "humans to the west" crossed out and "eat asphyxiated wolf brains" written in.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **July 04, 2008, 05:42:24 am**

Eat some wolves and go humies(if none,go elves)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jools** on **July 04, 2008, 03:01:15 pm**

Eat some wolves and maybe try and work on some weapon skills, then go and eat elven brains. See if they taste different to human ones.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **KoE** on **July 04, 2008, 03:11:23 pm**

As a first-time poster, I'm inclined to say kudos on the whole idea and previous entries in this topic, as well as commentary that Ballista'em has had the best death thus far, and largely feels like the best character, perhaps barring the current one.

Anyway, as for voting business, my vote falls into the previous categories of train up and eat wolves and such. And head on to elves, should he get zombuff enuff.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 04, 2008, 08:32:36 pm**

Right, zombuffing it is. To the Necrogymnasium!

Bidding farewell to the helpful spectres, Eddie ventured out into the dark night to find a combination of brains and adventure that would be fitting for zombie as heroic as Eddie.

That patience of the dead is exhibited even in those no longer entirely deceased, and Eddie strutted around proudly for several hours, never breaking the disjointed goose-step that his stiff legs performed as he puffed his chest out and presented his newfound riches to whoever or whatever might be watching.

As it happened, there was something watching. And Eddie, still prancing around like a morbid loon, didn't detect the giant panther until it had bitten his decomposing left hand.

Startled, Eddie whirled around (as much as a zombie afflicted with rigor mortis *can* whirl, that is) and began punching the beast's muzzle futilely. After a few smacks, Eddie realized that he was still holding the bronze sword he had picked up earlier. He immediately tilted his fist and shoved the point of the sword deep into the great cat's hide.



As luck would have it, the rapier's point managed to find the soft gap between two vertebrae in the creature's spine, and the sword sank deep into the bone and severed its important nerves. The panther thudded to the ground in a limp heap, letting go of Eddie's hand as the jaw flapped open limply.

A slightly amazed Eddie stood over the beast as it lay, bleeding but still alive, on the grass in front of him. His rotted lips spread back to show grime-stained teeth in a huge grin, as Eddie raised the sword once more to perform a heroic-looking coup-de-grâce on his first slain monster.

Unfortunately for the cat, Eddie had forgotten exactly which body parts were to be attacked in such a maneuver. And, being a zombie, he had no important organs of his own. The result was a confused Eddie repeatedly stabbing the poor feline in various limbs, minor organs, and some muscles which were simply in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Eddie the zombie stood there, poking the giant panther with his sword, for over half an hour. Due to the fact that the cat had become motionless since its spinal injury, Eddie had not been able to tell when exactly it was that the thing had died, and so he simply continued prodding it until it bled to death from its many injuries.

Once Eddie had finally ascertained that the furry pulp in front of him was now, in fact, dead, he greedily cracked open its skull with his death-hardened teeth and began devouring the primal brain, delicious brain juice dripping from his jaws.

After finishing his feast, Eddie stood up and surveyed the local wilderness. The blackness of midnight surrounded him, and off in the distance a pack of wolves could be heard howling to each other.

Eddie grinned in the darkness, a fleck of panther brain stuck between two of his teeth. Then, hefting his blade, the world's first ever zombified adventurer set out in search of new challenges, grand quests, and fresh brains.

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**Title: Re: Death and Glory!**  
**Post by: Kagus on July 06, 2008, 11:24:15 pm**

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Several days later, Eddie was completely drenched with blood and goo from his stint as a beast slayer.

It was only now, as he stood on a hill with his cloak flapping out behind him, that he realized he was no longer holding his sword. On his shoulder rested the leg of a giant spider, one of Eddie's more valiant kills.

Eddie sucked thoughtfully on what little juice remained inside the leg as he recalled shoving the sword deep into the spider's abdomen. His memory had blanked out soon after, as Eddie's hunger took over and he began to eat his way deep into the spider's brain. In this state, he had apparently mistaken one of the arachnid's limbs as his blade of choice, and had pulled it free from its host to wander several miles away with its new owner.

The most peculiar aspect of the ordeal was the fact that the spider was not Eddie's last kill. He had unwittingly stabbed countless savage beasts with a spider leg, instead of the heroic sword he thought he was using.

Eddie pondered how most weapons looked similar once they had been covered in dried goo and vomit as he tossed the emptied leg over his shoulder and licked the last of the ichor from his lips.

In a way, Eddie was happy that he had lost the sword. Fencing was difficult when only one leg would cooperate during a lunge, and he had missed the satisfying feeling of sinking his dirty fingernails into the soft flesh of a still-living meal.

Eddie had also missed the terrorizing of small villages, a pastime which was strictly outlawed in the heroic handbook. Now freed from his heroic duty to the bronze sword, Eddie was more than ready to go out and cause some havoc.

As luck would have it, Eddie saw a flaxen-haired head poke out from behind a nearby tree.

Mmm... Elf brains. He'd heard about those.

Letting out a ferocious battlegurgle, Eddie charged at the elf with the wholly unimpressive speed of his fastest shamble. The elf, however, paled startingly and then ran as fast as his fleet feet could carry him. Pansy.

But as the elf turned, Eddie noticed that the elf had the body of a small horse extending out from just below the waist. This wasn't an elf at all! This was one of those horse-elves, a "kentaur" as folks called them.

Eddie grumbled as he tried to gear his stomach away from the sugary-sweet brains of elvenkind to the remarkably gamey kentaur brain meat. Although Eddie had been hoping for succulent elf craniums, he found that he was salivating just fine at the thought of the almost spicy kentaur flesh. This was going to be a good haul after all.

As he shuffled into the woods, he noticed that there were no kentaurs sitting around and waiting to be eaten. He had just stopped to ponder what to do now that everyone had run off, when a large crossbow bolt sank into his leg. Eddie looked around just in time to see a large kentaur lancer bearing down on him, spear held perfectly level with Eddie's torso.

Waiting for the perfect moment, Eddie slapped the spear down into the ground and then used his other hand to snatch one of the rear legs of the kentaur as it passed. The kentaur yelled in surprise and started kicking, but Eddie hung on and bit the kentaur's hoof off.

The lancer let out another yell, and Eddie yanked hard on the leg stub. In his current pain and disorientation, the kentaur went down with a heavy thud, allowing Eddie to shove his hand into the kentaur's guts.

After only one bite of the savory intestine he had pulled out, Eddie saw another bolt zoom across his vision, followed soon after by another one flying over his head. The elf-things had ambushed him! Eddie didn't like being ambushed...

Eddie was angry.

With a furious "BLAARGH!" of rage, Eddie ran towards his assailants, his rigor mortis temporarily lessened by his zombie rage. Another kentaur came charging out of the trees, and he was met by a steaming and acidic spray of zombie puke as Eddie vomited into his face. Tearing at his own eyes, the kentaur stumbled about until Eddie ripped his arm from its socket and charged at the other kentaur knights bearing down on him.

Some were slain with their chests crushed from powerful blows from the severed arm, others died after their brains were turned into impromptu snacks for the raging dead, others had their necks almost torn away as Eddie snapped the bones inside. Eddie grappled, bit, bashed, threw, puked, and punched his way through the crowd. Bolts would periodically pierce into his flesh, and Eddie pulled a bolt from his stomach in order to shove it into the heart of another kentaur.

Blood flew, organs tore, and finally the dust settled. Eddie, now looking very much like a pincushion with multiple bolts sticking out of his various appendages, stood amidst a veritable army of kentaur corpses. Eddie straightened up from his ready crouch, peered around him into the nearby forest, and then set upon the corpses, bloating himself with their ripe flesh.

Several hours later, two ovoid forms, one shorter than the other, walked slowly into the clearing. They jangled slightly under the weight of many assorted pieces of armor that had been scavenged from scrap dealers and back alleys. They looked at the rotting kentaur





As his flesh filled with more iron, Eddie realized his movement was being further inhibited by all his new protrusions. With a gargle of fury, Eddie hurled the kentauro leg end-over-end at the goblin guard. The guard, who had been reloading his crossbow, looked up just in time to see the hoof splatter into his face, caving in the bone structure and killing him before he could fit the next bolt into the crossbow.

More battlecries echoed off the obsidian walls, and the sounds of armored feet clomping on the glassy floor of the tower were drawing closer. Eddie understood that not only was discretion the better part of valor, but running away was the better part of staying alive. Eddie shambled his way back through the corridor, moving as quickly as his studded frame could. More bolts began to fly down the passage as he neared the exit, and Eddie praised his lucky worms that he had managed to move quickly enough.

Just as he was leaving the passageway, a heavily armored goblin tromped into Eddie's path. The bolts coming from the other end of the corridor stopped for fear of hitting this imposing greenskin.

The goblin cackled, her armor clanking along with her maniacal laugh. She then uttered a few words in her race's foul speech, and hefted the halberd off her back.

Eddie swung at her, but she stepped back deftly and brought her halberd down on Eddie's right arm. The scalloped axe blade cut straight through the rotting flesh of Eddie's shoulder, and his arm fell to the ground beneath him. Eddie heard the marksgoblins behind him laughing as Eddie lost his arm, and he reeled backwards from the blow.

Interpreting his movement as a sign of weakness, the goblin axemistress put one hand on her hip and cackled again, her pointed yellow teeth showing as she let loose with a full and unrestrained laugh.

Sharply reversing his direction, Eddie swung his upper body forward, using the angle to provide more momentum as he thrust his own mouth forward and spewed a torrent of zombie vomit straight into the goblin's face and her open, laughing mouth.

She choked hard as the acid hit the back of her throat and began eating its way down her windpipe. She spasmed, letting go of her halberd and collapsing to a kneeling position. In her shock, she had swallowed a large portion of the zombie's toxic stomach fluids, and she felt them burning her away from the inside. She gasped for air, pulling a few drops of the toxin down into her lungs.

Eddie shambled over her quivering body as the goblin axemistress fell to the floor and began spasming wildly in her death throes. The goblins at the other end of the corridor were too stunned to follow him as he made his way out of the tower, clutching with four fingers at the stub where his right arm used to be.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dwarf Fanatic** on **July 08, 2008, 02:46:03 pm**

You should make it so the bitten goblins become zombies. So you can have a zombie aolclyzpe. (pardon spelling)

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **July 09, 2008, 01:43:37 am**

mmmMMMmmm...  
  
Nothing like the taste of brain and digestinal juices...

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **KoE** on **July 10, 2008, 12:25:20 am**

I half expected a re-death at the axemistress, but then I suppose Eddie was tougher than that.

Does losing a thumb actually *do* anything, game-wise? If Eddie can no longer grasp various bodyparts, perhaps it's time to 'retire' him, in the sense of one glorious, bloody battle against overwhelming forces. Perhaps a human settlement for an urban change of pace.

Otherwise, he should retrieve his other arm and *exact revenge* upon the little cowards that did it in the first place. Or, you know, whatever happens along his path and looks to be *delicious*.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 10, 2008, 01:48:48 am**

Losing the thumb doesn't seem to be having any effect on him. As for the arm, well... Trade secret.

And I've already got an ending planned for Eddie. Yes yes, I know, it's not fitting for the spirit of DnG. But I like Eddie, and I've put too much into him to just throw him away to any ol' death that happens to come along... Rest assured that I have an ending that I am proud to give to Eddie.

Next character's gonna abide by the rules. Honest. I just need to write Eddie the way I want to, once he's finished I can carry on with the previously scheduled programming.

Don't worry, the next character's going to be interesting as well... But I'll be sure not to make a connection.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **July 10, 2008, 02:06:48 am**

No problem man,take yer time,just write good.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **KoE** on **July 12, 2008, 12:46:29 pm**

I'm not exactly keeping score, but when was the last time you *did* let the final scene be in the spirit of the topic? Not that I'm complaining; it's the writers prerogative, perhaps even his *obligation* to take matters into his own hands. Sometimes you can come up with something better than the people suggesting the character introduce his posterior to the business end of a tentacle demon.

Either way, looking forward to what you come up with.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 12, 2008, 01:14:38 pm**

Lemme think... That'd probably be the hammerdwarf who met his end at the paws of a burning bear. Liceyi's end got tweaked because I needed to get rid of him quickly, I didn't have the heart to kill Glibitikusree, and I wanted something suitably epic for the Baron to end his tale with.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Astus Ater** on **July 12, 2008, 10:19:48 pm**

Is it possible for the next character to combine the "fish-killer" and "Kobold-thrower" personalities? I don't know why, but earlier today I just got this picture in my mind of some guy carrying various fish corpses, flinging them like throwing knives, and actually using them as his main melee weapon.

Sorta like a fish assassin. Just no stealth, otherwise he'll be too much like the kobold.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 13, 2008, 02:03:17 am**

Naw, I've already got someone planned for the next character. I'll see what I can do about the militant fishmonger once he's dead though.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **RavingManiac** on **July 13, 2008, 03:03:12 am**

I prefer the good old "faceless adventurer" personally, but I guess characterization has its advantages.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sprout** on **July 13, 2008, 10:31:26 am**

Speaking of future adventurers, i'd like to see a dragon sometime in the future...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Demonic Gophers** on **July 13, 2008, 03:12:37 pm**

A player-controlled adventurer can't blow fire, though.

A dragon drunk?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **July 13, 2008, 03:38:25 pm**

I want an axe using elf. Who gets killed REALLY painfully. After killing a forest retreat.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jools** on **July 13, 2008, 03:52:37 pm**

I'm with Strife. A rock-hugging, dwarf-loving axe-elf who delights in burning trees.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 17, 2008, 01:42:44 pm**

Okay, quick announcement here. I'm currently bogged down with my guitar practice, preparing for school in Norway, a DF total conversion and a secret DF story project which is thankfully nearing completion. Well, completion of the beginning.

As it stands now, I don't have a whole lot of time to spend working on Death and Glory, so the earliest possible update is going to be Tuesday. I might have something from the secret project out before then, but DnG will have to wait.

And the next character will be an axe-wielding dwarf. I know that doesn't sound very interesting, but I've got an interesting quirk set out for him.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 31, 2008, 01:49:42 am**

Well, I'm back. Long story, cut short by something stupid going on with this damned laptop. Yes, I just lost my entire post. Bugger.

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          | | |

Eddie managed to make it out of view of the towers before the rest of goblins could collect themselves enough to follow after him. Eddie's escape was due mostly to a spontaneous election race held by the surviving goblins, in order to determine who would lead them after the sudden death of the axemistress. This unique form of goblin bureaucracy not only gave Eddie plenty of time to make his escape, it also killed or severely maimed most of the remaining goblins.

The trickle of blood that had come out from the former location of Eddie's shoulder had dried to a rather foul brownish-purple goo. A none-too-bright fly had apparently been wading through the blood as it was setting up, and was now firmly stuck in the gunk. It was buzzing erratically.

Eddie shambled his way across the dry plains, his shambling feet kicking up dirt and dead grass. The sun was blazing with a glorious deep orange funeral pyre as the shadows of night snuck out of their hiding places to once again take command of the world. He kept his head down as he went, thinking about the village he knew and loved, and the cool, dark grave he used to call his own.

A loud jangling noise caused him to look up from his ponderings. Before him stood two bulky figures, their forms padded in random locations with scraps of metal, leather, and mud. They stared at each other for a few moments, the only sounds being the panting of the two armored figures and the buzzing of the fly stuck in Eddie's armpit.

Finally, the larger of the two forms spoke up.  
"Hold, zombie! We're here to ki-... Eh, *re*-kill you, for the safety and honor of our town!"

The smaller form piped up at this.  
"Yeah!"

The larger, Theodore, gathered his breath and continued his speech.  
"You may have evil strength from the underworld, but we have observed you, and armed with the knowledge we have gathered, we will crush your squishy flesh beneath our boot! ...s."

"Yeah!"

"We have observed your tactical movements, your martial movements, and your bowel movements! We have recorded your fighting abilities, and developed the perfect strategy to combat you with. Through our intense studies, we have found your greatest secret... Your ultimate weakness!"

"YEAH!"

The two forms then reached behind their ample girths and brought forth their equipment. At first, Eddie assumed that there was a mix-up and that they had simply not been paying attention when doling out armaments. Theodore elaborated a plan to the contrary, however.

"As you can see, my brother is currently holding eight different shields. When we enter combat with you, scum, my brother will distract you with his well-protected body while I hack away at your rotting flesh! what do you have to say to *that*, mindless abomination?"

In truth, Eddie did not have much of anything to say. This did not prevent him from opening his mouth.

Gargling, Eddie slowly charged at the shielded brother, waving his one arm furiously. The brother immediately raised his armor-plated arms and prepared for the assault.

Eddie, realizing full well that there was no chance of him breaking through that shield wall, simply crashed into the brother. The already weight-challenged Dietrik, now loaded up with armor, shields, and a supply of food that would last a smaller man for months, was powerless to do anything but keep his shields up while his body began to tilt backwards at an icnreasingly extreme angle. Finally, gravity took hold of its favored follower and toppled him onto the grass, a cacophany of metallic clangs emanating from the prone form.

The zombie then turned his attention to the older brother, Theodore. Teddo, having been able to prepare himself in the time it took Eddie to knock down his brother, swung heavily at Eddie with his only somewhat-rusty sword. Unfortunately, Theodore was not the experienced and strong fighter he thought he was. The attack he made was so slow even the decaying reactions of the zombie managed to dodge it completely, and Theodore managed to loosen his already tenuous grasp on balance. He fell over, but was mature enough to do so without the aid of Eddie.

Eddie realized that he would never be entirely rid of these would-be zombie hunters unless he did something now. Eddie hawked up a wad of sputum into his mouth, and then ran his now-coated tongue across his teeth.

With his chompers sufficiently coated, Eddie bit deep into the pudgy flesh of Theodore's stomach. At this, Teddo shrieked with a mix of pain, fear, and indignation. His arms were too short to do anything but watch in terror as Eddie sank his sputum-coated teeth into Teddo's fatty padding.

Having done what needed doing, Eddie wandered off. His shadow jumping wildly at the shambling gait.

Behind him, Theodore rolled hastily over to his younger brother, presenting his injured midsection in all its flabby glory.

"He bit me! He bit me with his filthy mouth! Quick Ricky, you have to get the poison out of there before I die!"

Dietrik reluctantly rolled over and clamped his lips around the wound, sucking out what he thought must be poison and spitting onto the ground after each draw.

What Theodore didn't realize was that the phlegm had long since gotten into his veins and was making its way towards his brain. What Dietrik didn't realize was that the gumline, particularly after insufficient dental hygiene, provided a direct route into the bloodstream. Through their shared stupidity, they shared a similar fate at the hands of Eddie's sputum.

.... (  ) ....

Well, that's it for tonight. After losing my work a couple times over due to inappropriately-placed browser navigation buttons, the update dragged on a bit longer than expected. It's now quarter to midnight. I'll update with the shocking continuation, and, ultimately, conclusion of Eddie's tale tomorrow.

Or maybe the day after. Give or take a week.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **July 31, 2008, 08:45:48 pm**

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Man after that lapse I thought this was over,good thing your back.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 01, 2008, 02:34:15 am**

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I'm not ending this without saying goodbye. Regardless of how long it goes until the next update.

Speaking of which, I've started work on the next update. This will be the first time I've saved an incomplete update in a text folder..

The reason I'm putting it off is because it's already after 12:30, and anything I cram out at this hour will be sub-par. And I just can't do that to Eddie.

So, hopefully, I'll get myself to work a bit more on it tomorrow, when I'm fresh. I hope that his ending will entertain...

Anyways, I think I'm going to have to scrap the future idea of the axe-wielding dwarf. He was starting to get dangerously interesting. For the next character, I'm just going to pick a race and a weapon. That's it. And no specialty weapons either, just something that can be taken from the startup skill list. I'm getting too damned caught up with these characters, and that's hindered a lot of potential deaths so far.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Dwarf Fanatic** on **August 01, 2008, 01:16:22 pm**

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>.<. I had hoped they will turn into Zombies.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 01, 2008, 06:32:59 pm**

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Eddie decided that the world could keep its own damn brains if it wanted them so badly. What good would they do him anyways? The restorative powers of brain juice could patch up all the insignificant holes and abrasions that Eddie endured, could even keep his shambling form together for long after the time when his body would have deteriorated naturally. But it could not re-grow the arm that he had lost, could not patch up so sudden and so severe a loss.



It was only an arm, true. It did not greatly hinder his ability to do things, aside from fighting. But what would more fighting lead to? Eventually he would be worn down, his limbs removed one by one until only his head remained, rolling around like some haunted pumpkin before getting stepped on by some virtuous boot or another. Brains would heal him, but in order to get them he had to subject himself to injury. A dreadful cycle, and one which would, sooner or later, lead to his remains being piled onto a corpse heap and burned.

He altered his course slightly, trudging through the dry grass illuminated by the evening sun. No, he would not throw what remained of his unlife away simply in an attempt to extend it. If his fate was to fall in battle, let his enemies come to him. He had no reason to seek them out.

All he wanted was the tranquility and silence of the grave. To crawl back into the dark earth and take a long dirt nap. He made his way back to the village he used to call home so long ago, and to the little hole in that hillside cemetery where he intended to resume his interrupted eternal slumber.

As he walked back towards Irneguki, Eddie thought about what he would do when he reached his destination. After his rather bloody emergence and subsequent departure, he found it unlikely that the inhabitants would simply let him go back to the graveyard to sleep. He would try to explain things to them, to try and clear his name. But that would almost certainly not work, as the living hold grudges for a very long time.

They would attack him. What would he do? He doubted they would be able to match his abilities, and so their bodies would litter the field as he defended himself. But what if he simply let them end him? Do the twice-dead suffer a greater emptiness in the abyss than those who die for the first time? Difficult questions, and ones that made Eddie's juice-deprived brain ache slightly.

But they were questions which would obviously be answered soon. On the horizon lay Irneguki, houses sitting as they always had in the ages before, when Eddie roamed its streets as a living man. What had he been back then? Some sort of wandering merchant. Not that it was of much importance now.

Eddie stopped suddenly. Before him lay Irneguki, but it seemed different somehow. Not only different from when he had been alive, but different from when he had last left it. He looked at the villagers as they went about their daily business, and saw that they moved somewhat slower than before... Some limped and hobbled, others simply looked as though their legs were stiff and uncomfortable.

Eddie sniffed the air. Death. He remembered killing on his way out of Irneguki, but this was more death than he had caused, certainly. And the townsfolk would never let the bodies sit out for so long, would they?

He shambled closer, and noticed that not a single guard patrolled the outskirts. Bodies lined the streets, looking as though they had been savaged by wild animals. The smell of death was very strong, and the streets were muddied not with water, but with blood.

Curious, Eddie walked into the village, the villagers only glancing at him in passing. He turned around, looking at the town that had once attacked him for being undead, for being a zombie.

And looked at all the zombies that now went about their work in Irneguki.

The entire town had been changed. The villagers had either been eaten or infected, and the graveyard had let forth a tide of aging corpses from its earthy depths. It would seem that Eddie had simply been an early riser.

He had been prepared for a raging mob, or perhaps even understanding and forgiveness. But he had never expected acceptance quite like this. He looked at the faces passing by, bite marks and rotten cheeks decorating them, bloodstained teeth flashing warm smiles at him as they passed.

And then Eddie saw her. Relatively fresh, her skin was deathly pale and marred only by a few chunks missing from her neck. As Eddie looked at her, she slowed her pace and smiled shyly at him. Their eyes locked, Eddie's pond-scum green connecting with her glazed turquoise stare.

Home at last.

.... (  \  ) ....  
| | | |

The wedding of Edward Licopibo and Sophia Olubsana was presided over by Ilpi Birodumo, and was attended by almost the entire town. Most of Eddie's relatives were in no state to attend a wedding, but most people felt they owed their zombie-ism to him, since it was his bite that caused the first infection in Irneguki. Also attending were the remains of Theodore and Dietrik, who had spent the early moments of their infection eating each others entrails. As such, they had not only lost a significant amount of weight, but they also had large chest cavities in which some of the younger members attending the wedding would hide in and be carried around by the brothers.

The pre-ceremony festivities were as lively as any group of undead could possibly get, and spirits were high as they were called to silence and their seats. Eddie, wearing a one-armed suit that had been specially made for him, stood with a radiant Sophia as Ilpi prepared himself. A hush fell over the assembled crowd as Ilpi began to speak.

"Dearly departed, we are gathered here today to witness the joining of Edward Licopibo and Sophia Olubsana in unholy matrimony. If any of you know a reason why these two should not be joined, moan now or forever hold your pieces."

The congregation stayed silent as Ilpi continued the ceremony, but their gurgled cheers and disturbingly slimy applause were quite loud when the newlydeads kissed and made their way through the crowd. Cake that had bloomed with mold was served along with wine that had long since turned to vinegar. Teddo and Ricky carried the zombified children about in their expansive guts, squeals of joy coming from within their fleshy folds. As the chaos of a rowdy party howled around them, Eddie embraced Sophia tightly and gazed into her eyes.

.... (  \  ) ....  
| | | |

Well, that about does it for Eddie. I hope he entertained, and I hope I managed to pull off that ending properly.

So, that'll be the end of the fancy characters. Time to move on to someone where I don't feel so inclined to give them a "proper burial". Maybe it's time we had a goblin enter the fray...

G'day, all.

With a Warhammer.

Who's half-carp.

Just out of curiosity, what was the special aspect of the dwarf you rejected?



Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 02, 2008, 01:14:10 am**

He'd wear a bone mask and take orders from a rat that he'd keep with him at all times.

Okay, I've installed the newest version of DF, and now it's time for Bale Bestixem to join the fray. He brings his skill with axes and heavy armor, along with a fierce temperment and a seething desire to shed blood.

He is a human, born into the northern lands of Lema Thitathi, a rugged landscape bordering the mountains of Tad Stulul, which is inhabited by the goblins who swear fealty to the local humans. He is a follower of Thran Moistnesswebbed, who holds domain over plants, animals, dusk and rain.

- Shall he:
- A) Patrol the landscape, fighting wild beasts?
  - B) Seek out and cleanse the caves that litter the area.
  - C) Take a quest from the humans.
  - D) Take a quest from the goblins.
  - E) Head south along the roads.

- Secondary choices:
- 1) Recruit human followers.
  - 2) Recruit goblin followers.
  - 3) Don't recruit followers.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Neoskel** on **August 02, 2008, 01:32:38 am**

B and no recruiting.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **August 02, 2008, 03:09:36 am**

I'd say E then A and B. :) Don't seek recruits, recruit only if you bump into one.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 03, 2008, 01:57:41 am**

Okeey... Think I'm gonna go easy on the votes 'til there are more voters.

B is the agreed choice.

???I???  
???need???  
???a???  
???divider???

Bale, warrior of the harshlands, stood among the hilly landscape of Lema Thitathi. He wore the iron armor of a novice, not yet having proven himself for the bronze plated mail of the greater warriors.

He hefted his axe, a lesser version of the champion halberd, and ventured towards the cave entrance. He would earn his armor with the massed skulls of his conquered enemies, and he would drink an ocean of blood to rival the waters of Thomo Tar, the great eastern sea.

The cave was a damp, earthy hole that provided shelter for the rejects of Thran's wild domain. The exiles of the upper world, banished to a life of cowardice and muck. He would let their corpses writhe with the maggots they worshiped as he struck them down by the hundreds.

A ratbeast, deformed rodent-man whose physical stature was a mockery of the proud humans that tread the grassy ground above, came screeching out of the darkness towards Bale. With perfect ease, he opened up the creature's abdomen, that the gods might see and laugh at the pathetic squirming mass of entrails.

A second ratbeast came at Bale, who sidestepped the fiend's clumsy attack and then hacked off its arm. The limb flailed its way through the dark air, trailing a streamer of bloody rain behind it as its former owner clutched at the bloody stump and howled in anguish. Bale ended its torment by cleaving the beast in twain, the halves falling away from each other to land on the moist earthen floor.

The third creature's neck made a sickening \*thrunch\* as Bale's iron novice's axe shattered the vertebrae and separated the head from its shoulders.

Squeals of fear came fromthe dark recesses, and Bale smiled grimly. He would have to hunt the creatures down, and remove the stench of their petty existence from the world.

Bale Bestixem charged through the murky corridors, his voice howling with rage at the continued life flowing through ratbeast veins. He tore into them wherever they could be found, spilling the muck that called itself blood from their tainted arteries onto the ground, taking them apart piece by piece so that they no longer held so abominable a shape. When at last he stopped to breathe, there were no more squeals issuing from the subterranean warren.

He gathered what few measly trinkets they had stolen from the overland, and made his way back to the entrance. The morning sun still shone brightly in the sky, clearly illuminating the path to glory.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 04, 2008, 02:43:13 am**

The trinkets were of little worth, but were plentiful enough to provide Bale with a new axe made of bronze. One of the large-bladed axes that had recently come up from the south, wielded with two hands by the lesser folk from those areas. It was not a traditional halberd as the ancestral warriors used, but it would serve him well enough.

A new weapon from the sacred metal would serve him well, but more blood must be shed in order to make clear his path to the ancestral armors.

The next cave he entered was full of gremlins. Hideous little devils, but they were more proficient in their thievery than the other outcasts. A treasure trove of pilfered goods availed itself to Bale, along with the severed left hand of a gremlin, a trophy said to bring luck to whoever managed to take it from its former owner.

Bale was able to purchase some scraps of armor with the wealth earned by selling the trinkets, but it was nothing compared to what he had hoped for. It was then that Bale realized that the caves would be purged dry before he managed to get enough of the armor to

please him. It was to the southlands he would go, raiding the weaker peoples for their belongings. It was not stealing in any true sense, for all the world had been rightfully awarded to his people by great Thran, when the world was newly forged.

But even the weak can prove formidable in great enough numbers. And so Bale took on Conu Ogcani, a whelp who would seek his own strength at the side of Bale.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 04, 2008, 03:45:58 am**

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Dwarves... Filthy runts with a penchant for shiny objects, they kept great wealth hidden away in their mountain fortresses. A perfect target, or so it had seemed.

Bale clattered through the halls that now rang with alarms as the dwarven forces were alerted to Bale's brutal presence. He had already slain one of the guards, and had taken with him the precious steel armor. His greed caused him to take all of the guard's armor, a weight that proved rather heavier than might be supposed.

The two raiders charged for the entrance as the sounds of approaching warriors echoed up the hallway towards them. Outside, they found an empty courtyard, freedom just beyond its walls. Bale started forwards, but Conu gave a yell and ran in a different direction. Looking to where Conu had gone, Bale saw his traveling companion lifted into the air by the steel warhammer of a dwarven hammerman. Conu's ribcage buckled in on itself from the force of the blow, and he met his end as a shattered corpse on the smooth steps leading out of the sunken courtyard.

Thinking to deal with the bearded transgressor, Bale charged at the dwarf with his axe held high.

Had he thought to drop the steel gear he had bundled atop his shoulders, he may have survived the encounter. As it was, his legs were crushed from underneath him, and his entrails were strewn across the stone as the warhammer came down upon his prone form. His pride, his greed, and his bigotry all contributed to his death. His blood would stain the dwarven stronghold for years to come, and his memory would stain their minds for decades after.

Such was the way of the wild followers of Thran.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 04, 2008, 04:22:24 am**

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Gagu Oblergorbe had always been regarded as a little odd by the other hunters... He wore bright clothes, normally green but often with an orange undershirt or leggings in order to provide contrast.

He would also prance about like small child, and would assume peculiar poses whenever he shot from his bow. He even spouted nonsense phrases and hummed tuneless songs from time to time.

But all the hunters knew that there was not a single man who could fire an arrow with quite as much precision and power. Gagu, it appeared, was a deadly fool.

His bow had been restrung with the string from a bard's lute in order to make the twang louder. Where he acquired such a thing is unknown, but it is presumed that he simply shot some wandering minstrel in order to pilfer that single string. Such a thing would not raise many heads if it were mentioned in the same breath as Gagu's name.

There were many rumors surrounding Gagu, loudest of which was that he was part elf. He exhibited the carefree lifestyle, the everyday prancing and singing, and the master bowmanship of an elf, along with the stature and appearance of a human. Not to mention the utter disregard for life both races seemed to foster.

It was possible, certainly. For had not king what's-his-beard conquered the elven settlements and introduced them to his culture? Perhaps some fair lass had decided to introduce a strapping elven lad to her own "culture" some warm summer night.

So when Gagu set off to become a valiant adventurer, no one was particularly surprised. Some merely saw it as another peculiarity of the young man. Others saw it as proof of elven wanderlust, while others still insisted it was an example of human ambition. Many arguments and philosophical discussions were held over flagons of ale after Gagu's departure, most of which found no conclusion other than the participants all happily cuddled together on the tavern floor.

And so began the unusual tale of Gagu Oblergorbe "Rabbitshade". Exceptional archer, superior twit.

EDIT: Just realized I got the name wrong. It's "Gagu", not "Goge". No idea where I got that from.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **RavingManiac** on **August 04, 2008, 05:10:11 am**

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Um...

Screenshots?

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jools** on **August 04, 2008, 06:46:39 am**

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Hehehehehehehe. Sudden death at the hands of a seemingly run-of-the-mill opponent is a nice unexpected twist.

And I like the the new twit with a bow. Any relation to the Robin Hood character from Shrek?

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 04, 2008, 04:50:52 pm**

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No, not really. I'm thinking more of the archer from "Beasts and Bumpkins", a dreadfully obscure game that I absolutely adored. Whenever you told one to go do something, he'd squeak out the phrase "Pumty-pum!".

Whatever that means.

I'll snag some shots in the event something interesting happens. I think it's kinda funny to be asking for screenshots from an ASCII game, but I get where you're coming from. It's just that Bale's death was much less interesting to look at than how I described it.

Also, since I'm here: WOOHOO! Stores stock ammo!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 04, 2008, 06:35:54 pm**

Gagu sold the various trinkets that he had stockpiled over his years as a hunter, and used the resulting wealth to purchase new equipment. And so it was with a happy heart and a new suit of chainmail (not to mention some fine rope reed gauntlets) that Gagu set out to make pincushions of the beasts said to dwell in the wetlands to the north.

Suddenly, beak dogs!

Gagu had no idea how his senses had failed to notify him of the foul creatures before they had managed to crawl onto his shoulders, but such was the case! Gagu fired a single arrow into one of the beasts before his arms were mangled by their vicious beaks. Frantically, Gagu tried to seek shelter in the nearby river, but a fish jumped out and bit him! Utterly surrounded, he tried to fight back against the beasts, biting at them with his teeth. He was summarily ripped to shreds.



And so ends the abrupt tale of Gagu Oblergorbe, "Rabbitshades". Excpetionally dead, superiorly unimpressive.

Dammit, that was fast. I had six or seven beak dogs within one tile of my location, poor sap never stood a chance. Toady has really tightened the noose as far as ambushes are concerned...

On the bright side, one of the beak dogs got into a fight with a lamprey after I passed on. And yes, all those bits and pieces are mine.

Oh, something else... This dude managed to find a treasure trove of random trinkets, I actually ended up getting weighted down by them. Then I had the bright idea to exchange them for coins, which bought out the merchant and landed me with over 3000 gold coins to lug around. I left them, along with some excess arrows (I was really weighted down, so I did the bright thing and bought iron arrows in order to get rid of some of my heavy currency. This just gets better and better..) in the corner of a tavern somewhere. Whoever finds that bag is gonna be filthy rich...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 04, 2008, 09:44:41 pm**

Diary of Rulurshlakis.

Malachite 20  
Rat carcass in alley today, boot tread on burst stomach.

Ate it.

Found several scraps today. Good haul. Food for a week. Took sword from weapon shop. Merchant looking the other way. Humans seem edgy now. Have to be careful.

Late. Tired. Going to sleep now. Found good spot with quick escape route, should come in handy.

Malachite 21  
Rhesus macaque bodies in the street. Looks like a fight. Found more bones in houses, took some fresh meat while at it.

Found fishery worker in bed. No one else around. Killed him. Deviant was wearing a thong. Set fire to thong, put it in bed with rest of him. My quiver caught on fire. Ran to put it out. Guard saw me. Had to drop quiver.

Guard chased after me. All I could do to not get hit. Guard sprinted to catch me, I moved. Guard ran into wall. Stabbed sword into him. Hit arm. Sword got stuck. Guard stood up, had to run.

Climbed up tree. Guard shouted at me to come down. I didn't. Guard gave up and walked away. Pulled sword out of arm first.

Got sword, started looking for quiver again.

Found quiver, still burning. Took quiver to lake. Lake was frozen. Put quiver on lake anyway, ice will melt in morning. Hopefully quiver will last until then.

Found family of three sleeping in same bed. Took fish from barrel in corner. Set it on fire. Threw fish into bed.

Late. Sun coming up. Used tree to get on top of store. Should be safe.

Malachite 22  
Went to lake, quiver had disintegrated. Took arrows and put them in hole for safe keeping. Went about business.

Climbed on top of town hall. Humans were there, having meeting. Knocked a guard unconscious and took his crossbow, started shooting people. Killed a few before they started panicking.

Kid walked up behind me and started yelling. Guards heard him, started shooting at me. Got hit by arrows. Ow. Ow. Ow. Arrow went through lung, couldn't breathe. Arrow went through back of head, poked eye out. Could look at it with other eye. Couldn't think straight, world started going dark. Blood pouring out of me.

Arrrrrrgh.

~Last entry~

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 05, 2008, 03:22:57 am**

"Arkur, you are the finest knight to have graced these lands in over a century... But your efforts here are not needed. These lands have been made safe by your virtue and honor, and by the edge of that blade which you carry.

"No, your strength is needed in the lands to the north, where barbarians consort with goblins and tyrants rule the land. It is your quest to cleanse the northlands, to bring justice to the bloodthirsty heathens.

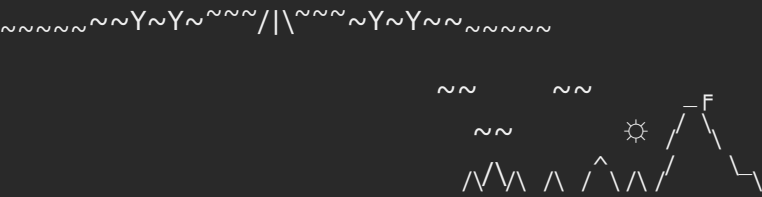
"You shall cross the mountains that separate us from the cold north, and lay waste to those who have damned themselves through their greed."



These words chase themselves through my mind as I stand at the foot of the great mountains that guard the peak dubbed "the Point of Liberty". Strange that liberty should keep us away from the rest of the world.

My trek shall take me past the peak, that I may marvel at its beauty while staying far removed from its treacherous slopes. We have not had contact with the dwarves who dwell on the northern side for some years, so it is not known if they will be hospitable to a southlander. But even in the event of their help, I will be very alone in my task.

But such matters should not be my primary concern. For now, I should trouble myself only with the task at hand, which is to make my way across the mountains. I only hope I have prepared for the journey sufficiently...



Alrighty, so this dude's gonna try and cross a mountain range. After that, it's time to go up against civ critters with only his exceptional iron two-handed sword and all the armor he's managed to pad on. No shield.

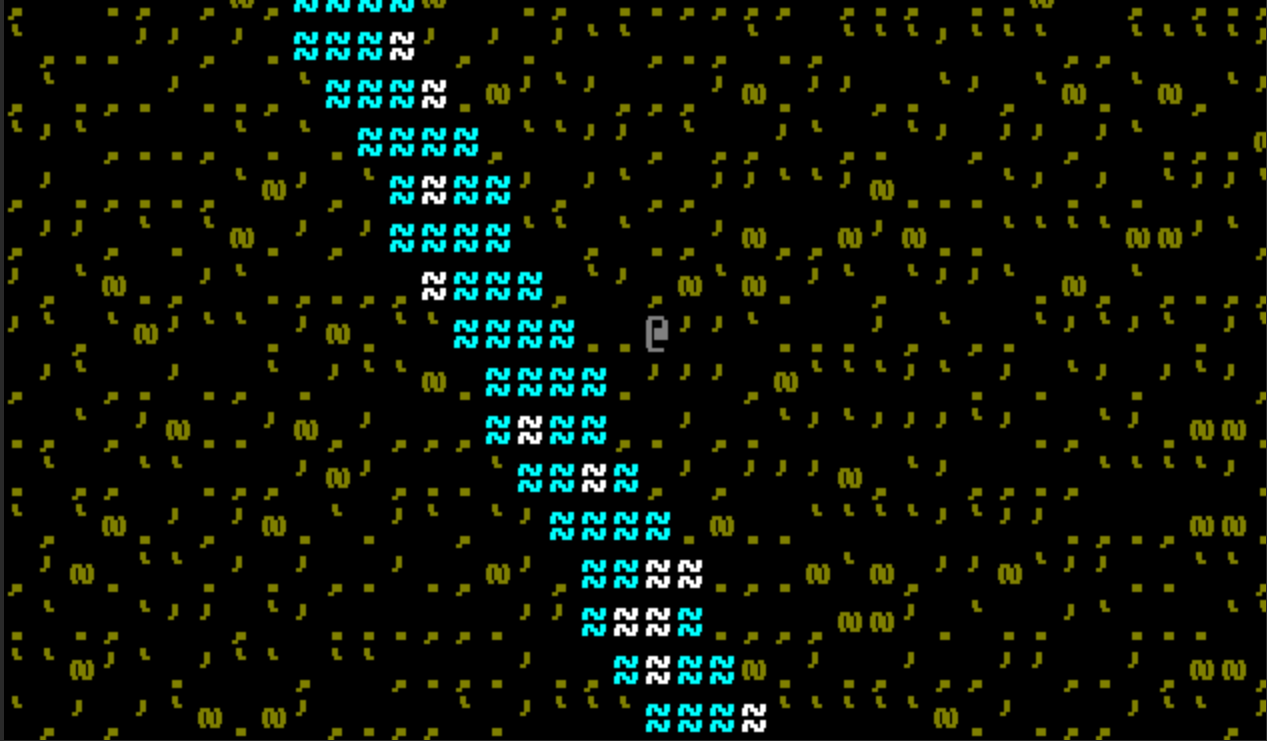
Still though, he's a frikkin' *monster* in melee. 'Course, he's not legendary in anything yet, so there's always the chance some damn shield-wieldin' weaponbastard will slice him in half...

But that's for the future. I'm taking off to Catalina for about a week, so not only will my computer time be cut down (activities + running off of battery), but web access will be spotty. In the meantime, do something useful. Ta.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 05, 2008, 04:04:48 am**

It is the tenth of moonstone. How prudent of me to begin my trek through the cold mountain range just as winter sets in.

I find the going easier than expected, however. I have found a small stream running through the mountains that will help me ration out the supplies I carry with me.

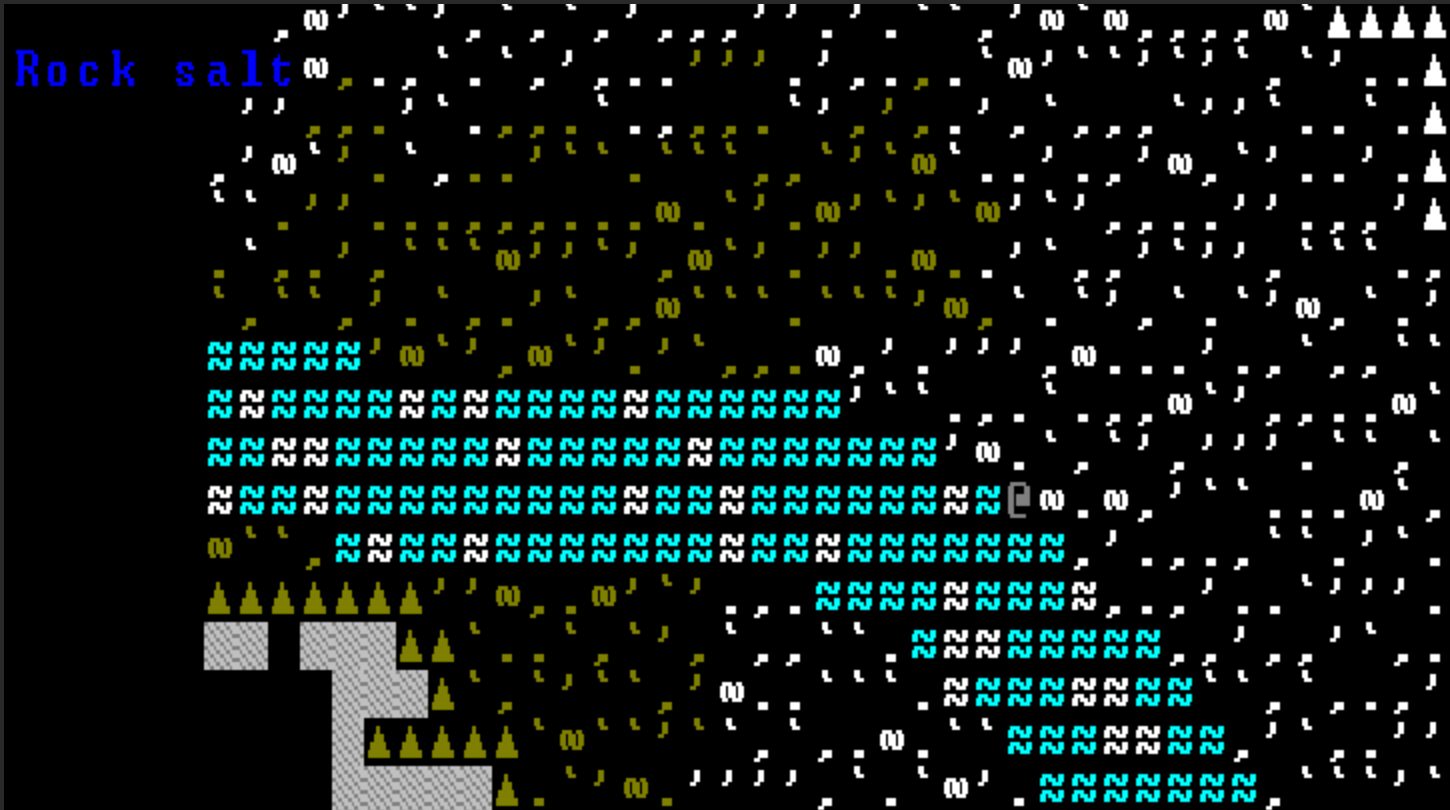


The only life I have seen up here has been a solitary goat standing on a boulder. It watched me as I passed, but made no other move to challenge me.

I have heard stories of vicious beasts inhabiting the high crags, venturing forth to waylay whatever travelers might be so foolish as to attempt the passage. I only hope these stories prove as true as the other rumors that swirl around a mug of ale.

I have followed the stream for some time now, and it appears to follow more or less the route I had planned. Truly, a fortunate discovery!

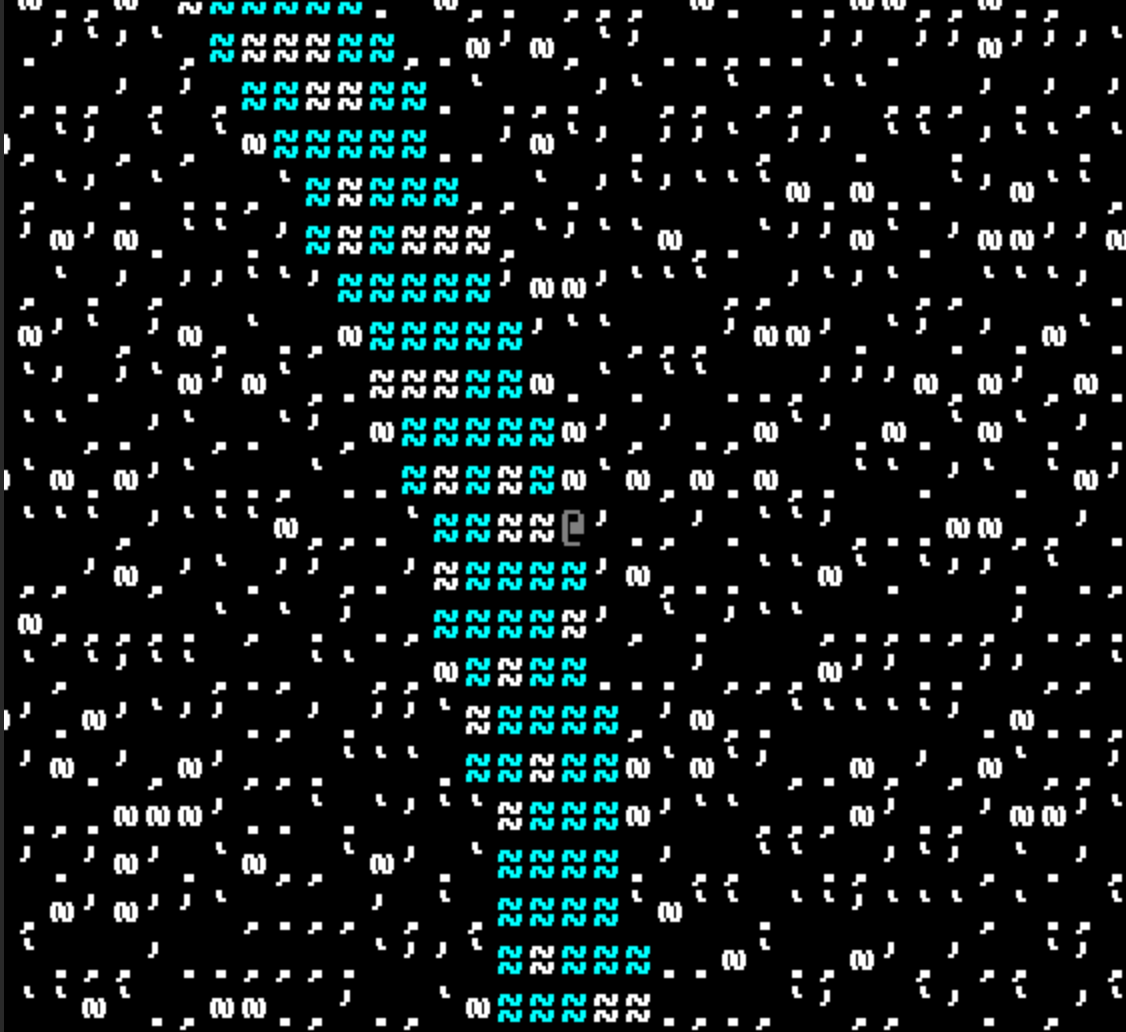
At one point on the way, I thought I saw snow covering the rock ahead. Upon closer examination, I found it to be salt, not snow. The mountain appears to be at least partly made out of the stuff... Rather a valuable commodity in the southlands.



I have taken the liberty of packing some of the salt in with the meats I carry for food. Hopefully, they will last me long enough to reach the other side. When I have completed my task, I will likely have to find new provisions on the northern side.

Following the stream has awarded me a view of a landscape I would not say I could ever have expected. The miniature valley this stream travels through is made entirely of salt, and were it not for the only mildly cool temperatures it would seem quite like some snowy vale in the dead of winter.





The powder landscape is dotted with solid chunks of salt that take on peculiar glows as the sun passes over them. Speaking of sunlight, it would appear that my own is running somewhat thin... The first day of my quest begins to wane, and I shall have to weather the night with little shelter.

And, as the day fades, so too does my companion stream find his source. I take a parting sip from his cool and surprisingly fresh water and venture on alone.

I will try to make as much headway as I can before nightfall. The sooner I can make my way out of these mountains, the sooner I can rest in any amount of comfort.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jools** on **August 05, 2008, 06:44:33 am**

Cool stuff. I love the quickfire series of adventurers who swiftly go from a promising start to an ignominious death - especially that chap I assume was a kobold who ended up looking with one eye at the arrowhead sticking out the front of his other socket...

Sending a knight out over the mountains is a nice idea... I hope he doesn't just starve though, before meeting (fighting) anything interesting.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Drakale** on **August 05, 2008, 09:40:41 am**

Nice Rorshash tribute Kagus :p those filthy sinners had it coming.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DwarfMan69** on **August 06, 2008, 10:37:48 pm**

I'm pretty sure that nighttime during winter on the peak of a mountain will kill you.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Anfold** on **August 07, 2008, 01:19:47 am**

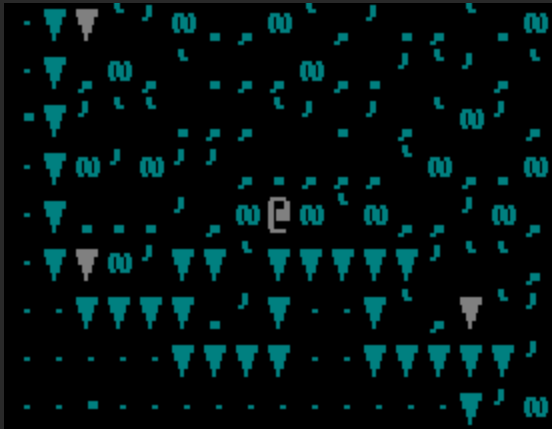
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though I assume only if Kagus actually wants this gut to make it will this be implemented.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 11, 2008, 03:53:34 pm**

Well, the temperature is actually pretty mild, at least so far. And besides, I made sure this dude was bundled up in as many clothes as he can wear, including a pair of +dog leather mittens+.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 14, 2008, 03:11:25 am**

Night. As the sun settled itself within the nestled mountains to the east a chill wind came from just that direction, as though the sun had stirred the winds as it bedded itself for the night.



My water pack is a comical sack of ice strapped to my back, frozen solid by the biting wind. The cold intends to freeze the marrow within my bones as well, but although I feel the chill, I show no ill signs of it. I only wish that I had worn a better coat, rather than this damnable armor. I know not how I managed to survive the many years of my life with such a head upon my shoulders, but so be it.

The blanket of night wraps itself tighter around me, but provides not the slightest respite from the wind. The saltscape is illuminated by moonlight filtering down from a sky so clear and beautiful it steals what breath I still have within me. The stars conduct bold counsel with their patron on this night as the heavenly court opens itself to this mortal's eyes. To the west I see the highest peak of this spine of rock, marking what is as close to halfway on my journey as I dare hope.

My teeth begin to clatter, and my hands start to shake as the night continunes. My only hope for warmth is to keep moving, huddling my equipment around me pathetically as the wind howls with laughter at my puny form. I only now realize that I have been able to feel my ears and nose not at all for some time, and I curse myself for not wearing better clothing. How I could forget to adequately wrap the most important part of my body, I have no idea.

But I suspect that if my head were to freeze itself off of my shoulders, it would be no great loss. I am obviously not using it overmuch.

I take out one of the smaller skins filled with hard drink (I laugh at the thought that the water within my pack is significantly harder than any liquor I carry) and take a sip, hoping that it will at least dull the chill's edge and allow me to put it out of my mind.

As I put the skin back, I hear another moaning accompanying the wind. Looking up, I see a shape making its way towards me through the mountain night. It is a great, shaggy beast, and a great plume of steam rises into the air with its every breath. I have heard legends of these mountain-men, the sasquatches, but I did not believe them fully until now.

As the beast bears down on me and I ready my sword, I feel slightly comforted. Although this fiend means me harm, it is an indication that I have traveled farther into the northlands. It also provides me with reason to swing my sword, which will provide at least some amount of warmth.



The creature lies dead at me feet, steam rising from the warm blood I have taken from it. I mourn that I was never trained as a hunter, for this creature's luxuriant coat would serve me quite well, if I but knew how to retrieve it. Sadly, I must go on without it, leaving the corpse for whatever scavengers dare live in these mountains.

The moon makes its way across the night sky, trailing its courtiers in her great velvet cloak of darkness. She retreats from the starry court as the sun begins to rise from his slumber and take back the kingdom of the sky.

As the first rays of sunlight set fire to the edges of the moon's velvet cloak, I feel the first pangs of hunger. Hopefully, the warmth-giving rays will thaw some of this meat I've been carrying around...

\_\_\_\_/\^/\\_\_\_\_\_

Yep, he froze to death. Wanna know why? I sold his somethingsomething-leather cap in order to wear a better one, but I never got around to buying the new one. He's been running around with just the iron helmet. His throat froze itself out at around the same time his brain crystallized. He bled to death.

Luckily, he recovered quickly.

Other than his head, not a single bodypart took damage. I have to remember to bring hats for the return trip...

I'm starting to get curious as to how big my reader base is... Just when it starts to look like I've only got the three repeat customers, someone completely random will pop in and make a comment.

In the meantime, while we wait for good sir Arkur to meet his untimely end, we might as well discuss what the next goon is going to be. I'm going to have to streamline the process a bit, as excessively "out there" characters only lead to trouble... Oh, speaking of which, playing as a hostile kobold inside a town is tons of fun, but somewhat difficult to write. Just give kobolds the [FLIER] tag to emulate climbing, and go sneaking around town looking for bone scraps to eat. When the night comes (or day, depending on your preference), hop on top of a roof and snooze for a bit. You can live quite easily provided you're a good enough sneak to maneuver around guards in good time.

Anyways, here's the process: Pick any sentient race (includes Dwarves, Elves, Humans, Goblins and Kobolds), and then pick any standard weapon that the preferred race has access to (in other words, no dwarven lashers or hammerelves). Please do not suggest quirks unless they are very mild... Excessive quirkiness will start rattling the DnG code again. And since unorthodox weaponry ( a disturbingly common quirk) uses no weapon skill, it is very hard to effectively fight with such a character. I have no problem with multiple standard weapons, however. Just remember that dual-wielding is utterly ineffective.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Neoskel** on **August 14, 2008, 04:49:33 am**

Elf swordsman.

I did one once where i got legendary throwing so i could recruit tons of folks. I recruited about 20 elves and then went giant slaying in human towns (ease of use). I used loot to buy myself an exceptional iron longsword and an exceptional iron shield. Also trained up archery by killing the last kobold from a cave. He had like 12 quivers full of arrows on (i carefully wrestled all of them off to assure that they wouldn't 'stick' to the corpse). Then i found another elf civ which actually had a keep in it's capital (humans built it).

I amused myself by shoving their druid of the side of the keep and causing an all out elf vs elf war (then savescumming and doing it a different way). Too bad i only brought melee elves, cuz their bowmen pincushioned my poor guys and the best i did was when i killed their master bowman first and took his bow and started shooting the local elves.

Um, i told you that to show that theres no reason for a stereotypical character to be boring. :P

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **August 14, 2008, 12:07:24 pm**

I see you've stopped using mods. Because I'd still like a maniac darkelf crossbowman intent on killing off all site and civ leaders. He'd have to be insanely proficient with his weapon though...

Failing that, a kobold posessed by a spirit of a mighty warrior. Must wield a greatsword or a twohander. :)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 14, 2008, 01:06:27 pm**

I'm using personal mods. Little stuff like making all the races playable. I'm running 39e, and I didn't think there were any major mods out for that yet.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Glacies** on **August 14, 2008, 01:41:13 pm**

Goblin scout and night-time child-murderer.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **August 14, 2008, 02:22:28 pm**

Meh. Modbase. All mods for all versions. :)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 14, 2008, 02:39:31 pm**

I don't really see how Modbase provides functionality for all versions, seeing as there are new tags getting added and old tags becoming obsolete. And it only covers the mods that have been specifically added to it. But it does cover all of *those*. Every last one.

Ah, besides... It's kinda nice going back to native DF. MA+ was starting to get a bit overcomplicated.

Heh, if I really want a cha(lle)nge, I'll just start playing my shooter mod. That one guarantees a short lifespan.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **August 14, 2008, 02:46:58 pm**

Well, unless the mod *adds* something that eventually becomes obsolete or requires a new tag to function, all the mods will function normally when the version changes. Because only changes are submitted, this works great.

I suppose proper mods will eventually make use of the referencing system to make them impervious to such changes, but that's theoretizing for now.

Anyways, like I said, if a darkelf assassin is impossible, go for a posessed swordskobold with an oversized sword.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 14, 2008, 03:56:59 pm**

As the new day warmed and I began to thaw along with the rest of my provisions, I decided to climb one of the minor peaks around here and take a look at my surroundings. The new day's light provided me with a view I had not at all expected, and I am thankful that my head has shaken enough frost out of it to have considered checking my route.

The mountain wall is not at all what our scholars had suspected, and the craggy peaks carry on into the distance for as far to the north as my eye can determine. My previous route would have lead me towards certain death, to be frozen solid in the vast expanse of rock.



To the northeast I can make out a sheltered nook of foothills which are to be my new destination. Taking into account my previous measurements, I discover that having taken a direct route across the peak from my starting point, I would have been on a direct course for the foothills.

I eat some of the rations from my pack and set off in the new direction, bidding farewell to the endless expanse of rock that would have claimed a less observant soul.

Not long into my new course, the white saltscape gave way to a far less shocking brownstone.

My rations are still holding out quite well, so I may just survive this trip after all. That would be most pleasant.

By all the foul luck, I am impeded once again. A great rift stretches before me, its bottom impossible to see. I'll have to find some way around this crevasse in order to reach my goal, and who knows how long that could take.



To add to this, I am weary from the travel and night is falling. I will need to find some shelter and bed down for the night.

It would appear the gods are merciful, or at least took some pity on my predicament. I was able to find a small alcove in the crevasse wall with a ledge that I can easily pull myself up from. It is here that I shall spend the night. Or at least however much of it I can sleep through...

Damn my fool head and my snow-clouded eyes... After waking from an entirely unhelpful doze, I set out into the freezing night once more to find my way around the rock cleft I was impeded by.

Not a hundred paces to the north did I find a way around. I had settled myself in one of the feeble cracks trailing out from the end of this rift, attempting to build up the strength and determination needed to travel around it.

I don't suppose I could be held entirely to blame. The lower reaches of this mountain range seem to be in a perpetual blizzard, something I was spared in its higher peaks. I can barely see the ground I tread upon, which is a disturbing thought after encountering such a danger as that rift.

Thinking back on it, there was something rather unsettling about the way that crevasse ended... It did not become so shallow towards the end that it no longer proved difficult, it simply... Stopped. I remember looking down and cursing myself for not seeing the path around, and I notice only now that the chasm was just as deep as at any other point along its length. Peculiar indeed.

It seems my rations have frozen solid again. I can only look mournfully at their glossy coat of ice as my stomach complains of hunger. I seem to have plenty of these frost lumps, but their use is rather limited. I will hopefully find better rations for my return trip. Perhaps I can use these frozen chunks of meat to club some small animal to death and then eat *that* animal's meat...

What worries me is that the rations do not seem to be holding up well under the constant cycle of freezing and thawing. It seems that each time a portion of the meat melts away with the ice, leaving a sizeable portion inedible. After a time, my stores may simply vanish.

Not a pleasant thought.



Alrighty, time for another modification... [NO\_EAT]. I feel utterly justified in doing this, as Arkur's rations *don't* thaw. The temperature (relative to me, at least) gets all the way up to "warm", but nothing will thaw. I've just dumped the massive amount of frozen water in order to get some extra speed (didn't work, this guy's already strong enough to carry everything), since it serves absolutely no purpose.

Yes, I will be getting some *very* different rations for the return trip. Man, I should've paid more attention to the mountain climbing thread... I probably would've known all this non-thaw junk beforehand and prepared accordingly.

This guy's relatively clean, so I've run out of vomit coverings to eat. Hence the new tag for humies.

Oh, and one more thing... Apparently, sleeping has absolutely no effect on drowsiness. What a pain.

By all the gods, I have done it.

My lungs feel fit to burst as I suck in the rain-filled air of the foothills, savoring both the exhaustion I feel and the earthy scent the raindrops pull from the soil.

The grass feels like a clouds beneath my feet after having trudged across the boulder-strewn gravelly landscape of the mountains.



But I cannot stop here for long. In the north lie the settlements that I am to cleanse, and I shall exert myself in the fight equally as much as I have done in crossing the mountains.

At least now I know what I'm doing. I unsheathe my sword, and hail the landscape before me.

It welcomes me.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 16, 2008, 02:59:05 am**

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I have made a base of operations. The dwarves have hidden themselves from my eyes, if they are indeed here at all. I have instead gone straight into my task, slaying the heathen scum who attack me with their hands bare and their mouths foaming.

The coastal hamlet of Deeplulled was first to fall, and I scoured every house for the heretical trinkets and filth these barbarians have. It is this town that I shall use as a place of rest as I head deeper into the northlands.

I will give these barbarians one thing though... They make some of the strongest ales I have ever encountered, and some of the warmest clothing. I doubt that my return trip across the mountains will be half as difficult as the trip here...

Especially now that I actually know where I'm going.

Just a quick update here, since this guy cleaned out the town in good time. He amassed thirty-nine kills of assorted civilians and guards. He slew the weaponmaster in one hit. The guards were comprised of a few pikemen, one swordsman, and a ton of bowmen and crossbowmen.

The worst injury he took was a bolt stuck in a broken hand. And that's because I was standing three inches away from a bowman and waiting for him to shoot so I could try blocking the shot with my sword (it happened once while I was wandering around). This guy still does not have a shield, and he managed to survive a town full of marksmen. Including one hunter who had several pages worth of various animal trinkets to his name. funny thing was, he knocked me over and then shot at me. The shot went sailing over my head and thunked into a nearby building.

Then he passed out.

And something else happened when I was cleaning the town... I mentioned a swordsman? Well, guess what happened to him:  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



upper body  
lower body  
head  
right upper arm  
left upper arm  
right lower arm  
left lower arm  
right hand  
left hand  
right upper leg  
left upper leg  
right lower leg  
left lower leg  
right foot  
left foot  
right shoulder  
left shoulder  
right elbow  
left elbow  
right wrist

This dude is a *monster*. And now he has a hat (one cap, three hoods), along with a bag full of blood and another bag full of vomit. Y'know, weather-resistant rations and all that.

EDIT: Jiminy, DnG is approaching the 2000 views mark. I feel so proud of my cyuuute wittle baby...

My cute little baby, which happens to be a zombified elven summoner and Duke Nukem impersonating mischief-maker. Ye gods, I have created a monster!

Anyways, I feel that I am really bugging myself mightily. Not only am I working on my *\*secret project\**, which is a full-time story dedication, but I just recently came up with *another* idea which would be a an amazingly epic full-time story dedication.

My problem isn't that I can't come up with a good idea. My problem is that I can't stop.

Anyways, cheers! Happy anniversary, everybody. I couldn't have done it without you.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **August 16, 2008, 02:34:27 pm**

\*polite aplause\*

I don't think that an elf-hammerer would be too out there. Maybe it had been snatched at an early age?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **August 16, 2008, 02:39:53 pm**

Unfortunately, elves don't have hammers. I could generate a new world with a little modding done so they get them, but otherwise I'd have to steal a metal hammer and then train up from scratch.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Neoskel** on **August 18, 2008, 04:43:48 pm**

Quote from: Kagus on August 16, 2008, 02:39:53 pm  
Unfortunately, elves don't have hammers. I could generate a new world with a little modding done so they get them, but otherwise I'd have to steal a metal hammer and then train up from scratch.

Thats even better. You know, i like this current guy. You already removed [NO\_EAT] i presume?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Demonic Gophers** on **August 27, 2008, 01:48:47 am**

Regarding sleep and drowsiness: on a mountain climbing expedition, I had a character walk through the night, because I didn't want to sleep while it was freezing. After I let them sleep at dawn, they were still drowsy, so I let them get some more rest while it was still light. Two periods of sleep later, they were refreshed and ready to move on at full speed.

No idea why it took two, but that seemed to do the trick.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **September 06, 2008, 09:09:20 am**

A cold land populated by wild and savage beasts. I find my task of subduing these people inhibited by the great animals that wander the wilderness. I wonder if it is because of these deadly creatures that the people have grown so savage and barbaric, as a means of survival...

Perhaps the goblins that have taken shelter underneath their brawny arms who have sneakily altered their perceptions. It seems in character for such foul devilspawn as the goblins.

Or maybe I am merely trying to make excuses for a race of people who do not seek any excuse for their heretical behaviour. I have no council of elders to determine my next quest, so I am forced to take matters into my own hands... But I am uncertain, for I see numerous paths ahead of me.

-----

- Votin' time again.
- A) Slay the heretics. They have chosen their own fate.
  - B) Cleanse the wilds. Hard life will breed hard people.
  - C) Destroy the goblins. Scum can fester if it is deep inside a wound.

Note: "Cleanse the Wilds" includes spelunking.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Astus Ater** on **September 06, 2008, 01:45:34 pm**

- A) Slay the heretics.
- BURN THEM!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **DI7789** on **September 06, 2008, 01:46:36 pm**

- A. Burn the Heretics

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **September 06, 2008, 03:33:09 pm**

Quote from: Astus Ater on September 06, 2008, 01:45:34 pm

- A) Slay the heretics.
- BURN THEM!

Agreed

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Neoskel** on **September 06, 2008, 04:23:05 pm**

- B) THEN A). Don't question the power of experience. And spelunking. :P

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Creamcorn** on **September 06, 2008, 04:38:48 pm**

- B they had it coming, with their prospering, and what not.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **September 08, 2008, 12:10:42 pm**

I have made my choice, my resolve has been reinforced. I chide myself for not holding a steady hand in my extermination of the heretics, as they have no reason to not uphold the common decencies of civilized folk.

I make my way to the town of Raceglitter, a place where the northlanders have apparently decided to stave off the cold wind with warm ale and warmer women. A bordello on the edge of town is my first goal.

Inside, the rowdy shouts of drunken men were met and measured by the shrill laughs of women who wore only the small trinkets and tattoos that decorated their cheap flesh. The few customers on the lower levels were of little importance, and were forcibly removed from their sins in a matter of moments.

The commotion had awakened some of the customers upstairs, however. Strong men began to stick their heads out of their rented rooms to see what had caused the sudden change in the sound from downstairs. I made my way up the staircase to the second level, and cut off the head of the first barbarian in line before he could finish his cry of alarm. The others quickly got back inside their rooms and began scrounging for the equipment they had removed in order to take warmth from their companions.

The first man to step out of his room must have had mixed parentage on a remarkable scale. I could have sworn upon my blade that he was half bear.

His massive frame was covered only partly by a rough chain shirt that he had tossed on to confront me. A significant portion of his body was covered only by a mat of curly hair that looked dense enough to hide a dagger in.

I intended to hide a sword in it.

He bellowed at me in a grumbling roar of heretical words, and hefted a massive iron crossbow in his paw of a hand. The first bolt was heavy and poorly shaped, and my blade was at the ready. I deflected its deadly head away from me, and it clattered to the wooden floor a few steps behind.

But the second shot was too fast for me to prepare for. A burning snake crawled up my arm and bit into my head as the bolt sank into my left elbow. My stomach seemed to drop away as a wet popping sound came from the area of impact.

My arm fell limply to my side as the bear-man laughed heartily at my injury. His joy was likely enhanced by whatever he had been drinking earlier in the day, and it was with thanks to whoever had brewed this man's drink that I moved forward.

I was slower than my usual, due to my inexperience in carrying such a massive blade with only one hand, but I was fast enough to fight a drunkard. His revelry was cut short as I came at him, and his arm was cut shorter. It flew into the air over the balcony, and began its descent to the lower floor just as its owner toppled to the side and followed it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

You charge at The Elite Crossbowman!  
The Elite Crossbowman looks surprised by the ferocity of Your onslaught!  
You hack at The Elite Crossbowman in the left upper arm with your +«=Iron two-handed sword=»+!  
The Elite Crossbowman loses hold of the grizzly bear leather left mitten.  
The Elite Crossbowman loses hold of the sturgeon leather left glove.  
The left upper arm flies off in a bloody arc!  
You collide with The Elite Crossbowman!  
The Elite Crossbowman is knocked over and tumbles backward!  
The Elite Crossbowman gives in to pain.  
The Elite Crossbowman slams into an obstacle!

He crashed through the protective railing and slammed into the floor below. I leapt upon his prone form, steadying my blade in the crook of my arm. It sank straight through his barbarian-made armor and forged a path straight to the hunter's massive heart.

I cleared out the other patrons in short order, and made my way into the rest of town. Alarms had begun to sound around the locality, and armed guards soon blocked my path.

But these were barbarians, not trained warriors. Their brawn and bulk was all they had, and it was not enough to match my many years of training. They fell like wheat before the farmer's scythe, lying at my feet in a penance they could not acheive in life.

More warriors challenged me, and more northlanders fell to feed the earth. The streets were almost bare, so I began hunting down those who hid within their houses and shops, trying to fend off the inevitable by presenting a material barrier against spiritual justice.

I broke down the door to a weaponry shop, and surveyed the shop. In the corner sat the shopkeeper, cradling something in his arms. My mind cried out in an urgency I had rarely felt before in my life. But my path had been chosen, and I could not take back the footfalls that had led me down it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The flying Iron bolt strikes You in the head!  
It is pierced!  
You have been knocked unconscious!  
Your right eye has been poked out!  
Your nose has been badly pierced!  
The Iron bolt has lodged firmly in the wound!  
You fall over.  
The flying Iron bolt strikes You in the upper body!  
It is pierced!  
Your right lung has been pierced!  
Your left lung has been pierced!  
Your heart has been pierced!  
Your liver has been pierced!  
Your upper spine has been badly pierced!  
The flying Iron bolt strikes You in the upper body!  
The shot glances away.  
The flying Iron bolt strikes You in the left upper arm!  
It is badly pierced!  
You have bled to death. [DONE]

"The search for tranquility takes a lifetime."  
-- Unknown

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Neoskel** on **September 09, 2008, 03:16:59 pm**

Ok, now you can play a guy from the 'barbarian' to start on a quest of revenge the other way around.

Would be quite poetic to prove to be the better man by being a merc for them instead of killin' all of them.

But only if you want to of course.

Good writing. :D

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **September 12, 2008, 02:41:43 am**

Well, I'm afraid that's going to be it for a while. I currently have some problems with getting stuff on the net, and I've been meaning to do some work on my other projects as well. Death and Glory is now officially on hiatus until further notice.

Comments are welcome, of course. But I already know that I should've just left town after getting that elbow popped, so you don't need to poke me about that.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Prometheus** on **September 12, 2008, 09:40:42 am**

500th post, bitches.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **September 12, 2008, 10:56:31 pm**

While this is 501th.

Let's renew the elf w/ warhammer discusion!

D and G, the only thread with internal necromancy!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Prometheus** on **September 13, 2008, 01:49:51 am**

That was a bump, not necromancy. Kagus posted himself yesterday :P

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Neoskel** on **September 13, 2008, 01:52:06 am**

Quote from: Strife26 on September 12, 2008, 10:56:31 pm

While this is 501th.  
  
Let's renew the elf w/ warhammer discussion!  
  
D and G, the only thread with internal necromancy!

Nist Akath.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **September 25, 2008, 12:51:47 pm**

This thread is kinda near 'n' dear to me, seeing as it's the one I'm most known for. I'd kinda like to see the tradition kept up, rather than just gather dust at the back of the forum archive because I don't have as much time to devote to it as I did before.

So, I'd like to appoint someone else as a new host. Just follow the rules of DnG as illustrated below:

1. All adventurers must either be agreed to or suggested by the thread readers.
2. The adventurer's major decisions must be voted upon by the thread readers.
3. The adventurer's (short) life must be told in as much gory and humorous detail as possible.
4. The adventurer must not be enhanced, improved, or altered by any third party utility.
5. Any and all of the above rules are subject to negation should something really cool require it.

Send me a PM or post a public application here in the thread, and hopefully we'll be able to get this thing going again.

Now hop to attention, these adventurer's aren't going to kill themselves (well, maybe they will, but they won't write about it).

EDIT: Nobody? Well, suit yourselves.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **November 02, 2008, 03:53:17 am**

THIS IS GLORY!!

Someone should take up Kagus' mantle. Like, now.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jamini** on **November 26, 2008, 02:28:40 am**

I feel ashamed at you people. Not one person is willing to take up Kagus' mantle? We are the forumgoers of Bay12Games, and such a request by a man who has been both a leader and a guiding hand in the life of this forum should not be so lightly ignored.

Tell me now, members of the forums, do you want to see a legend such as this die out with hardly a whimper?

If not, tell me what type of adventurer you want to hear of next.

**(Yes, I'm offering to take over for Kagus, if you haven't already figured that out)**

- Suggestions:
1. Dwarven Avenger
  2. The Assassin

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **numerobis** on **November 26, 2008, 12:28:52 pm**

It seems obvious that it should start with a lone dwarf trying to avenge the slaughter of his people by the Intricate Nut.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **November 26, 2008, 02:43:12 pm**

A human assassin. If someone sees you fighting besides the person you're killing, you have to run away, doesn't matter if you could take them on or not.

Another possible rule is if you can't kill your target within two hits, they get to live another day (unless they bleed to death).

Training beforehand is allowed and suggested.

Final goal: assassinate a demon.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Jamini** on **November 29, 2008, 10:22:51 am**

We've got two community-suggested options, I'll leave this open for one more day before it'll be put to a vote.

If you want to vote early I will still count it in the final tally.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **November 30, 2008, 08:52:17 am**

Assassin. If he happens to lose an eye after dealing with a demon, well...

Good man, Jamini.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Jamini** on **November 30, 2008, 01:07:31 pm**

All right, it's been a little over a day now.  
The current options are

1. Assassin | Votes: 5

2. Dwarven Avenger | Votes: 1

Place your vote now.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Frelock** on **November 30, 2008, 02:19:45 pm**

I'll go with my suggestion, naturally.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Strife26** on **December 01, 2008, 08:37:55 am**

Abstain.

Also, YAY! D&G IS BACK!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **numerobis** on **December 01, 2008, 12:56:50 pm**

Quote from: Jamini on November 30, 2008, 01:07:31 pm

2. Dwarven Avenger | Votes: 0.

I'm outvoted regardless, but zero? Maybe it's the electronic voting machine screwing up?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Demonic Gophers** on **December 01, 2008, 01:02:28 pm**

I think proposing an adventurer doesn't imply voting for it. Thus, you haven't voted yet.

I vote Assassin.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Glacies** on **December 01, 2008, 02:28:25 pm**

Asassy.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **SHADOWdump** on **December 01, 2008, 04:37:26 pm**

Ass.

What?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Jamini** on **December 02, 2008, 02:39:23 pm**

Quote from: benoit.hudson on December 01, 2008, 12:56:50 pm

Quote from: Jamini on November 30, 2008, 01:07:31 pm

2. Dwarven Avenger | Votes: 0.

I'm outvoted regardless, but zero? Maybe it's the electronic voting machine screwing up?

I don't neccecarily count proposals as votes as it's possible that a person might like an idea proposed by somone else after their original post.

Still, it appears that the Assassin won the vote!

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Astus Ater** on **December 02, 2008, 04:12:07 pm**

Can the assassin throw fish?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**

Post by: **Jamini** on **December 02, 2008, 08:25:37 pm**

"Always shoot to kill."

That was the first peice of advice from my instructor so many years ago, in between his sodden sobbing over his lost wife and downing five pints of Sewer Brew in one sitting. It was that same day that he told me to discard the childhood nicknames that my friends had given me and granted me the honored name of Ol Olithvope... and the day that he showed me how quickly a person can kill a man who laughed at another's misfortune.

I hated it at the time, that name. The first bit, sport, it was his nickname for me. A honorific, given to the penniless street urchin who had followed him home in hopes of getting a bit of bread after being given a silver to deliver a message. The second was his and his alone, the title given to him by the victims of his blade in a distant kingdom. He was a killer, or an assissin as he preferred it. Giving that name to me was his way of branding me as his, after accepting my pleas to be his student. Sometimes, I think it might have been his secret way of punishing me for impudence, although the grizzled dwarf would never admit it.

Still, I can't say his training was poor. He taught me uncountable ways to kill another man bare-handed. He introduced and perfected my



accuracy with a bow until it was first passable, and eventually somewhat uncanny. Most importantly, he taught me how to hide properly. He taught me how to blend myself not only into the shadows, but how to avoid detection in any light, in any surroundings, and with any number of other people around. Be it in a crowd of people, or in a niegh-barren room of a dwraven peasent, he taught me how to avoid being seen, so that I could follow his second and third cardinal rules: "Never fight a fair fight." and "Always be ready to run."



His advice, naturally, had led me to Materonmo. A small outpost set on the eastern edge of Stalconleba, the armored plain, a few hours walk from the capital. More accuratly, it led me to The Glacier of Wandering, a tavern owned by the mayor and spearmaster of Materonmo, Mata Emsiibon.



Mata hadn't noticed me entering the building, however when I tapped his shoulder to get his attention at first his shock quickly turned into a grin of delight. His four false wooden teeth squelching in their sockets.

"So, you are the boy sent by the Olithvope eh?" He greeted me with a solid clap on the back, the force behind his arms almost enough to send me over the railing. "A good man, that dwarf, always keeps his word. Although I had expected someone a bit... tougher. Oh well, I suppose you will have to do."

I forced back his infectious smile, trying to keep my gaze averted from the rotting cedar in his mouth. "You have a job right? I'm not wasting my time here?" I wanted to spend as little time there as possible, he was disgusting.

Mata grinned wider, his arm reaching down a picking a small piece of sausage out of his breastplate that had been caught there. "My my, you are forthright. Fine. I have a job for somone with your... skills. If you take it I will make it worth your while."

"I know, what do you want?"

Mata gave me a long, hard look, his smile dropping for a far more serious and less disgusting frown. "You are insufferable, whelp, I want

you to kill the Merchant Princess Ama Tarnishshields."

"What is the reward?"

"One weapon from the forge in Tuskevened." he drew a tattered peice of parchment from his armor and wrote a brief note. The paper was so yellow from sweat that I dared not think of what he had used it for in the recent past. "Show this to him, he will give you what you desire... within bounds."

Suspicious of the treatment, I looked the disturbing man in the eyes, noting a wide twich under his left eyebrow. "Why not do it yourself? You are clearly powerful enough." I stated it as a fact, rather than a question. Allowing my tone to provoke a response as Urist had taught me.

Mata gave me a cold stare now. His ire, and my pleasure in conjunction, clearly growing as I spent time asking him questions rather than following his instructions. He had to know I was not going to be his simple drone, to order about as he saw fit. "I have... responsibilities. Killing the merchant princess personally would invite her family against me, as well as giving her permission under law to both lay a bounty on my head and to lay sanctions against Materonmo. I can't give her what she deserves personally for what she has done to my family because of class restrictions, so I am hiring you. Are you happy now... OI?"

"Fine, I accept your terms. I will not return untill the deed is done." I said simply, smiling within as I ran my hand along the lower edge of my bow. Perhaps this man would be useful in the future as a contact... provided I gave him what he wanted. Yes... perhaps...

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **December 23, 2008, 06:26:14 pm**

Yay, it's dead again. Uggh... I've got the storytelling stamina of a dead slug. The brilliant idea I half-dumped this for is still in delayed construction, and the lag is getting worse and worse as the blocks pile higher.

Pfft, maybe I should get my arse in gear and make that sex mod. But much as I might desire writing an x-rated DnG, this thing *is* directed at a more "general public" than the modding forum. Gore, but no sex please.

Guess I could just pull the shooter mod out and wipe the dust off. After a few tweaks, it could make for a nice little bloodbath.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 16, 2009, 12:33:14 pm**

# Chapter I

## Promises

Nobuznagak. I will never forget that name.



A chill breeze sweeps through the river reeds as I sit outside the small tavern and watch the sun go down over the horizon, painting the sky crimson with its masterful brushstrokes. My body shivers slightly at the anticipation of painting my own similarly-colored masterpiece.

But my strokes shall be delivered with a warrior's utensil, not an artist's, and my canvas shall be not the lofty sky above but the cold stone of Nobuznagak's keep. The fire of vengeance burns brightly inside me, and it has at times been the only warmth I find comfort in while traveling across this corrupt land.

My name was once Muzish Anaminob, a warrior-apprentice in the mountain halls of Arruginur. But that dwarf died many years ago. I am now known as "Muzi", and I live only to put the flames to rest.

The battered and weary heart within my chest beats faster at the thought of claiming my revenge, but I am divided. The cold reason of my mind warns against actions taken too hastily, while the fiery passion of my soul begs for the chance to burn my foes where they stand.

I stand with numerous choices ahead of me, and I know that my feet and my blade will dutifully follow me in whatever decision I make. That knowledge, unsurprisingly, does not ease my uncertainty. I will use the rest of the evening to consider my options, and by morning I will take whatever path lies most prominent in my mind.

To the North lie several caves which serve as hideouts to the various beasts and demihumans Nobuznagak employs to raid merchant caravans. They likely do not know much, but they are by far less threatening opponents than Lord Nobuznagak's own forces. This is a somewhat indirect path to my goal, and is likewise somewhat dangerous. However, I will likely be able to dispatch most of the beasts with relative ease, and their share of stolen goods would be free for the taking.

To the East lie the human settlements, with all of the trappings of civilization. I am promised corruption, deceit, turmoil, and powerful

rewards should I seek my future there. The humans do not interest me much, but honorable deeds improve the world as a whole, and the wealthy trading culture of the humans promises an impressive stock of equipment that I may make use of for my quest. This is the least direct of my choices, but it will allow me to build up my strength in relative safety before confronting the black forces of Nobuznagak.

Far to the South lies the ruined town of Twistedflowers, a place ravaged by Nobuznagak's armies. I may rest there while raiding the active war camps nearby. Several of Nobuznagak's generals were involved in the destruction of Twistedflowers, and many of them are likely still in the area. It will be treacherous, but questioning the generals may yield the location of Lord Nobuznagak's secret keep, and thus the end of my quest. This is the most direct route to my goal, and also the most perilous.

A) Go North  
B) Go East  
C) Go South

Author's Note:  
So, yeah. Gonna give this thingy one more try. Dwarven samurai this time, because I'm a bit out of practice and not really creative at the moment. There was originally supposed to be an element of comedy due to the absurdity of a traditional Samurai quest being played out with dwarves and goblins, but I'm not sure how much of that I'm going to pull off. With any luck, I'll be able to breathe enough life into this thing to last until I get my ass into gear and work on the Shooter mod to make things more interesting.

Cheers.

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Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **May 16, 2009, 12:45:18 pm**

I remember reading this before making an account...

I vote go north to plunder the caves and sell their goodies to the humans of the east

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **May 16, 2009, 03:25:46 pm**

WOOT! We are back in action.

Head North. Kill slimy stuff.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Frelock** on **May 16, 2009, 11:28:53 pm**

I'm going to vote North as well. Get some XP.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Gamermaster** on **May 17, 2009, 06:43:43 am**

I vote north

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **CJ1145** on **May 17, 2009, 08:42:42 am**

North.

Also, I'm really interested with that Druid character you made a while back. How were you able to get ambushed, and get the animals to follow you?

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 17, 2009, 11:01:07 am**

Elves are automatically neutral to all natural (and some unnatural) wildlife, but that doesn't prevent them from being "ambushed" by appropriate creatures. The only difference is that the attacking beasties just sit around doing nothing instead of rearranging your guts into pretty little bows.

All I had to do was add [CAN\_TALK] to the creature profiles, and I was able to start chatting with the various critters I was "ambushed" by. After adding in some adventuring-related personality traits, I could easily convince several of them to join my party and serve as meatshields.

Incidentally, they're all named " .", and are dreadfully boring to talk to.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **CJ1145** on **May 17, 2009, 12:49:14 pm**

What would those adventuring traits be? This sounds like a fun class to mess around with.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 17, 2009, 01:14:00 pm**

Adventurousness, excitement-seeking, other stuff like that. I don't really remember what all I slapped on them. It might be detailed in the wiki, but I really don't know. Just max out the personality chance for that particular trait, put it somewhere in the profile, and hope for the best. With any luck you'll be able to convince nine out of ten wolves to come along with you.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **CJ1145** on **May 17, 2009, 02:19:33 pm**

I can't figure out how you did this. I never run into anything besides wolfMEN, and they hate me. The one time I did find a cougar, it just attacked me, completely ignoring the fact that I'm and elf.

---

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 17, 2009, 03:29:53 pm**

Wolfmen? I've never heard of wolfmen. Are you running any major mods? Or did Toady sneak a release out without me noticing?

Anyways, the vote has been counted (sure was a close one, too). Update in the works.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **CJ1145** on **May 17, 2009, 03:31:10 pm**

Oh.. is this with vanilla? I was using (Insert guy's name who escapes me here) Martial Arts mod, along with all the other ones he has in that bundle. I'll check and see if that was the problem.

EDIT: Nope, now I just don't get ambushed at all. Are there any tags you're using for the elves that are different, or something? I just can't figure out how you managed to do this.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **May 17, 2009, 06:38:11 pm**

A new morning, and I have resolved to scour the bandit caves to the north in search of answers. I feel not a trace of doubt, and am filled with confidence in my choice. My sword rests silently within its sheath, but I feel the cold blade's yearning to be bathed in hot blood.



My journey takes me first to a dank hole called "Thazicafafi" by the locals. It is said to be haunted by ghosts who steal away small children and various trinkets. Such local rumors indicate a rather low level of activity, if there are indeed any bandits in the place. What this means, I am not sure.

At the very least, I will be clearing out a vermin infestation. Peasantfolk seem to enjoy that sort of thing.



My prediction of a vermin infestation was proven more literal than I may have hoped. Venturing into the cave, I was challenged only by the inquisitive chirps of numerous rats, and the scurrying of cockroaches and other carrion creatures underfoot.

The candle of hope was growing dimmer with every passing step, and the cave's opening seemed an ever-more promising alternative.

I turned back the way I had come, but was stopped by a flicker of light on one of the walls. Taking out my sword, I made my way closer. Nearing the wall, the sound of muffled coughing met my ears. The coughing sounded deep, more than mere irritation from dust. Whatever was making those sounds was sick.

Very sick.

Standing up taller, I strode defiantly into the lit encampment. The sight before me was a sorry one indeed. A Shuge'fer, a horned warrior-beast descended from the great cattle flocks of the World Nurturer, lay on a mat surrounded by meager bowls of food and several empty or half-empty Sakil flasks. The horns atop its head were comparatively small, and its coloration a mottled combination of milky-white and tan, both signs that this specimen was female.

Seeing me, the Shuge'fer started to crawl away backwards. Mustering what little amount of strength she had left, she spoke to me in an authoritative bellow that had all of its power stripped away by the ragged quality the voice had taken on after such a long period of

illness.

"Fool! You enter the lair of Kug-Ibeshos, bandit queen of the Slazaslud wastes! I will slit open your stomach and bathe in your flowing entrails! I will tear the ribs from your chest and wear them as a crown! I will, I will... I-"

She begins coughing again, sounding as though the wind were trying to tear out the poor beast's lungs. As the fit subsides, she loses the last remnants of her facade and slumps to the floor.

"Uuuhhh... A common performer can conceal his sickness from those around him, but not even the greatest trickster could fool the disease itself. So warrior, fate has deemed me too wicked to spin out the last threads of my life in hiding, sending instead a witness to watch this pitiable creature shiver and cower in her final days. What is it that has drawn you here? Have you come seeking the boundless treasures I have gathered over the years? Have you come to take of my hoard?"

She gestures at the broken bowls and tipped flasks that surround the mat.

"Or is there some nobler cause that drives your heart? Have you come to return some trinket that was taken from your family's temple? Do you wish to avenge some peasant farmer's death by matching it with my own?"

"I seek vengeance, yes. But not from you. I require only knowledge of you, and I shall leave you in peace when I have that knowledge"

Intrigued, she took on a slightly less cynical tone.

"And what knowledge might this be, swordsman? What wisdom could I possibly possess that you would have need of?"

"Lord Nobuznagak"

She sighed as deeply as her wounded lungs would allow and shifted her position to rest against a nearby rock

"Lord Nobuznagak. Several years have passed since I last heard that name. But it is not an easy one to forget-"

She glanced at me for a moment, then continued

"-as I'm sure you are quite aware. Very well, warrior, I will tell you what I know"

Pausing, she attempted to find some comfort for her fever-aching bones in her rocky seat, and perhaps gather her thoughts, before carrying on.

"During the early periods of Lord Nobuznagak's conquest, my company of bandits were the fastest and most brutally efficient raiders in the valley. We were feared, and I was blind enough to call myself 'Queen'. Due to the fame created by a 'Bandit Queen' and her raiders, we were contacted by an emissary of Nobuznagak, who offered us a deal we would be fools to turn down. He would pay us great sums of gold, in addition to providing us with arrows and weapons forged from the black steel of his own smiths. In return, we were to supply his armies with food stolen from caravans and farms"

She paused to take a drink of Sakil from one of the flasks before continuing

"It was easy. Too easy. We grew soft, as the caravans and peasant farms provided no challenge for us. We relished our newfound luxury, spending our gold on things we had not even known were available for purchase. Some of these luxuries were purchased from the goblins, as many of my men achieved some strange satisfaction from flaunting the goblins' own money in their faces."

Another drink of Sakil, emptying the flask this time. She grimaced slightly and let it roll away limply

"But the goblins were the ones telling the greatest joke. When Lord Nobuznagak had enough supplies to fuel his campaign, he set the other free people loose on us. Barbarians from the eastern mountains, other raider groups like ourselves, and even the wild beast clans were told of how the mighty 'Bandit Queen' wished to dominate the free people, taking them in under her self-appointed crown in an attempt to challenge the monarchy for rulership of the human towns and cities. Since Nobuznagak had been such a dear friend to them, they were almost forced to believe his tale."

She gave another ragged sigh, coughed a few times, then continued

"Maybe, maybe when we were strong, we might have been able to hold them off. But we had been spoiled by Nobuznagak's pampering, and were utterly incapable of fighting against the horde we found ourselves matched against. Some stayed and fought, and their bodies covered the ground like autumn petals. Some tried to escape, find some other land to make their home in. But we were not fighting against the slow and predictable columns of drilled soldiers, we were fighting our own kind. I do not know what happened to them, but I hold little hope that a single one was spared. Several surrendered. I would rather not chance a guess at their fates."

More coughing, followed by a disturbingly wet wheeze. The effort of speaking for so long was obviously taking their toll, but she seemed determined to carry it through

"As for me, I hid. I was a shadow of what I was, but I still knew the bandit mind. I was able to avoid detection. I did not call myself 'the Bandit Queen' for no reason, after all"

She gave a wry smirk, then attempted to hold it as her body forced more air through her tortured throat. After a few moments she managed to compose herself sufficiently to continue

"They sent the hunter Umazi-shag after me, and I sensed a faint glimmer of hope. Umazi-shag had been dear to me in a time long before that, and it was that friendship I called upon. When he found me, I struck a bargain with him. I would tell him the location of all my private stashes, all my worldly wealth, and in return he would let me live out my life in hiding. I settled here, and he continued his 'hunt' for me in order to keep up the charade."

More coughing followed, and her body shuddered as she was wracked with pain. After several minutes, she regained the composure to continue. While she spoke, she started looking for another flask of Sakil to ease her troubles

"I am uncertain as to what happened to him after that, but I believe that the hunt for me was called off a long time ago. You should be able to find him in a cave to the west of here, at the base of the Barbs. Go there, and he will surely be able to lead you to Lord Nobuznagak. We were always satisfied to deal with the emissary, but Umazi-shag would never be at ease without knowing where his employer spent his nights. I no longer have any ornaments to give you as proof of speaking with me, so earning his trust may be difficult. However..."

She gave my sword a quick glance

"...I don't believe that will be much of a problem for you to deal with"

I offer my respects, and begin towards the door

"Wait! There is one thing I would ask of you"

I stop, waiting

"Fate would not have me live much longer, and so I will never see Nobuznagak die the coward's death he so richly deserves. But I ask for the chance to be involved, however slightly, in his undoing."

She motions to her chest briefly, and then elaborates



"Kill me. End my suffering, and let me die to a blade rather than this infernal sickness. Let my blood be spilled by the same sword that shall put an end to Lord Nobuznagak's reign"

I bow deeply, raise my sword above me, and strike the killing blow. She dies easily, as her mortal pain is left behind to allow her soul an unmolested journey to whatever judgement awaits it.

I leave the cave, and make my way towards the western caves.

Author's note:  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Yes, I eventually realized that the story she was blathering had absolutely nothing to do with anything, and that it was essentially just a bunch of pointless words until she got down to the "real deal". However, I am \*very\* tired, and I'm not feeling a particularly creative spark in relation to this story.

Also, &"%! tenses.

Inspiration: I wander around in a cave for a bit, finding only large rats and triggering a roach swarm. Eventually I come across a female minotaur who is constantly passing out due to having lost a toe some years before. Then I get the brilliant idea to make it significant. Why, oh why do I have to keep doing that?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **May 18, 2009, 12:10:31 pm**

Quote from: CJ1145 on May 17, 2009, 03:31:10 pm

Oh.. is this with vanilla? I was using (Insert guy's name who escapes me here) Martial Arts mod, along with all the other ones he has in that bundle. I'll check and see if that was the problem.

EDIT: Nope, now I just don't get ambushed at all. Are there any tags you're using for the elves that are different, or something? I just can't figure out how you managed to do this.

No, elves in my mods still have AT\_PEACE\_WITH\_WILDLIFE, so the cougar should have been peaceful. The -men such as wolfmen don't have anything egregious added, just EQUIPS, CANOPENDOORS, CAN\_SPEAK and CAN\_LEARN, so they should still be elf-friendly. Maybe you were playing a dark elf?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Argonnek** on **May 19, 2009, 06:04:06 pm**

Awesome story, Kagus. I personally don't mind the storytelling/embellishment, as it is more interesting than "I found a minotaur that kept passing out" by far

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Alexhans** on **May 19, 2009, 06:48:21 pm**

Wow... Even I have not played Adventure mode in DF i found this super fun!

I just read a bit and skimmed through the firsts stories but I intend to do a better read sometime...

Quote

And then Smiley begins to work over the wolf which Jadugarr is currently strangling. Jadugarr attempts to explain the situation, but Smiley appears not to hear and continues punching the comatose canine.

lol. This thing is great!! It makes me wanna play DF!  
Poor Smiley :D. Bad Lion. Bad!  
(I haven't got enough time to dedicate to it. I'll definetly learn on holidays... I'm not even playing LCS right now :())

Quote

ivisecting the verminous visions of veritable viper's venom with vast and very vexing vindication. Victory!

lol. V for Vendetta.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Tlc2011** on **June 03, 2011, 12:45:54 am**

Butts.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Tlc2011** on **July 03, 2011, 12:23:29 am**

]Butts just for the sake of reviving an abandoned thread for no reason at all and this is random and i don't know what else to say other then Butts[

(toad-edit: warned for these actions)

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 03, 2011, 02:13:48 am**

And you provide the explanation precisely one month after the first butting in... You're only off by a few minutes from your original time, even.

I don't suppose it would be of any use to ask why you're prodding this old beast, would it? I know I abandoned it, but I also know that I'm currently in a position where I rarely find the time to write about what I'M doing, let alone what some fictitious creation is doing.

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Sean Mirrsen** on **July 03, 2011, 02:24:45 am**

Maybe if you stopped writing about what you are doing, you'd find time to write about what a fictituous creation is doing? Just a thought.

Why would you write about what you are doing, anyway?

Title: **Re: Death and Glory!**  
Post by: **Kagus** on **July 03, 2011, 02:44:07 am**

Because it's a hell of a lot crazier than anything I'd be able to come up with, plus it's totally free suspension of disbelief.

I just want this shit to live, it's the best story ever